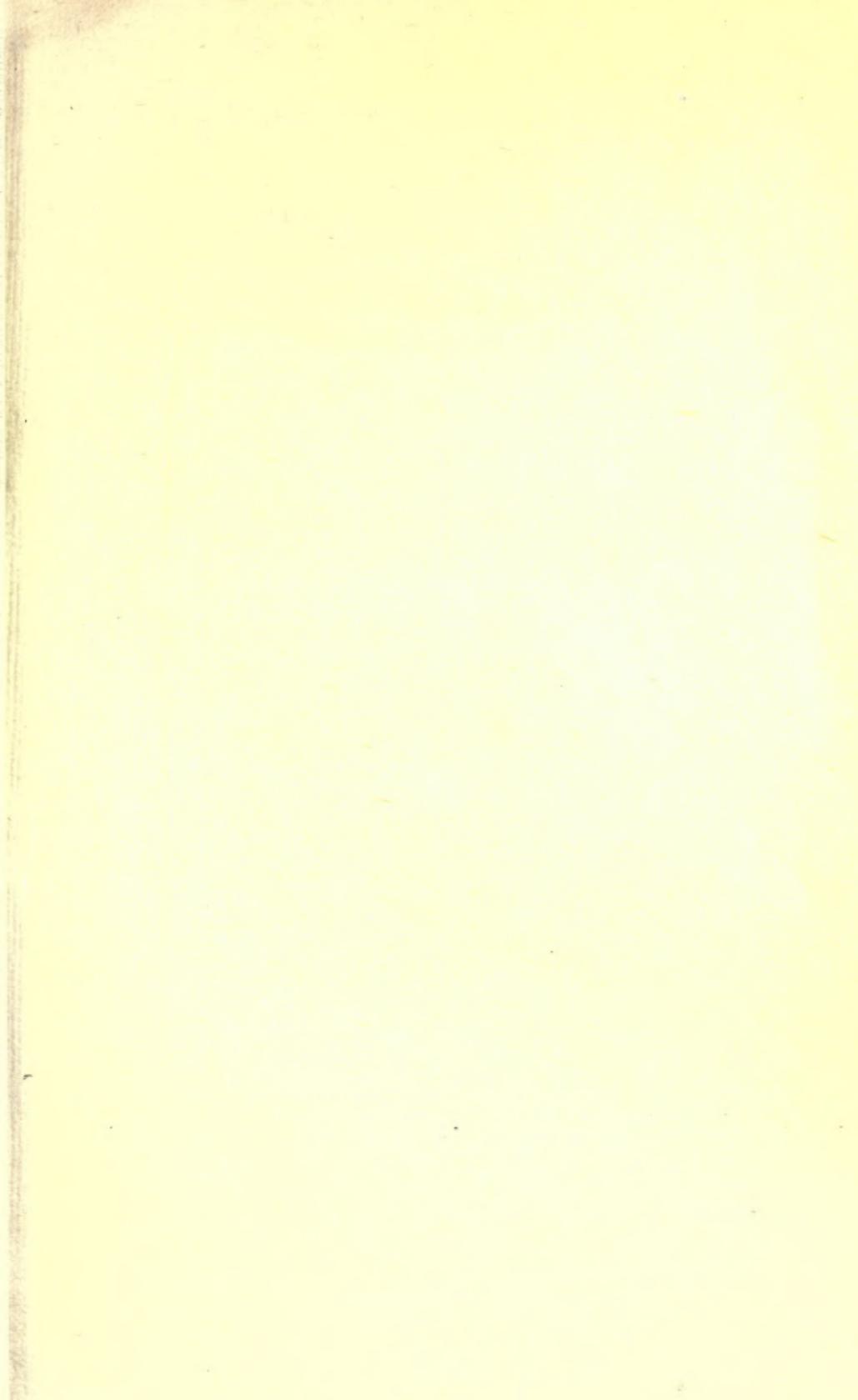




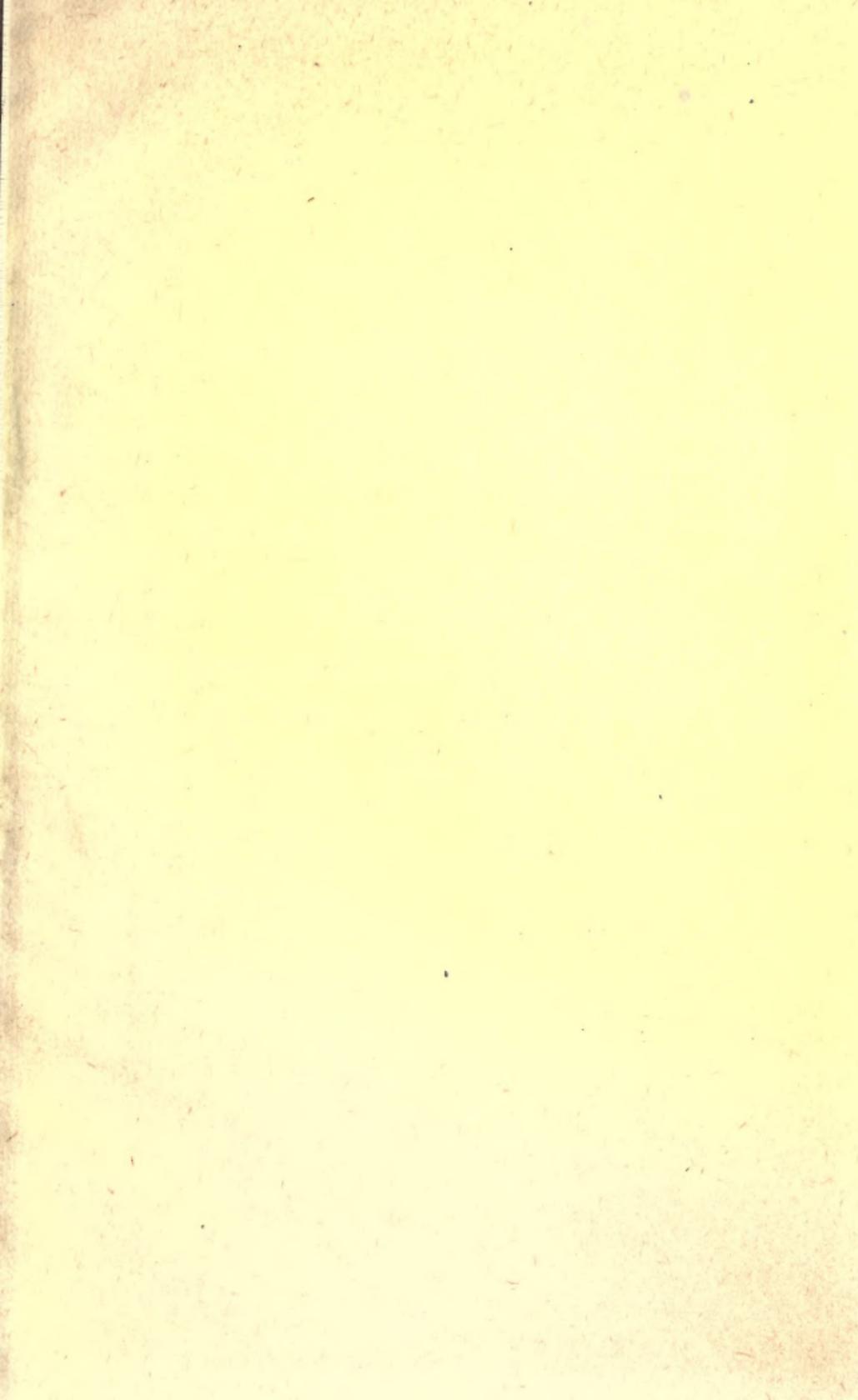
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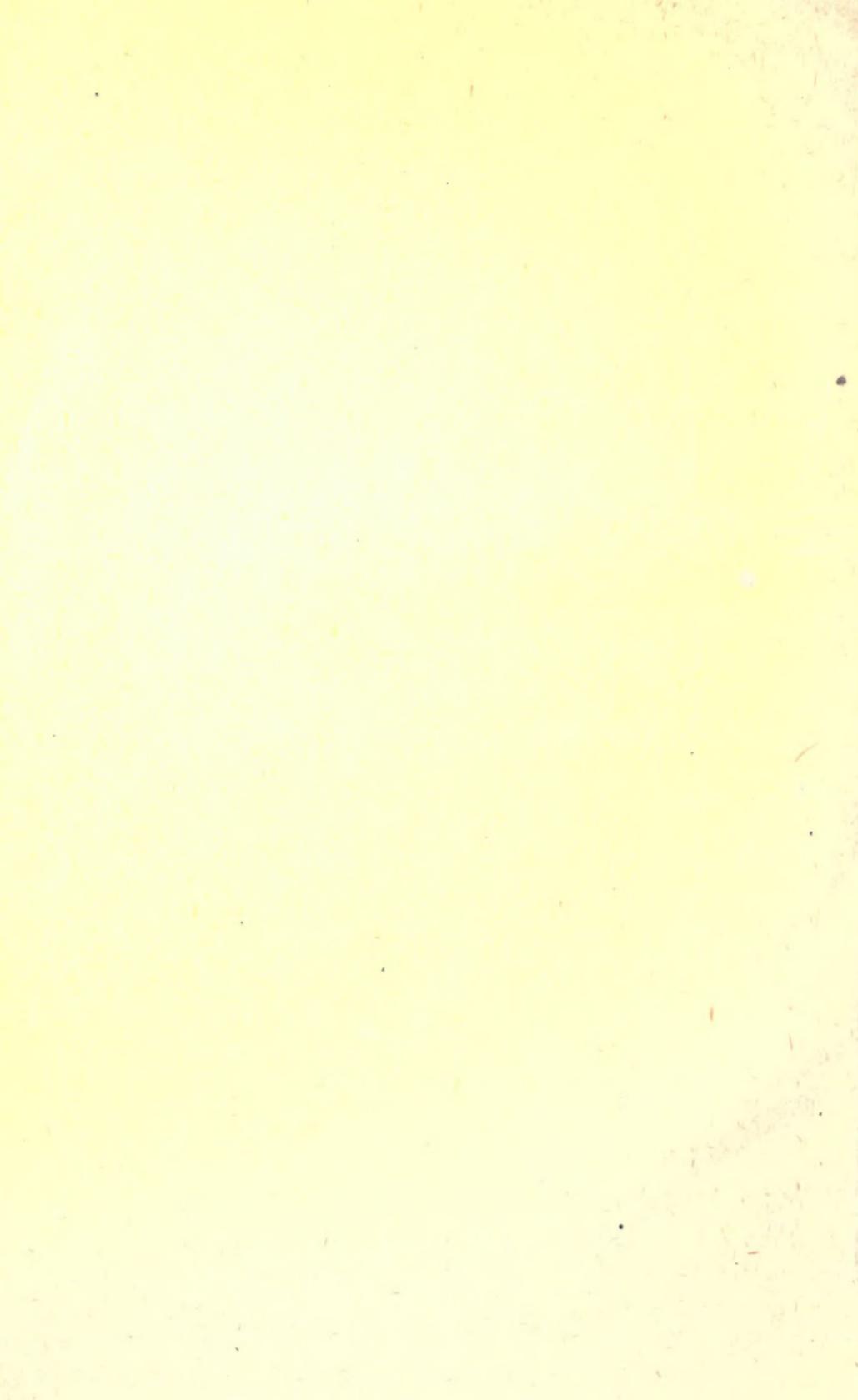












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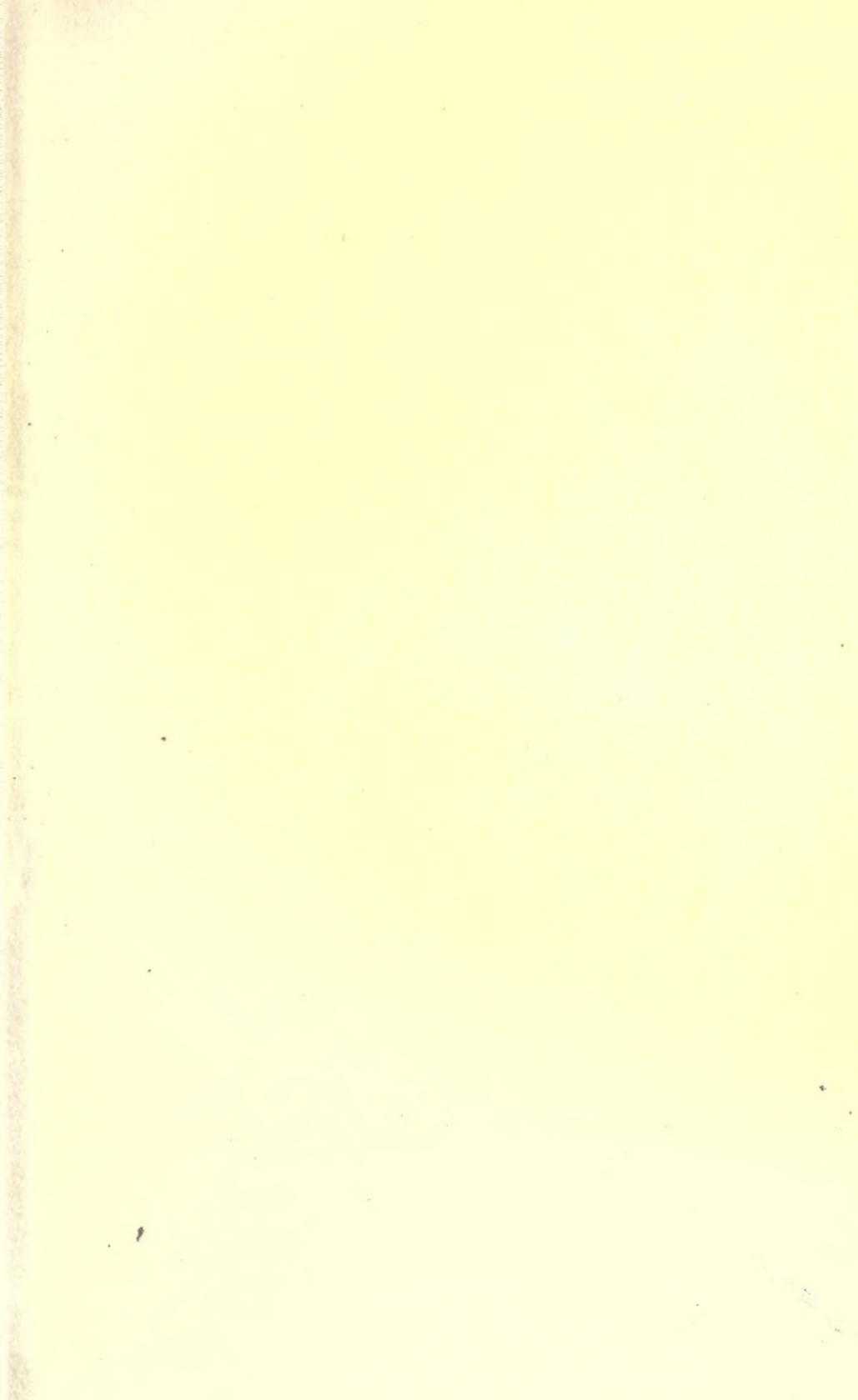
A TREASURY OF  
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY  
ENGLISH VERSE



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A TREASURY OF  
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY  
ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE DEATH OF SHAKESPEARE  
TO THE RESTORATION \*  
(1616-1660)

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY  
H. J. MASSINGHAM

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1920

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GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

TO { H. A. W. } IN LOVE  
C. A. B. }

TO W. H. HUDSON IN VENERATION

AND

TO THE SHADES OF THE POETS HERE LIVING  
IN PIOUS GRATITUDE



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## INTRODUCTION

FOR this collection of, in round numbers, four hundred poems, I have confined myself to the definite period of forty-four years and to an equally definite period of English poetry. My reason for thus restricting my range and scope to the seventeenth century, between the death of Shakespeare and the Restoration, is threefold. In the first place the yield is genuinely poetic; secondly, the period has a strong personal interest for me, and lastly, it is the most neglected of any in English literature. Not only are large tracts of it virgin soil to the lover of poetry, but it is the only period since the Renaissance which so remains. Some of its poets—Vaughan, Traherne, Joseph Beaumont—are fairly recent discoveries; the Romantic Revival passed it over for the Elizabethans; a large number of its poets are in their original editions or in expensive reprints of a limited number of copies; no critics except Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Bullen have paid it any sustained and general attention, and except for the towering figures of Herrick and Milton and a few lyrical masterpieces of other poets, it still stays practically unquarried for and unknown to the ordinary reader of poetry.

I have accordingly taken the liberty of leaving Herrick and Milton out altogether. In cheap reprints and in numerous anthologies, they are already sufficiently before the public notice. The same argument does not apply to Vaughan, Cowley, Crashaw, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling,

Waller, Herbert, Marvell and Donne, except for two or three or four poems of each which are as familiar in anthologies as are many of Milton and Herrick. I have therefore excluded from these pages such poems as "Go, lovely rose," "Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind," "Whoe'er she be—That not impossible She," "Ask me no more, where Jove bestows," "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," "They are all gone into the world of light," "Well then, I now do plainly see," "The Bermudas," and their like. It has been a difficult business, and some readers will think I ought to have omitted more poems than I have, others less. The whole process of collecting these poems has been both a lengthy and a difficult one, and if I have not pleased (to beg the question), it has not been for want of trying. Since, again, this period has not received its fair share of appreciation, I have found it necessary to write short biographical, bibliographical, explanatory and critical notes to its poets and anonymous poems. For the anthologist, I agree, "silence is best"—where he tramps the turnpike road. Biographical notices of well-known poets I have dispensed with and the others are informal and purely general, except where some interesting or entertaining detail or quotation from Anthony Wood and other biographers called for admission.

Spelling is debateable ground, but I have modernized it, except where rhyme or metre said no. I have also refused to spell aorists and past participles without the 'e'—thus damn'd—since there is no reason for it at all, and when the 'ed' is an extra syllable, it is indicated—'èd.' There is no difference in inflection and structure between seventeenth century and modern spelling, and to preserve the former is little else than an external archaism. For the text, I have gone to accredited modern editions of these poets, where they exist; where not,

I have relied upon the first or early editions. I have not hesitated to exclude inferior stanzas from any given poem which in my opinion demanded excision (as they often do) for the sake of the poem as a whole. Where poems are thus treated, I have said so in the notes.

Every time where possible, I have selected from the originals before consulting other collections. But of course I owe a very great deal to them, especially to such books as Mr. Bullen's "Songs from the Dramatists," Archbishop Trench's "Household Book of English Poetry," Linton's "Rare Poems of the Seventeenth Century," W. T. Brooke's supplement to his edition of Giles Fletcher, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "Golden Pomp," Locker Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum," etc. But it may interest readers to know that to the best of my knowledge many (at a rough guess more than a fourth) of these poems are entirely new to the modern anthology; that a large number of the rest have appeared either in expensive, out of print, old, special or otherwise not easily accessible collections, and that in consequence this collection, being the most complete survey of the period between the death of Shakespeare and the Restoration, does introduce to lovers of poetry a solid mass of new material. There is perhaps no virtue in that, but I ought to say that though these poems are of all kinds—mystical, passionate, humorous, epitaphs, epigrams, pastorals, catches, etc.—my only principle of selection has been poetic merit. I might have included many more poets and poems, had I designed the work to be of merely historical or recondite interest. That all of them are of first-class quality I do not of course pretend to claim; but they do seem to me worth saving from outer darkness for their own intrinsic sake alone.

The choice of two definite years for my beginning and end may seem an arbitrary one,

But as I shall try to show later, the period between 1616 and 1660 is pretty much of a piece. It is not I who am binding the Muse to a narrow definition in time. Seventeenth century verse is by no means merely a legacy from the Renaissance and a prediction and presentiment of the age of commonsense. It is something in itself. On the other hand, it is not—no literary period is—entirely separable from what preceded and superseded it. Nor were all the Elizabethans dead and the seventeenth century poets publishing their first books in 1616. This fitting-in was not, indeed, the least of my difficulties. Donne, Spenser and Jonson, for instance, all left their mark upon the age, and all were in point of time pretty strict Elizabethans. But Spenser and Jonson were a tradition; Donne a direct and overmastering influence. I therefore, and I believe legitimately, sallied forth and brought Donne into the fold. Drayton, Campion, Daniel, William Browne and others overlap the period under survey, but in spirit and sentiment they are essentially belated Elizabethans, and accordingly I have left them outside the pale. On the other hand it is not so easy to justify my reason for omitting Drummond and including Wither, since both of them, as to date, style and feeling are poets of the transition. Drummond indeed is an intellectual quietist, whose serene, fervent, stately musings upon Death are a door into the "metaphysical" spirit proper. I have pitched upon the charming Wither of the two, because Drummond is pretty well-known, but Wither is not. I can only ask readers to put themselves in my place and not to be too hard on me in consequence. Fortunately there are no embarrassments of the kind at the other end of the period.

A word as to the anonymous poems. Few are taken from the legitimate Song-Books. In the first place, many of them that come within

the proper date (such as Martin Pearson's "Private Music," 1630) are collections only of Elizabethan songs, and others, in the second place, contain chiefly unsigned poems by Carew, Herrick, Fletcher, etc., and so are as exasperating to the seeker after treasure as any research invented by the commentators of our National Bard. I went therefore chiefly to the Miscellanies, Drolleries, etc., the main collecting stations of contemporary verse—as oddly conditioned and tipsily printed a farrago of stuff as ever poured out of a Press. Though (for all their sprightliness, merry-making and captivatingly artificial grace) they make melancholy reading, presaging as they do the death of our national music and poetry combined, yet the treasure is there and it is a wonder so little attention has been paid to these collections. Other sources were prefatory poems in devotional books, odd poems in prose books, anonymous plays and so on. Manuscripts I have left practically untouched. They are still a vast and untilled field for study, and, should circumstances be favourable, I hope to set foot upon it in the future.

The poets have been arranged for convenience in alphabetical order and the anonymous poems come after 'W.' I have to thank my old friend, the late H. A. Wheeler, for his valuable help, not only with dates and publications but for his very sound and acute criticisms and suggestions.

The period I have looted contains the largest collection of mystical verse in the language. It appeals at the beginning therefore to the larger generalizations of life. In so far as we are all members of the human family, the explorations of its poets into the origin, meaning and destination of our being, carry a valid fascination unblunted by time and fashion; in so far as we are more intimate members of a racial family, our inheritance in mystical poetry is the most

lavish in the world. But how is mystical poetry to be defined and recognized? Is "Religio Laici" a mystical poem? Have the Hymn Books any of this radium of eternity? Is a poem which mentions God less mystical than a poem which mentions infinity? As Johnson said, you could not define light in so many words, but you knew it very well by its presence. So with a mystical poem. The critic of poetry apprehends it, if he cannot explain it. From one point of view, all great poetry is mystical, simply because it is creative. It transcends normal consciousness. Definition can venture no further than to call the mystical poem proper the explicit praise, the conscious acknowledgment of the divine spirit, of which the poem itself is the subconscious instrument.

We may therefore dismiss right away the objection against our period crystallized in Johnson's "Life of Cowley." To be repelled from or attracted by this period because of its "Alembicated metaphysicalities," because it is quaint and eccentric, because it is what some call rich, others extravagant, in its adventures among words, images and symbols to manifest the stranger discoveries of the spirit, is to mistake cause for effect. If we recognize the bulk of these poets to be both mystical and poetic, we cannot reject them for their slovenly technique, their precious and inkhorn terms, their lack of euphony, their metrical irregularities, their classicisms and tortured use of that kind of elaborate and inappropriate simile usually called "conceit." It would be as sensible to condemn a tenant for the house he lives in. Neither can the method of comparative history, the sexton of seventeenth century poetry, be admitted. To speak of it as decadent, a silver Renaissance, the embers of Elizabethan inspiration, is, in Herbert's phrase, to confuse nature with the God of nature. Literature does not grow old with time; it

exchanges one form for another in an eternal youth and variety. Each of these forms is justified of itself, and their absolute value is not affected by the continuity of experience and tradition to which successive generations of men contribute. Though we can see that seventeenth century habits of thought both develop and violently react from the Elizabethan, they are as essentially different as those of the Restoration are from them. The song has become a poem ; material joy, spiritual search ; simple acceptance, complex doubt and speculation ; exuberance, pessimism ; sensuous and transparent spontaneity (the hey nonny of the candid lover "antheming the morn") and thanksgiving for natural delights have died before a conflict of intellectual vision with the sorrows and mysteries of the human mind. Neither phase of feeling is comparable with the other ; both are gainers and losers ; Ariel may well be more distracted and less attractive after he has found a soul and does not know what to make of it. "Strange fate of man ! He must perish if he get that, which he must perish if he strive not after. If he strive not after it, he is no better than the brutes, if he get it, he is more miserable than the devils."

But am I not assuming that the poets of this age are poetic because they are (so many of them) mystical ? Is there then no difference in poetic meaning and quality between the poets of lofty imagination and the poets who disappear into the clouds, between the mystics and the mystics ? "Poetry," says Puttenham in the "Art of English Poesie," "in her perfection cannot grow but by some divine instinct—the Platonics call it *furor*." This *furor*, or, as we should call it now, imaginative passion, is the heart and lungs of seventeenth century poetry. In "a holy amorousness, a holy covetousness, a holy ambition," as Donne says in his sermons, these

poets aimed at an infinite excellence, independent of themselves, and to its capture, as supremely worth while, they vowed their Muse. This effort at revelation, at painting "the intention of man's soul" is often harsh, painful and obscure in its findings. "I can see God in the creature, but the nature, the essence, the secret of God I cannot see," says Donne. But the conception of their art is the important thing and in that they were as modern as Rodin, who always called his art religious and interpreted that religion as "the meaning of all that is unexplained and inexplicable in the universe . . . the impulse of our conscience towards the infinite, towards eternity, towards unlimited knowledge and love." When Walton wrote of Donne: "His mind was liberal and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied," he truly diagnosed the inspiration of these poets. They were intent upon breaking up "some seals which none had touched before," as Vaughan says in his poem "Vanity of Spirit," in a curious mingling of intellectual pride and spiritual humility, unique in literary history. Therefore, we must approach seventeenth century poetry in the spirit with which they approached their art. Art to them was conceived as vision, divination, clairvoyance—in the instinct for truth which the modern world names "conviction." Poetry to them was a vocation, and a wisdom passing all knowledge and understanding.

But we do not so approach them, if we are too preoccupied with their pedantries and fallings away in technical expertness. By separating their style from the idea to which they sought to give expression by any and every experimental means, we are treating them not from the artistic but the aesthetic point of view. There are, for instance, two ways of seeing colours—the ordinary way which derives pleasure

from their assortment, their blending and harmonies, their depth, softness and richness, etc., and the rare way which sees them not only with the senses but through the mind, as the materialized symbols of a meaning and beauty beyond (except in fragments) our reach. So again it shows an appreciative connoisseurship of nature to enjoy the slope of a ploughed field, the amenability of its surface to certain effects of shadow and gradations of contrast. But to see the ploughed field as the expression of the strength and endurance of the earth, is to realise it as art. "The world interests us only because of the ideas we form of it," and the love of beauty is the love of truth. The artist and the mystic see the changeable concrete reality of life as a dwelling place for the permanent and eternal spirit of life. If they do not so see it, they are mystifiers, aesthetes or realists. With such imaginative passion, the mystics of the seventeenth century sought to reveal the universal in their poetry, and we are to judge them not by the smoothness of their diction or the correctness of their idiom or the charm of their melody, but by the extent to which they communicate that passion and unmask that idea to us. That the cadences both of the lesser and greater poets are often so magical, their phrases so full of savour, the felicity of their lyric measures so exquisite, their thought so rapturous, and their ardour so subtly reflective, is because they thirsted so eagerly for that moving spring of Life whose fountains are within. They fail more often and with that satisfactory completeness of failure which turns the edge of offence. Seeking to avoid at all costs the light of common day, they plunge into the very matrix of darkness—the effort to avoid the commonplace accounts for the "conceit." But when they succeed, it is a beauty all air and fire and far beyond competence—so finely is

the quality of workmanship affected by the freedom of the spirit.

But I can have no right to generalize in this way, when so many of the poems here collected are not mystical at all. They show indeed a rich variety in temper, manner and theme. What has Suckling to do with Crashaw or Donne with Carew? All the same, the two legs of the age are the amorous and the metaphysical lyric; they carry its form and body and, except for the epitaph and ode which unite the thought of both, there is little else that need concern us. But the epitaph could not so unite them, unless there were correspondences between them. Nor are they far to seek, in spite of the handbook. Donne, for instance, the first parent of the age, belongs to the "Metaphysical School," but his challenge to the past rests upon the new psychological and introspective cast he gave to sexual love. There is far less kinship between Donne and Traherne, who accepted the body and made it mysterious, terrible and holy, and Vaughan, who put it away from him as the gaoler of the soul, than there is between Donne and the Cavalier lyrists. Crashaw is so haunted by the feminine spirit that he fuses heavenly ecstasy and spiritual adoration with erotic passion, while Cowley, another "Metaphysical," takes as the text of one of his poems Donne's lines:—

" So must pure lovers' souls descend  
To affections and to faculties  
Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
Else a great prince in prison lies."

In the same way the Cavalier lyric is rarely a simple love-song, and even the "wild civility" of Herrick reaches into sudden wonders and perceptions:—

" In this world the Isle of Dreams,  
While we sit by sorrow's streams  
Tears and terrors are our themes."

In the most artificial and orthodox addresses to the fair we are held and moved by an undertone of mockery, disillusion or despair which is simply a variation upon that longing for ultimate peace and perfection of the mystical poets proper. Indeed there are hardly any Cavalier poets untouched either by the mysticism of the age or the mystery of life and who do not apprehend in the persons of their mistresses

“ . . . that divine  
Idea take a shrine  
Of crystal flesh through which to shine.”

But the distinctive and homogeneous character of the age also manifests itself in its method of expression. We read its lyrics and conclude that they are governed by a convention, however elastic and variable. So well do we recognise it that we imagine, and the literary histories inform us, that there must be something wrong about it. The point I wish to make is that you cannot bring life *sub specie aeternitatis*, as these poets do, without the aid of a convention, of some acknowledged general formula of expression, of a common literary currency. “ Else a great prince in prison lies.” What are the objections to a company of workmen meeting in a common workshop and co-operating with a common stock of tools, in a common sympathy towards a common end? What, in other words, are the objections to a common poetic denominator of common ideas and emotions? They are three. The purpose may not be good in itself; the poetic formula may dominate the poetic faith and compel it into a lifeless and mechanical mould; the separate and particular voice of the individual may be surrendered to the general chorus. The first of the trio I can dismiss, the object of these poets, however distinguishable from one another in mood and theme, being to testify to the glory of God. The second may or may not be true of the career

and destiny of a convention, for machinery is to be condemned not absolutely, but according as it accomplishes or fails to accomplish the use to which it is put. It all depends upon the driving force which sets it in motion. As a thing in itself, it is an adaptable convenience for translating a subconscious impulse into conscious, active and intelligible terms—and so both desirable and necessary. It may be more than a convenience, a positive economy in realising to its fullest resources a material of thought which otherwise might be wasted and dispersed. Shakespeare did not hesitate to employ the fairly strict Elizabethan sonnet convention to give a body and a direction to a tempest of feeling which seems as if it could brook no restraint and must lose itself in cries and convulsions. The true end of a convention is articulation, and if it serve that end and do not master it, its form will not only find itself, but, if it respond to the kindred aims and emotions of a body of poets, gain in power and depth. Lastly, there is the personal loss. But individuality may find not its worst but its best chance in a commonly recognized formula of expression, just as a human being may be the member of a community and be rather more than less of a distinct person in consequence. It depends again to what extent the community gives a universal construction to his particular needs and feelings. I may be assuming the ideal community and the ideal poetic convention, but practice assumes an ideal or it would be futile and meaningless to judge it as good or bad, beautiful or ugly. "The truly personal is the truly universal," and we have no difficulty in discriminating between Vaughan and Herbert, though both of them make use not only of similar metres, but frequently of the same phrases and collocations of words. Granted that the seventeenth century poetic convention

is an imperfect machinery, yet it represents its poets and gives back to them in greater measure than it is fed by them. Nor is this argument one which has only a passing acquaintance with the collection of poems in this book. The mines of Milton and Herrick having yielded their wealth, and the most familiar gems of the other poets who wrote between 1616 and 1660 being in all the jewellers' shop windows, I could only have gathered pebbles had they not all lain within a single mineral bed with magical transmuting properties. For the lesser poets too are initiated into the ritual and have become members of a queer secret society which seemed to make men mad or intoxicated with a divine sanity. The spirit within them is fantastic and capricious when it loses its way, but rare and sacred in essence, because it is quintessentially poetic.

That alone should make them real to us, but the twentieth century has an even more intimate fellowship with the seventeenth, apart from the fact that it has reaped the fruits of the Puritans' destruction of art. We can understand the *malaise* of many of these poets, the complex questionings and frustrations of some, the unrest and bitter awakening to the setting not the rising sun of hope in others. The railings of Cleveland, however uncouth, the sense of enchantment remote from here in Marvell, Vaughan's assize upon authority, the heartsickness of Webster, the ironical laughter of Suckling, Fulke Greville's "Oh wearisome condition of humanity," the defiance of Donne, the melancholy of Bishop King, the noble frown of Milton, the pity, scorn and humanity of Burton, and the gentle scepticism of Browne, are all nearer to us than the "O sweet content" of Dekker and Heywood's "Birds sing in every furrow." Likewise, the union of sexual and spiritual love which many of these poets sought, swinging between the

abysses of heaven and earth, has an appeal for us, while neither the eager romance and buoyancy nor the chivalric, forlorn, rather attenuated adorings of the Elizabethans can sway us. We live indeed in a materialist age, but rather at the end of its triumph and the beginning of its nemesis. So that the twin passions of seventeenth century poetry—its fascinated dwelling upon Death and that strange gladness which makes its poets dance in the sepulchre to meet a life more intense than the most radiant poetry—lay the subtlest spell upon us :—

“ When, then, our sorrows we apply  
 To our own wants and poverty,  
 When we look up in all distress  
 And our own misery confess,  
 Sending both thanks and prayers above—  
 Then, though we do not know, we love.”

Thus they spoke and we can speak, for the more remote from us, the more tenderly the spirit is invoked. Thus, the broken, fragmentary idealism of the seventeenth century is more to us than the frank materialism of the eighteenth century, than the Apollo-like pursuit of Daphne, of life by the Renaissance, or than the concrete imaginative unity of the Middle Ages. They too lived under the shadow of corruption and disintegration, and their poetry as well as ours feels, fears and runs from the darkness. They could have understood, if they did not consciously express Anatole France's—"the life of a people is a succession of miseries, crimes and follies." Even their grotesquenesses, if queer to us in the actual shape they took, have a meaning for us; like ours, their poems are experimental in rhythm, rapidly transitional in effort, and uncertain in technique.

I cannot but feel, therefore, that to lay a fairly fresh and representative collection of seventeenth century poems before modern readers is not a work of supererogation, nor a

dalliance of and for the literary student. Poetry is more real than bread and butter and politicians' speeches—to take the most actual and the most illusory things I can think of—and if the lover of poetry not only reads poems which he has had but little opportunity of seeing hitherto, but enjoys them, I think I shall have been justified.

I have to tender warm and particular thanks to Mr. Bullen, who freely permitted me to use his invaluable material (especially *Songs from the Dramatists*) wherever I had occasion to need it; to Mr. Saintsbury, for his permission to use the texts of *Caroline Poets*, and to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, for allowing me to correct readings, where necessary, by the texts of *Golden Pomp* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. My thanks are also due to Messrs. Methuen for allowing me to quote "The Child's Death" direct from Canon Beeching's *Lyra Sacra*; to Mr. Francis Meynell for permitting me to correct my text by his of Vaughan and Marvell; and to Mr. John Lane and Miss Eleanor Brougham for taking the following four poems directly and exclusively from *Corn from Olde Fieldes*: "Epitaph upon a Child," (Anon.); "Epitaph on Lady Katherine Paston" (Anon.); "He or she that hopes to gain" (Anon.); and "Grieve not, dear love" (John Digby). Other acknowledgments are made in the Introduction and the Notes at the end of the volume. Before I knew that the volume was to be included in the "Golden Treasury Series," the Notes accompanied the text. Since they are now, in accordance with the rest of the Series, at the end, I have put asterisks to those poems and lines which demanded particular comment.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

February, 1919.



A Treasury of  
Seventeenth Century English Verse  
(1616-1660)

PHILIP AYRES (1638-1712)

I

*ON A FAIR BEGGAR*

Barefoot and ragged, with neglected hair,  
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and  
fair,

With humble voice and moving words did  
stay,

To beg an alms of all that passed that way.

But thousands viewing her became her prize,  
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,

And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless  
she

Makes them pay homage to her poverty.

So mean a boon, said I, what can extort  
From that fair mouth, where wanton Love to  
sport

Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold ?  
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,

Do but incline thy rich and precious head,

And those fair locks shall pour down showers  
of gold.

A

I

Ⓔ

## WILLIAM BASSE (1583-1653)

## II

*ELEGY ON MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
 To learnèd Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie  
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.  
 To lodge all four in one bed, make a shift  
 Until Doomsday, for hardly will a fift  
 Betwixt this day and that by Fate be slain,  
 For whom your curtains may be drawn again.  
 If your précédeny in death doth bar  
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,  
 Under this carvèd marble of thine own,  
 Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone ;  
 Thy unmolested peace, unsharèd cave  
 Possess as lord, not tenant of thy grave,  
     That unto us and others it may be  
     Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

## III

*From the third of "THREE PASTORAL ELEGIES"*

Blind drowsy night, all clad in misty ray,  
 Began to ride along the welkin's round,  
 Hangs out his gazing lanthorns by the way,  
 And makes the outside of the world his bound ;  
 The Queen of stars, in envy of the day,  
 Throws the cold shadow of her eyes to ground ;  
 And supple grass oppressed with heavy dew,  
 Doth wet the sheep and lick the shepherd's shoe.  
 There as I dwelt there dwellèd all my sheep,  
 And home we went together, flocks and I,

As even where I rest and take my sleep  
 There are my flocks asleep and resting by,  
 And when I rise to go to field and keep,  
 So will my flocks, that can no longer lie ;  
 Thus in the sheep is all the shepherd's care,  
 And in the shepherd is the flock's welfare.

## IV

*THE ANGLER'S SONG*

As inward love breeds outward talk,  
 The hounds some praise, and some the hawk,  
 Some, better pleased with private sport,  
 Use tennis, some a mistress court :  
 But these delights I neither wish,  
 Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride ;  
 Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide ;  
 Who uses games shall often prove  
 A loser ; but who falls in love  
 Is fettered in fond Cupid's snare :  
 My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none  
 So free as fishing is alone ;  
 All other pastimes do no less  
 Than mind and body doth possess :  
 My hand alone my work can do,  
 So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,  
 Fresh rivers best my mind do please,  
 Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,  
 And seek in life to imitate ;  
 In civil bounds I fain would keep,  
 And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait  
 To take, and he devours my bait,

How poor a thing, sometimes I find,  
 Will captivate a greedy mind :  
 And when none bite, I praise the wise  
 Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish, I fast,  
 I make good fortune my repast :  
 And thereunto my friend invite,  
 In whom I more than that, delight :  
 Who is more wellcome to my dish  
 Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,  
 As use of taken prize to make :  
 For so our Lord was pleased, when  
 He fishers made fishers of men ;  
 Where, which is in no other game,  
 A man may fish and praise His name.

The first men that our Saviour dear  
 Did choose to wait upon Him here,  
 Blest fishers were, and fish the last  
 Food that He on earth did taste :  
 I therefore strive to follow those  
 Whom He to follow Him hath chose.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627)

v

*ON MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAUMONT*

Can I, who have for others oft compiled  
 The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,  
 Which, like the flower crushed, with a blast is  
 dead,

And ere full time, hangs down his smiling head,  
 Expecting with clear hope to live anew,  
 Among the angels fed with heavenly dew ?  
 We have this sign of joy, that many days,  
 While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,

The name of Jesus in his mouth contains  
 His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.  
 Oh ! may that sound be rooted in my mind,  
 Of which in him such strong effect I find.  
 Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love  
 To me was like a friendship, far above  
 The course of nature, or his tender age ;  
 Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage ;  
 Let his poor soul, ordained seven years to be  
 In that frail body, which was part of me,  
 Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show,  
 How to this port at every step I go.

## VI

*A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE*

Love is a region full of fires,  
 And burning with extreme desires,  
 An object seeks, of which possessed,  
 The wheels are fixed, the motions rest,  
 The flames in ashes lie oppressed :  
 This meteor, striving high to rise  
 (The fuel spent) falls down and dies.

Why then should lovers (most will say)  
 Expect so much th' enjoying day ?  
 Love is like youth, he thirsts for age,  
 He scorns to be his mother's page :  
 But when proceeding times assuage  
 The former heat, he will complain  
 And wish those pleasant hours again.

We know that Hope and Love are twins ;  
 Hope gone, fruition now begins :  
 But what is this ? Unconstant, frail,  
 In nothing sure, but sure to fail,  
 Which, if we lose it, we bewail.  
 And when we have it, still we bear  
 The worst of passions, daily fear.

## VII

*UPON A FUNERAL*

To their long home the greatest princes go  
 In hearses dressed with fair escutcheons round,  
 The blazons of an ancient race, renowned  
 For deeds of valour ; and in costly show  
 The train moves forward in procession slow  
 Towards some hallowed Fane ; no common  
 ground,  
 But the arched vault and tomb with sculpture  
 crowned  
 Receive the corse, with honours laid below.  
 Alas! whate'er their wealth, their wit, their worth,  
 Such is the end of all the sons of Earth.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT (1616-1699)

## VIII

*THE LITTLE ONE'S GREATNESS*

Let the brave, proud and mighty men  
 Pass on in state  
 Unto some gate  
 Ample enough to let them in.  
 My palace door was ever narrow :  
 No mountains may  
 Crowd in that way  
 Nor at a needle's eye get thorough.  
 Heav'n needeth no such helps as they :  
 My royal seat  
 Is high and great  
 Enough without poor heaps of clay.  
 Without hydropick names of pride,  
 Without the gay  
 Deceits that play  
 About fond kings on every side

Let all the bunchèd camels go  
With this rich load  
To the Broad Road,  
Heav'n needs no treasure from below :  
But rather little tender things,  
On whom to pour  
Its own vast store,  
And make worms celestial kings.  
Heav'n's little gate is only fit,  
Dear babes, for you,  
And I, you know  
Am but a Lamb, though King of it.  
Come then, meek brethren, hither come  
These arms you see  
At present be  
The gate by which you must go home.  
There will I meet with you again,  
And mounted on  
My gentle throne  
*Soft King of Lambs* for ever reign.

## IX

*From "SUSPIRIUM"*

I think a thousand thoughts a day,  
Yet think not one : each doth betray  
Itself and half-made flies away.

## X

*From "CHRISTMAS DAY"*

He who did wear  
God's radiant boundless Form  
Shrinks Himself here  
Into a simple worm.  
Heav'n's moulded up in Earth, Eternity  
Grasped in a span of Time doth bounded lie.

All Paradise  
 Collected in one bud  
 Doth sweetly rise  
 From its fair virgin bed,  
 Omnipotence an infant's shape puts on :  
 Immensity becomes a Little One.

## XI

*WHIT SUNDAY*

Fountain of sweets ! Eternal Dove !  
 Which leav'st Thy glorious perch above,  
 And hov'ring down, vouchsafest thus  
 To make Thy nest below with us.

Soft as Thy softest feathers, may  
 We find Thy Love to us to-day ;  
 And in the shelter of Thy wing  
 Obtain Thy leave and grace to sing  
 Hallelujah.

## XII

*From "LIFE"*

Yet fairer than her looks she was  
 In that internal comeliness  
 Which drest her soul and made it rise  
 Much faster than  
 Her years did run  
 Like to some forward plant of paradise.

EDWARD BENLOWES (1603-1676)

## XIII

*SOUL'S OFFERING*

Had I, oh, had I many lives, as years ;  
 As many loves, as love hath fears ;  
 All, all were thine, had I as many hearts as hairs !

Then whet thy blunt scythe, Time, and wing  
thy feet :

Life, not in length, but use, is sweet :  
Come, Death (the body brought abed o' the soul)  
come, fleet !

Be pulse, my passing-bell ; be skin, my hearse :\*  
Night's sable curtains that disperse  
The rays of day, be shroud : dews, weep my  
funeral verse !

## XIV

*GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE*

Ancient of Days ! to Whom all times are Now ;  
Before Whom Seraphim do bow,  
Though highest creatures, yet to their Creator low.

Who art by light-surrounded powers obeyed  
(Heav'n's host Thy minist'ring spirits made),  
Clothed with ubiquity, to Whom all light is  
shade !

Whose thunder-clasping Hand does grasp the  
shoal

Of total Nature, and unroll  
The spangled canopy of Heav'n from pole to pole !

Who, on the clouds and winds, Thy chariot,  
rid'st :

And, bridling wildest storms, them guid'st ;  
Who, moveless, all does move, who, changing  
all, abid'st !

## XV

*MOON AND SUN*

So Cynthia seems Star-chamber's president,  
With crescent splendour from Sol lent,  
Rallying her starry group to guard her glittering  
tent.

Pearlèd dewes and stars. Yet earth's shade  
shuts up soon

Her shop of beams ; whose cone doth run  
'Bove th' horned moon, beneath the golden-  
tressèd sun.

Wh'on \* sky, clouds, seas, earth, rocks doth rays  
disperse,

Stars, rainbows, pearls, fruits, diamonds  
pierce ;

The world's eye, source of light, soul of the  
universe.

Who glows like carbuncles, when wingèd hours

Dandle the infant morn,\* which scours

Dame Luna, with her twinkling spies, from azure  
tow'rs.

ALEXANDER BROME (1620-1666)

XVI

*PALINODE. THE POET JILTS THE  
MUSE FOR A BUSINESS CAREER*

No more, no more of this, I vow,  
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,  
Which few but fools call wit ;  
There was a time, when I begun,  
And now 'tis time I should have done,  
And meddle no more with it.  
He physic's use doth quite mistake,  
That physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love and pride,  
Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,  
Inspired my brain and blood,  
And made me then converse with toys  
Which are called Muses by the boys,  
And dabble in their flood.

I was persuaded in those days,  
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,  
 And age and cares come creeping on,  
     And business checks my love ;  
 What need I take a needless toil.  
 To spend my labour, time and oil,  
     Since no design can move.  
 For now the cause is ta'en away  
 What reason is the effect should stay ?

'Tis but a folly now for me  
 To spend my time and industry,  
     About such useless wit ;  
 For when I think I have done well,  
 I see men laugh, but cannot tell  
     Whe'r't be at me or it.  
 Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,  
 When those that cannot write, dare judge.

Give me the wit that can't speak sense,  
 Nor read it but in's own defence,  
     Ne'er learned but of his Gran'am !  
 He that can buy and sell and cheat  
 May quickly make a shift to get  
     His thousand pounds *per annum* ;  
 And purchase without more ado  
 The poems, and the poet too.

## XVII

## SONG

Tell me not of a face that's fair,  
 Nor lips and cheek that's red,  
 Nor of the tresses of her hair,  
     Nor curls in order laid,  
 Nor of a rare seraphic voice  
     That like an angel sings ;  
 Though if I were to take my choice,  
     I would have all these things.  
 But if that thou wilt have me love,  
 And it must be a she,

The only argument can move  
Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be  
But metaphor of things,  
And but resemble what we see  
Each common object brings.  
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,  
Lilies their whiteness stain :  
What fool is he that shadows seeks,  
And may the substance gain ?  
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,  
Let it be one that's kind ;  
Else I'm a servant to the glass,  
That's with Canary lined.

## XVIII

*DRINKING SONG*

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,  
This many and many a year !  
And those are three plagues enough, any should  
think,  
For one poor mortal to bear !  
'Twas love made me fall into drink ;  
And drink made me run into debt !  
And though I have struggled, and struggled and  
strove ;  
I cannot get out of them yet !  
There's nothing but money can cure me ;  
And rid me of all my pain !  
'Twill pay all my debts ;  
And remove all my lets ;  
And my Mistress that cannot endure me,  
Will love me and love me again !  
Then I'll fall to my loving and drinking amain.

RICHARD BROME (16 ? -1652)

XIX

*BEGGAR'S SONG*

Come ! come away ! the Spring,  
 By every bird that can but sing  
 Or chirp a note, doth now invite  
 Us forth to taste of his delight,  
 In field, in grove, on hill, in dale ;  
 But above all the nightingale,  
 Who in her sweetness strives to outdo  
 The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo.

Cuckoo ! cries he ; jug, jug, jug ! sings she :  
 From bush to bush, from tree to tree.  
 Why in one place then tarry we ?

Come away ! Why do we stay ?  
 We have no debt or rent to pay ;  
 No bargains or accounts to make ;  
 Nor land nor lease, to let or take.  
 Or if we had, should that remove us  
 When all the world's our own before us,  
 And where we pass and make resort  
 It is our kingdom and our court.

Cuckoo ! cries he ; jug, jug, jug ! sings she :  
 From bush to bush, from tree to tree,  
 Why in one place then tarry we ?

XX

*SONG*

Nor Love, nor Fate dare I accuse  
 For that my Love did me refuse ;  
 But oh mine own unworthiness,  
 That durst presume so mickle bliss,  
     It was too much for me to love  
     A man so like the gods above ;

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE

An Angel's shape, a Saint-like voice,  
 Are too divine for human choice.  
 Oh, had I wishly giv'n my heart,  
 For to have loved him but in part  
 Sought only to enjoy his face,  
 Or any one peculiar grace  
     Of foot, of hand, of lip, of eye,  
     I might have lived where now I die.  
 But I presuming all to choose,  
 Am now condemnèd all to lose.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682)

XXI

*EVENING HYMN*

The night is come, like to the day ;  
 Depart not Thou, great God, away.  
 Let not my sins, black as the night,  
 Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.  
 Keep still in my horizon ; for to me  
 The sun makes not the day, but Thee  
 Thou Whose nature cannot sleep,  
 On my temples sentry keep !  
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,  
 Whose eyes are open while mine close ;  
 Let no dreams my head infest,  
 But such as Jacob's temples blest.  
 While I do rest, my soul advance ;  
 Make my sleep a holy trance,  
 That I may, my rest being wrought,  
 Awake, into some holy thought ; \*  
 And with as active vigour run  
 My course as doth the nimble sun.  
 Sleep is a death ; oh ! make me try,  
 By sleeping, what is it to die :  
 And as gently lay my head  
 On my grave, as now my bed.  
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me  
 Awake again at last with Thee,

And thus assured, behold I lie  
 Securely, or to wake or die.  
 These are my drowsy days ; in vain  
 I do, now wake to sleep again.  
 Oh ! come that hour, when I shall never  
 Sleep again, but wake for ever !

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

XXII

*THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERD BOY IN  
 THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION*

He that is down need fear no fall,  
 He that is low, no pride ;  
 He that is humble ever shall  
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,  
 Little be it or much :  
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
 Because Thou gavest such.

Fullness to such a burden is  
 That go on pilgrimage ;  
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
 Is best from age to age.

XXIII

*THE COUNTRY-BIRD'S SONG*

Through all my life, thy favour is  
 So frankly showed to me,  
 That in thy House for evermore  
 My dwelling-place shall be.

For why, the Lord our God is good,  
 His Mercy is for ever sure ;  
 His Truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.

ROBERT BURTON (1576-1639)

XXIV

*THE AUTHOR'S ABSTRACT OF  
MELANCHOLY*

When I go musing all alone,  
 Thinking of divers things fore-knownn,  
 When I build castles in the air  
 Void of sorrow and void of fear,  
 Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,  
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.  
     All my joys to this are folly,  
     Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone  
 Recounting what I have ill done,  
 My thoughts on me then tyrannize,  
 Fear and sorrow me surprise,  
 Whether I tarry still or go  
 Methinks the time moves very slow,  
     All my griefs to this are jolly,  
     Naught so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,  
 With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,  
 By a brook side or wood so green,  
 Unheard, unsought for or unseen,  
 A thousand pleasures do me bless,  
 And crown my soul with happiness  
     All my joys besides are folly,  
     None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit or walk alone,  
 I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,  
 In a dark grove or irksome den,  
 With discontents and Furies then,  
 A thousand miseries at once  
 Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.  
     All my griefs to this are jolly,  
     None so sour as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see  
 Sweet music, wondrous melody,  
 Townès, places and cities fine,  
 Here now, then there, the world is mine,  
 Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,  
 Whate'er is lovely or divine.

All other joys to this are folly,  
 None so sweet as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see  
 Ghosts, goblins, fiends, my fantasy  
 Presents a thousand ugly shapes,  
 Headless bears, blackmen and apes,  
 Doleful outcries and fearful sights  
 My sad and dismal soul affrights.

All my griefs to this are jolly,  
 None so damned as Melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,  
 Methinks I now embrace my Mistris.  
 O blessèd days, O sweet content,  
 In Paradise my time is spent,  
 Such thoughts may still my fancy move,  
 So may I ever be in love.

All my joys to this are folly,  
 Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,  
 My sighs and tears, my waking nights,  
 My jealous fits ; oh, mine hard fate,  
 I now repent, but 'tis too late.  
 No torment is so bad as love,  
 So bitter to my soul can prove.

All my griefs to this are jolly,  
 Naught so harsh as Melancholy.

Friends and companions get you gone !  
 'Tis my desire to be alone.  
 Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I  
 Do domineer in privacy.

No gem, no treasure like to this,  
 'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.

All my joys to this are folly,  
 Naught so sweet as Melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,  
 I am a beast, a monster grown,  
 I will no light nor company,  
 I find it now my misery.  
 The scene is turned, my joys are gone,  
 Fear, discontent and sorrows come.  
     All my griefs to this are jolly,  
     Naught so fierce as Melancholy.

I'll not change life with any King.  
 I ravished am : can the world bring  
 More joy than still to laugh or smile,  
 In pleasant toys time to beguile ?  
 Do not, O do not trouble me,  
 So sweet content I feel and see.  
     All my joys to this are folly,  
     None so divine as Melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch,  
 Thou can'st from jail or dungeon fetch :  
 My pains past cure, another Hell,  
 I may not in this torment dwell,  
 Now desperate I hate my life,  
 Lend me a halter or a knife.  
     All my griefs to this are jolly,  
     Naught so damned as Melancholy.

THOMAS CAREW (1587-1639)

XXV

*AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR.  
 DONNE, DEAN OF PAUL'S*

Can we not force from widowed Poetry  
 Now thou art dead, (Great Donne !) one Elegy  
 To crown thy hearse ? Why yet did we not trust,  
 Though with unkneced dough-baked Prose, thy  
     dust,  
 Such as th'unsized lecturer from the flower  
 Of fading Rhetoric, short-lived as his hour,

Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay  
Upon the ashes on the funeral day ?  
Have we not tune, nor voice ? Did'st thou  
dispense

Through all our language both the words and  
sense ?

'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain  
And sober Christian precepts still retain ;  
Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses frame,  
Grave homilies, and lectures, but the flame  
Of thy brave soul, that shot such heat and light,  
As burnt our earth and made our darkness bright,  
Committed holy rapes upon the will,  
Did through the eye the melting hearts distil,  
And the deep knowledge of dark truths, so teach  
As sense might judge, what Fancy could not reach,  
Must be desired for ever. So the fire  
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique  
Quire,

Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath  
Glowed here awhile, lies quenched now in thy  
death.

The Muses' garden with pedantic weeds  
O'erspread, was purged by thee, the lazy seeds  
Of servile imitation thrown away,  
And fresh invention planted ; thou did'st pay  
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age :  
Licentious shafts, that make poetic rage,  
A mimic fury, when our souls must lie  
Possessed, or with Anacreon's ecstasy,  
Or Pindar's, not their own, the subtle cheat  
Of sly exchanges and the juggling feat  
Of two-edged sword, and whatsoever wrong  
By ours was done the Greek and Latin tongue,  
Thou hast redeemed and opened us a mine  
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line  
Of masculine expression, which had good  
Old Orpheus seen, and all the ancient brood  
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold  
Their lead more precious than thy burnished  
gold ;

Thou had'st been their Exchequer, and no more  
 They each in others dung had searched for ore.  
 Thou shalt yield no precedents, but of Time,  
 And the blind Fate of language, whose tuned  
 chime

More charms the outward sense; yet thou  
 may'st claim

From so great disadvantage, greater fame,  
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit  
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit  
 With her tough thick-ribbed hoops, to gird  
 about

Thy giant fancy, which had proved too stout  
 For their soft melting phrases. As in time  
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime  
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,  
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear  
 To touch their harvest, yet from those bare  
 lands

Of what was only thine, thy only hands  
 (And that their smallest work) have gleanèd  
 more

Than all those times and tongues could reap  
 before.

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be  
 Too hard for libertines in poetry:  
 They will recall the goodly exiled train  
 Of Gods and Goddesses, which in thy just reign  
 Was banished noble poems; now with these,  
 The silenced tales i' th' Metamorphoses  
 Shall stuff their lines and swell the windy page;  
 Till Verse refined by thee, in this last age  
 Turned ballad-rhyme, to those old Idols be  
 Adored again with new apostacy.

O pardon me that break with untuned Verse  
 The reverent silence that attends thy hearse,  
 Whose solemn awful murmurs, were to thee  
 More than these rude lines, a loud Elegy,  
 That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence  
 The death of all the Arts, whose influence

Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,  
 Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.  
 So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand  
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,  
 But some short time retains a faint weak course  
 By virtue of the first impulsive force ;  
 And so whilst I cast on thy funeral pile  
 Thy crown of bays, O let it crack awhile,  
 And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes  
 Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy to engross  
 All thy perfections, or weep all the loss,  
 Those are too numerous for one Elegy,  
 And 'tis too great to be expressed by me ;  
 Let others carve the rest ; it shall suffice  
 I on thy grave this Epitaph incize.  
 Here lies a king, who ruled as he thought fit  
 The universal monarchy of wit ;  
 Here lie two flamens and those both the best,  
 Apollo's first. at last the true God's priest.

## XXVI

*PERSUASIONS TO JOY*

If the quick spirits in your eye  
 Now languish and anon must die ;  
 If every sweet and every grace  
 Must fly from that forsaken face ;  
 Then, Celia, let us reap our joys  
 Ere Time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow  
 For ever free from agèd snow ;  
 If those bright suns must know no shade,  
 Nor your fresh beauties ever fade ;  
 Then fear not, Celia, to bestow  
 What, still being gathered, still must grow.

Thus either Time his sickle brings  
 In vain, or else in vain his wings.

## XXVII

## EPITAPH

*On the Lady Mary Villiers*

The Lady Mary Villiers lies  
 Under this stone ; with weeping eyes  
 The parents that first gave her birth,  
 And their sad friends, laid her in earth.  
 If any of them, reader, were  
 Known unto thee, shed a tear ;  
 Or if thyself possess a gem,  
 As dear to thee, as this to them,  
 Though a stranger to this place,  
 Bewail in theirs thine own hard case :  
 For thou perhaps at thy return  
 May'st find thy Darling in an urn.

## XXVIII

## ANOTHER

This little vault, this narrow room,  
 Of Love and Beauty is the tomb ;  
 The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear  
 Our clouded sky, lies darkened here,  
 For ever set to us : by Death  
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.  
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain  
 More sweetness than shall spring again ;  
 A budding star that might have grown  
 Into a sun when it had blown.  
 This hopeful beauty did create  
 New Love in Life's declining state ;  
 But now his Empire ends, and we  
 From fire and wounding darts are free ;  
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear ;  
 The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

## XXIX

## ANOTHER

*On Maria Wentworth*

And here the precious dust is laid ;  
Whose finely tempered clay was made  
So fine that it the guest betrayed.

Else the soul grew so fast within,  
It brake the outward shell of sin,  
And so was hatched a Cherubim.

In height it soared to God above,  
In depth, it did to knowledge move,  
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before a pious duty shined  
To parents, courtesy behind,  
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,  
To servants kind, to friendship clear,  
To nothing but herself severe.

So though a virgin yet a bride,  
To every grace she justified  
A chaste polygamy, and died.

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust  
We owe this world, where virtue must,  
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

## XXX

## TO HIS INCONSTANT MISTRESS

When thou, poor Excommunicate  
From all the joys of love, shalt see  
The full reward and glorious fate  
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,  
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure  
 That heart which thy false oaths did wound ;  
 And to my soul a soul more pure  
 Than thine shall by love's hand be bound,  
 And both with equal glory crowned.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain  
 To love, as I did once to thee.  
 When all thy tears shall be as vain  
 As mine were then : for thou shalt be  
 Damned for thy false apostasy.

## XXXI

*TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, GEORGE  
 SANDYS, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF  
 THE PSALMS*

I press not to the Quire, nor dare I greet  
 The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;  
 My unwasht Muse pollutes not things divine,  
 Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine ;  
 Here, humbly waiting at the porch she stays  
 And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.  
 So, devout penitents of old were wont,  
 Some without door, and some beneath the font  
 To stand and hear the Church's Liturgies,  
 Yet not assist the solemn exercise :  
 Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,  
 To trim thy vestments or but bear thy train ;  
 Though not in tune, nor wing, she reach thy  
 dark,  
 Her lyric feet may dance before the Ark.  
 Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that  
 run,  
 Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun,  
 A pure flame may, that by Almighty power  
 Into her breast the earthly flame devour ;  
 My eyes, in penitential dew may steep  
 That brine, which they for sensual love did  
 weep.

So (though 'gainst Nature's course) fire may be  
 quenched  
 With fire and water be with water drenched ;  
 Perhaps my restless soul, tired with pursuit  
 Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit  
 Contentment there, which hath not, when  
 enjoyed  
 Quenched all her thirst, nor satisfied, though  
 cloyed ;  
 Weary of her vain search below, above  
 In the first fair may find th' immortal Love.  
 Prompted by thy example then, no more  
 In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;  
 But tear those idols from my heart and write  
 What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall indite.  
 Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,  
 But the dry leafless Trunk on Golgotha ; \*  
 And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn  
 Than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureates  
 worn.

## XXXII

*BOLDNESS IN LOVE*

Mark how the bashful morn in vain  
 Courts the amorous marigold,  
 With sighing blasts and weeping rain,  
 Yet she refuses to unfold.  
 But when the planet of the day  
 Approacheth with his powerful ray,  
 Then she spreads, then she receives  
 His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.  
 So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy ;  
 If thy tears and sighs discover  
 Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy  
 The just reward of a bold lover !  
 But when with moving accents thou  
 Shalt constant faith and service vow,  
 Thy Celia shall receive those charms  
 With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

## XXXIII

*TO A LADY THAT DESIRED I WOULD  
LOVE HER \**

Now you have freely given me leave to love,  
 What will you do ?  
 Shall I your mirth or passion move  
 When I begin to woo ?  
 Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?  
 Each petty beauty can disdain, and I  
 Spite of your hate,  
 Without your leave can see, and die.  
 Dispense a nobler fate !  
 'Tis easy to destroy ; you may create.  
 Then give me leave to love, and love me too :  
 Not with design  
 To raise, as love's curst rebels do,  
 When puling poets whine,  
 Fame to their beauty, from their blubbered eyne.  
 Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear  
 Your beauty's rays ;  
 Joys are pure streams ; your eyes appear  
 Sullen in sadder lays ;  
 In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise.  
 Which shall not mention, to express you fair,  
 Wounds, flames, and darts,  
 Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,  
 Suborning all your parts,  
 Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.  
 I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,  
 As mild and fair ;  
 Your brow as crystal smooth and clear ;  
 And your dishevelled hair  
 Shall flow like a calm region of the air.  
 Rich Nature's store, which is the poet's treasure,  
 I'll spend to dress

Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure  
 In equal thankfulness  
 You but unlock, so we each other bless.

## XXXIV

*SWEETLY BREATHING VERNAL AIR*

Sweetly breathing vernal air  
 That with kind warmth dost repair  
 Winter's ruins, from whose breast  
 All the gums and spices of th' East  
 Borrow their perfumes, whose eye  
 Gilds the morning and clears the sky,  
 Whose dishevelled tresses shed  
 Pearls upon the violet bed,  
 On whose brow with calm smiles drest  
 The halcyon sits and builds her nest :  
 Beauty, Youth and endless Spring  
 Dwell upon thy rosy wing ;  
 Thou, if stormy Boreas throws  
 Down whole forests when he blows,  
 With a pregnant, flowery birth  
 Can'st refresh the teeming Earth ;  
 If he nip the early bud,  
 If he blast what's fair and good ;  
 If he scatter our choice flowers,  
 If he shake our hills or towers ;  
 If his rude breath threaten us,  
 Thou can'st stroke great Eolus,  
 And from him the grace obtain  
 To bind him in an iron chain.

## XXXV

*PARTING, CELIA WEEPS*

Weep not, my dear, for I shall go  
 Laden enough with mine own woe ;  
 Add not thy heaviness to mine ;  
 Since fate our pleasures must disjoin,

Why should our sorrows meet ? If I  
 Must go and lose thy company,  
 I wish not theirs : it shall relieve  
 My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.  
 Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear  
 Every sigh and every tear  
 Away with me ; so shall thy breast  
 And eyes discharged enjoy their rest :  
 And it will glad my heart to see  
 Thou wert thus loth to part with me.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-1643)

XXXVI

*ON A VIRTUOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN  
 THAT DIED SUDDENLY \**

She who to Heaven more Heaven doth annex,  
 Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,  
 Accounted nothing death but t' be reprieved,  
 And died as free from sickness as she lived.  
 Others are dragged away, or must be driven ;  
 She only saw her time and stept to Heaven ;  
 Where Seraphim view all her glories o'er,  
 As one returned that had been there before.  
 For while she did this lower world adorn,  
 Her body seemed rather assumed than born ;  
 So rarified, advanced, so pure and whole,  
 That body might have been another's soul ;  
 And equally a miracle it were  
 That she should die, or that she could live here.

XXXVII

*FALSEHOOD \**

Still do the stars impart their light  
 To those that travel in the night :  
 Still time runs on, nor doth the hand  
 Or shadow on the dial stand ;

The streams still glide and constant are :

Only thy mind  
Untrue I find,  
Which carelessly  
Neglects to be

Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

Fool that I am ! I do recall  
My words, and swear thou'rt like them all.  
Thou seem'st like stars to nourish fire,  
But O how cold in thy desire !

And like the hand upon the brass

Thou point'st at me

In mockery ;

If I come nigh,

Shade-like thou'lt fly,

And as the stream with murmur pass.

XXXVIII

*TO CHLOE (WHO FOR HIS SAKE WISHED  
HERSELF YOUNGER) \**

There are two births ; the one when light

First strikes the new awakened sense ;

The other when two souls unite,

And we must count our life from thence :

When you loved me and I loved you

Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us new souls did give

And in those souls did plant new powers ;

Since when another life we live,

The breath we breathe is his not ours :

Love makes those young whom age doth dull,

And whom he finds young keeps young still.

And now since you and I are such,

Tell me what's yours, and what is mine ?

Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,

Do, like our souls, in one combine ;

So by this I as well may be

Too old for you, as you for me.

## XXXIX

*ABSENCE \**

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers  
 Do make or cherish flowers,  
 Where discontented things in sadness lie,  
 And nature grieves as I.  
 When I am parted from those eyes  
 From which my better day doth rise,  
 Though some propitious power  
 Should plant me in a bower,  
 Where amongst happy lovers I might see  
 How showers and sunbeams bring  
 One everlasting Spring ;  
 Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me  
 Nature herself to him is lost  
 Who loseth her he honours most.

## XL

*LINES FROM " A TRANSLATION FROM  
 HUGO GROTIUS' ELEGY ON ARMINIUS " \**

Full both of rest and joy in that blest seat  
 Thou find'st what here thou sought'st and see'st  
     how great  
 A cloud doth muffle mortals, what a small,  
 A vain and empty nothing is that All  
 We here call knowledge, puffed with which we  
     men  
 Stalk high, oppress and are oppressed again.  
 Hence do these greater wars of Mars arise,  
 Hence lower hatreds ; meanwhile Truth far flies,  
 And that good friend of Holy Peace disdains  
 To show herself where strife and tumult reigns :  
 Whence is this Fury, whence this eager lust  
 And itch of fighting settled in us ? Must  
 Our God become the subject of our War ?  
 Why sides, so new, so many ? Hath the tare  
 Of the mischievous enemy by night

Been scattered in Christ's fields ? Or doth the  
 spite  
 Of our depravèd nature, prone to rage  
 Suck in all kind of fuel, and engage  
 Man as a party in God's cause ? . . .

## XLI

*CELIA UPON HER SPARROW*

Tell me not of joy : there's none  
 Now my little Sparrow's gone ;  
     He, just as you  
     Would toy and woo,  
 He would chirp and flatter me,  
 He would hang the wing awhile,  
 Till at length he saw me smile,  
 Lord, how sullen he would be !

He would catch a crumb, and then  
 Sporting let it go again,  
     He from my lip  
     Would moisture sip.  
 He would from my trencher feed,  
 Then would hop, and then would run  
 And cry *Philip* when h' had done,  
 O whose heart can choose but bleed ?

O how eager would he fight  
 And ne'er hurt though he bite :  
     No morn did pass  
     But on my glass  
 He would sit and mark and do  
 What I did, now ruffle all  
 His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall  
 And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts  
 Feathered now to pierce our hearts ?  
     A wound he may  
     Not Love convey.  
 Now this faithful bird is gone,

O let mournful turtles join  
 With loving red-breasts, and combine,  
 To sing dirges o'er his stone.\*

## XLII

*SEAL UP HER EYES \**

Seal up her eyes, O sleep, but flow  
 Mild, as her manners, to and fro ;  
 Slide soft into her, that yet she  
 May receive no wound from thee.  
 And ye present her thoughts, O dreams,  
 With hushing winds and purling streams,  
 Whiles hovering silence sits without,  
 Careful to keep disturbance out !  
 Thus seize her, sleep, thus her again resign,  
 So what was heaven's gift we'll reckon thine.

PATRICK CARY (Middle of Seventeenth  
 Century)

## XLIII

*HYMN \**

Whilst I beheld the neck o' th' dove,  
 I spied and read these words,  
     ' This pretty dye  
     Which takes your eye  
 Is not at all the bird's.  
 The dusky raven might  
 Have with these colours pleased your sight,  
 Had God but chose so to ordain above.'  
 This label wore the dove.

Whilst I admired the nightingale,  
 These notes she warbled o'er :—  
     ' No melody indeed have I,  
     Admire me then no more !  
 God has it in his choice  
 To give the owl or me this voice ;

'Tis He, 'tis He that makes me tell my tale':  
Thus sang the nightingale.

I met and praised the fragrant rose,  
Blushing, thus answered she:—  
    'The praise you gave,  
    The scent I have  
Do not belong to me,  
This harmless odour, none  
But only God indeed does own:  
To be His keepers, my poor leaves He chose.'  
And thus replied the rose.

All creatures, then, confess to God  
That th' owe him all, but I.  
    My senses find  
    True, that my mind  
    Would still, oft does, deny.  
Hence pride! Out of my soul  
Or it thou shalt no more control.  
I'll learn this lesson, and escape the rod.  
I, too, have all from God.

MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF  
NEWCASTLE

XLIV

*SOUL'S RAIMENT* \*

Great Nature clothes the soul, which is but thin,  
With fleshly garments, which the Fates do spin,  
And when these garments are grown old and bare,  
With sickness torn, Death takes them off with  
    care,  
And folds them up in peace and quiet rest,  
And lays them safe within an earthly chest:  
Then scours them well and makes them sweet  
    and clean,  
Fit for the soul to wear those clothes again.

JOHN CHALKHILL (16 - )

XLV

## SONG \*

Oh, the sweet contentment  
 The countryman doth find.  
     High trolollie lollie loe,  
     High trolollie lie,  
 That quiet contemplation  
 Possesseth all my mind :  
     Then care away,  
     And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,  
 As hath too oft been tried ;  
     High, etc.  
     High, etc.

The city full of wantonness,  
 And both are full of pride.  
     Then, etc.

But oh, the honest countryman  
 Speaks truly from his heart,  
     High, etc.  
     High, etc.

His pride is in his tillage,  
 His horses and his cart :  
     Then, etc

Our clothing is good sheepskins,  
 Grey russet for our wives,  
     High, etc.  
     High, etc.

'Tis warmth and not gay clothing  
 That doth prolong our lives ;  
     Then, etc.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,  
 Yet on his holiday,  
     High, etc.  
     High, etc.

No emperor so merrily  
Does pass his time away ;  
Then, etc.

To recompense our tillage  
The heavens afford us showers ;  
High, etc.  
High, etc.

And for our sweet refreshments  
The earth affords us bowers :  
Then, etc.

The cuckoo and the nightingale  
Full merrily do sing,  
High, etc.  
High, etc.

And with their pleasant roundelays  
Bid welcome to the spring.  
Then, etc.

## ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN (1607- ?)

## XLVI

*TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, MR. GILES  
BALLE, MERCHANT \**

The lofty mountains standing on a row,  
Which but of late were periwigged with snow,  
Doff off their coats, and now are daily seen  
To stand on tiptoes,\* all in swaggering green.  
Meadows and gardens are pranked up with  
buds  
And chirping birds now chant it in the woods,\*  
The warbling swallow and the lark do sing,  
To welcome in the glorious, verdant Spring.

## WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE (1619-1679)

## XLVII

*PHARONNIDA'S DREAM*

. . . A strong pathetic dream,  
 Diverting by enigmas Nature's stream,  
 Long hovering through the portals of her mind  
 On vain phantastic wings, at length did find  
 The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by  
 A brighter beam of pure divinity  
 Led into supernatural light, whose rays  
 As much transcended reason's, as the day's  
 Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be  
 Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.  
 Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all  
 Terrestrial thoughts, like its original  
 In heaven, pure and immaculate, a fit  
 Companion did for those bright angels sit,  
 Which the gods made their messengers to bear  
 This sacred truth, seeming transported, where,  
 Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,  
 The heart o' the microcosm, 'bout which is hurled  
 The spangled curtains of the sky, within  
 Whose boundless orbs, the circling planets spin  
 Those threads of time, upon whose strength  
     rely  
 The ponderous burthens of mortality.  
 An adamant world she sees, more pure,  
 More glorious far than this—framed to endure  
 The shock of dooms-day's darts, in which remains  
 The better angels of what earth contains,  
 Placed there to govern all our acts, and be  
 A medium 'twixt us and eternity.  
 Hence Nature, from a labyrinth half above,  
 Half underneath, that sympathetic love,  
 Which warms the world to generation, sends  
 On unseen atoms ; each small star attends  
 Here for its message, which received, is by  
 Their influence to the astral faculty

That lurks on earth, communicated ; hence  
 Informing Forma sends intelligence  
 To the material principles of Earth,—  
 Her upper garments, Nature's second birth.

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1659)

XLVIII

*TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON \**

The Muses fairest light in no dark time,  
 The wonder of a learnèd age ; the line  
 Which none can pass ; the most proportioned wit  
 To Nature, the best judge of what was fit ;  
 The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen ;  
 The voice most echoed by consenting men ;  
 The soul which answered best to all well said  
 By others, and which most requital made ;  
 Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,  
 Returning all her music with his own ;  
 In whom with Nature study claimed a part,  
 And yet who to himself owed all his art :  
 Here lies Ben Jonson ! Every age will look  
 With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

XLIX

*NOT TO TRAVEL \**

What need I travel, since I may  
 More choicer wonders here survey ?  
 What need I aye for purple seek,  
 When I may find it in a cheek ?  
 Or sack the Eastern Shores ? There lies  
 More precious diamonds in her eyes.  
 What need I dig Peru for ore,  
 When every hair of her yields more ?  
 Or toil for gums in India,  
 Since she can breathe more rich than they ?  
 Or ransack Africk ? There will be

On either hand more ivory.  
 But look within all virtues that  
 Each Nation would appropriate,  
 And with the glory of them vest,  
 Are in this map at large exprest ;  
 That, who would travel here might know  
 The little world in Folio.

SIR ASTON COKAINE (1608-1683)

L

*TO PLAUTIA*

Away, fond thing ! tempt me no more !  
 I'll not be won with all thy store !  
 I can behold thy golden hair,  
 And for the owner nothing care :  
 Thy starry eyes can look upon,  
 And be mine own when I have done ;  
 Thy cherry ruby lips can kiss,  
 And for fruition never wish :  
 Can view the garden of thy cheeks,  
 And slight the roses there as leeks :  
 Can hear thee sing with all thine art,  
 Without enthralling of mine heart :  
 My liberty thou can'st not wrong  
 With all the magic of thy tongue :  
 Thy warm snow-breasts and I can see  
 And neither sigh nor wish for thee :  
 Behold thy feet, which we do bless  
 For bearing so much happiness,  
 Yet they at all should not destroy  
 My strong-preservèd liberty :  
 Could see thee naked, as at first  
 Our parents were, when both uncurst,  
 And with my busy, searching eyes  
 View strictly thy hid rarities ;  
 Yet, after such a free survey,  
 From thee no lover go away.

For thou art false and wilt be so :  
 I else no other fair would woo.  
 Away, therefore, tempt me no more !  
 I'll not be won with all thy store.

## ANNE COLLINS (?)

## LI

*HAPPINESS NOT TO BE FOUND IN  
 THE CREATURE*

Such is the force of each created thing  
 That it no solid happiness can bring,  
 Which to our minds may give contentment sound;  
 For, like as Noah's dove no succour found,  
 Till she returned to him that sent her out,  
 Just so, the soul in vain may seek about  
 For rest or satisfaction anywhere,  
 Save in his presence, who hath sent her here ;  
 Yea, though all earthly glories should unite  
 Their pomp and splendour to give such delight,  
 Yet could they no more sound contentment bring  
 Than starlight can make grass or flowers spring.

RICHARD CORBET, BISHOP OF NORWICH  
 (1582-1634)

## LII

*A PROPER NEW BALLAD, intituled The  
 Fairies Farewell or God-a-Marcy Will ; to  
 be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow  
 Brow by the Learned ; by the Unlearned, to  
 the tune of Fortune.*

Farewell, Rewards and Fairies,  
 Good housewives now may say,  
 For now foul sluts in dairies  
 Do fare as well as they ;

And though they sweep their hearths no less  
 Than Maids were wont to do,  
 Yet who of late for cleanliness,  
 Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament old Abbies,  
 The Fairies lost command,  
 They did but change priests' babies,  
 But some have changed your hand ;  
 And all your children stol'n from thence  
 Are now grown *Puritans*.  
 Who live as changelings ever since  
 For love of your demesnes.

At morning and at evening both,  
 You merry were and glad ;  
 So little care of sleep and sloth  
 These pretty ladies had ;  
 When Tom came home from labour,  
 Or Ciss to milking rose ;  
 Then merrily went your tabor,  
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those Rings and Roundelays  
 Of theirs which yet remain,  
 Were footed in Queen Mary's days  
 On many a grassy plain.  
 But since of late Elizabeth  
 And later James came in,  
 They never danced on any heath  
 As when the time had been.

By which we note the Fairies  
 Were of the old profession,  
 Their songs were *Ave Maries*,  
 Their dances were procession ;  
 But now alas, they all are dead  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or further from Religion fled,  
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure,

And whoso kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punished sure.  
 It was a just and Christian deed  
 To pinch such black and blue ;  
 O how the Commonwealth doth need  
 Such Justices as you !

Now they have left our Quarters,  
 A Register they have,  
 Who can preserve their Charters,  
 A man both wise and grave.  
 An hundred of their merry pranks,  
 By one that I could name  
 Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks  
 To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire,  
 Give laud and praises due ;  
 Who every meal can mend your cheer  
 With tales both old and true.  
 To William all give audience,  
 And pay you for his noddle ;  
 For all the Fairies' evidence  
 Were lost if it were addle.

## LIII

*TO HIS SON—VINCENT CORBET*

What I shall leave thee none can tell,  
 But all shall say I wish thee well ;  
 I wish thee, Vin. before all wealth,  
 Both bodily and ghostly health :  
 Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee.  
 So much of either may undo thee.  
 I wish thee learning, not for show,  
 Enough for to instruct and know ;  
 Not such as gentlemen require,  
 To prate at table or at fire.  
 I wish thee all thy mother's graces,  
 Thy father's fortunes and his faces.

## RICHARD CORBET

I wish thee friends, and one at court,  
 Not to build on, but support ;  
 To keep thee, not in doing many  
 Oppressions, but from suffering any.  
 I wish thee peace in all thy ways,  
 Nor lazy nor contentious days ;  
 And when thy soul and body part,  
 As innocent as now thou art.

## LIV

*AN EPITAPH ON THOMAS JONCE*

Here for the nonce  
 Came Thomas Jonce  
                   In St. Giles Church to lie.  
 None Welsh before,  
 None Welshman more  
                   Till Shon Clerk die.  
 I'll toll the bell,  
 I'll ring his knell ;  
 He died well,  
 He's saved from hell ;  
 And so farewell  
                   Tom Jonce.

## LV

*COUNTRY DREAMS*

The damask meadows and the crawling streams  
   Sweeten and make soft thy dreams ;  
 The purling springs, groves, birds and well-  
   weaved bowers  
   With fields enamellèd with flowers,  
 Present thee shapes, while phantasy discloses  
   Millions of lilies mixed with roses.  
 Then dream thou hearest the lamb with many a  
   bleat  
   Woed to come suck the milky teat ;  
 Whilst Faunus in the vision vows to keep  
   From ravenous wolf the woolly sheep ;

With thousands such enchanting dreams, which  
meet

To make sleep not so sound as sweet ;  
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear

As not to up when chanticleer  
Speaks the last watch, but with the dawn dost  
rise

To work, but first to sacrifice :  
Making thy peace with Heaven for some late  
fault,

With holy meal and crackling salt.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1677)

LVI

*ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW \**

Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven :  
The hard and rarest union which can be,  
Next that of Godhead with Humanity.

Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,  
And build vain pyramids to mortal pride ;  
Like Moses, thou (though charms and spells  
withstand)

Have brought them nobly home back to their  
Holy Land.

Ah, wretched we, poets of earth ! but thou  
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now.  
Whilst Angels sing to thee their airs divine,  
And join in an applause as great as thine,  
Equal society with them to hold,  
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.  
And they (kind spirits !) shall all rejoice to see  
How little less than they, exalted man may be.

Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,  
The Heav'niest thing on Earth still keeps up hell.—  
Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land ;  
Still Idols here, like calves at Bethel stand.

And though Pan's death long since all Oracles  
broke,

Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke ;  
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage we  
(Vain men !) the monster woman deify ;  
Find stars, and lie our fates there in a face,  
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.\*  
What different faults corrupt our Muses then !  
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous !

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain  
The boundless Godhead ; she did well disdain  
That her eternal verse employed should be  
On a less subject than Eternity ;  
And for a sacred Mistress scorned to take  
But her whom God Himself scorned not His  
spouse to make,  
It (in a kind) her Miracle did do ;  
A fruitful Mother was, and Virgin too.

How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death  
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath.  
In thy great Mistress' arms, thou most divine  
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine ! \*  
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire  
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire  
Angels (they say) brought the famed Chapel there,  
And bore the sacred Load in triumph through the  
air.

'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and they  
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Hail, Bard triumphant ! and some care bestow  
On us, the Poets militant below.  
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,  
Attacked by envy and by ignorance,  
Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,  
Exposed by tyrant-love to savage beasts and  
fires—

Thou from low earth in nobler flames did'st rise,  
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.  
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,

More fit thy greatness and my littleness),  
 Lo, here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove  
 So humble to esteem, so good to love)  
 Not that thy Spirit might on me doubled be—  
 I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me ;  
 And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,  
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to  
 sing.

## LVII

*HYMN TO LIGHT \**

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come  
 From the old Negro's darksome womb !  
 Which when it saw the lovely child,  
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and  
 smiled.

Thou tide of glory which no rest dost know,  
 But ever ebb and ever flow !  
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove !  
 Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth  
 make love !

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky  
 Do all thy wingèd arrows fly ?  
 Swiftness and power by birth are thine ;  
 From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the  
 Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,  
 That so much cost in colours thou  
 And skill in painting dost bestow  
 Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty carriere run,  
 Thy race is finished when begun ;  
 Let a post-Angel start with thee,  
 And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon  
 as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay  
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;

And all the year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal  
spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands, above  
The Sun's gilt tent, for ever move ;  
And still as thou in pomp dost go,  
The shining Pageants of the world attend thy  
show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble glow-worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild  
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the  
field.

Night and her ugly subjects dost thou fright  
And sleep, the lazy owl of night ;  
Ashamed and fearful to appear,  
They screen their horrid shapes with the black  
hemisphere.

With them there hasten, and wildly take the  
alarm,  
Of painted dreams a busy swarm ;  
At the first opening of thine Eye  
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

When, Goddess, thou lift'st up thy wakened  
head

Out of the morning's purple bed,  
The choir of birds about thee play,  
And all thy joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,  
Is but thy several liveries ;  
Thou the rich dye in them bestowest,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou  
goest.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st  
The virgin lilies in their white  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, spring's little infant, stands  
 Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands ;  
 On the fair tulip thou dost dote,  
 Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-coloured coat.

With flames condensed thou dost thy jewels fix,  
 And solid colours in it mix ;  
 Flora herself envies to see  
 Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Through the soft ways of Heaven and air and sea  
 Which open all their pores to thee,  
 Like a clear river thou dost glide,  
 And with thy living stream through the close  
 channel slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,  
 Gently thy source the land o'erflows ;  
 Takes there possession, and dost make  
 Of colours' mingled light, a thick and standing  
 lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day  
 In the empyrean heaven dost stay ;  
 Thy rivers, lakes and springs below  
 From thence first took their rise, thither at last  
 must flow.

## LVIII

*THE SPRING\**

Though you be absent here, I needs must say,  
 The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay  
 As ever they were wont to be ;  
 Nay the birds' rural music too  
 Is as melodious and free,  
 As if they sung to pleasure you :

I saw a rose-bud ope this morn ; I'll swear  
 The blushing morning opened not more fair.

How could it be so fair and you away ?  
 How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay ?

Could they remember but last year  
 How you did them, they you delight,  
 The sprouting leaves which saw you here,  
 And called their fellows to the sight,  
 Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,  
 Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walked, trees were as reverent made,  
 As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade.

Is't possible they should not know,  
 What loss of honour they sustain,  
 That thus they smile and flourish now,  
 And still their former pride retain ?

Dull creatures ! 'Tis not without cause that she,  
 Who fled the god of wit, was made a tree.

But who can blame them now ? for since you're  
 gone,

They're here the only fair, and shine alone.

You did their natural rights invade,  
 Wherever you did walk or sit,  
 The thickest boughs could make no shade,  
 Although the sun had granted it :

The fairest flowers could please no more, near  
 you,

Than painted flowers set next to them, could do.

## LIX

*SOLITUDE* \*

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good,  
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood !  
 Where the poetic birds rejoice  
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,  
 Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat,  
 Ye country houses and retreat !  
 Which all the happy gods so love,  
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great  
 Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,  
 Nature the wisest architect,  
 Who those fond artists does despise  
 That can the fair and living trees neglect ;  
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,  
 Hear the soft winds above me flying,  
 With all their wanton boughs' dispute,  
 And the more tuneful birds to both replying  
 Nor be myself too mute.

Ah, wretched and too solitary he  
 Who loves not his own company :  
 He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,  
 Unless he call in sin or vanity  
 To help to bear't away.

O Solitude, first state of human kind !  
 Which blest remained, till man did find  
 Even his own helper's company.  
 As soon as two, alas, together joined,  
 The serpent made up three.

While this hard truth I teach, methinks I see  
 The monster London laugh at me ;  
 I should at thee too, foolish city,  
 If it were fit to laugh at misery,  
 But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,  
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,  
 Even thou who dost thy millions boast,  
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,  
 A solitude almost.

## LX

*PLATONIC LOVE*

Indeed I must confess,  
 When Souls mix, 'tis an happiness ;  
 But not complete till bodies too combine,  
 And closely as our minds together join.

But half of Heaven the souls in glory taste,  
 Till by Love in Heaven at last,  
 Their bodies too are placed.

In thy immortal part  
 Man, as well as I, thou art.  
 But something 'tis that differs thee and me,  
 And we must one even in that difference be ;  
 I thee, both as a man and woman prize ;  
     For a perfect Love implies  
     Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love pass  
 When a fair woman courts her glass ?  
 Something unlike must in Love's likeness be,  
     His wonder is, one, and variety.  
 For he, whose soul nought but a soul can move,  
     Does a new Narcissus prove,  
     And his own image love.

That souls do beauty know,  
 'Tis to the bodies' help they owe ;  
 If when they know't, they straight abuse that  
     trust,  
 And shut the body from't, 'tis as unjust,  
 As if I brought my dearest friend to see  
     My mistress, and at th' instant he  
     Should steal her quite from me.

RICHARD CRASHAW (1612 ?-1649)

LXI

*TO THE MORNING—SATISFACTION  
 FOR SLEEP*

What succour can I hope the Muse will send,  
 Whose drowsiness hath wronged the Muses  
     friend ?  
 What hope, Aurora, to profit unto thee,  
 Unless the Muse sing my apology ?

O! in that morning of my shame, when I  
Lay folded up in sleep's captivity ;  
How at the sight didst thou draw back thine  
eyes  
Into thy modest veil ! How did'st thou rise  
Twice dyed in thine own blushes and didst run  
To draw the curtains and awake the sun !  
Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,  
And seeing the loathed object, hid for shame  
His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides  
Me from his patronage ; I pray, he chides ;  
And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take  
My own Apollo, try if I can make  
His Lethe be my Helicon : and see  
If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on me.  
Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings,  
No nimble raptures, starts to Heaven and brings  
Enthusiastic flames, such as can give  
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live  
Dressed in the glorious madness of a Muse,  
Whose feet can walk the Milky Way, and choose  
Her starry throne ; whose holy heats can warm  
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm  
To lift me from my lazy urn, and climb  
Upon the stoopèd shoulders of old Time,  
And trace Eternity—But all is dead,  
All these delicious hopes are buried  
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,  
Where mercy cannot find them ; but O thou  
Bright Lady of the Morn, pity doth lie  
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die ;  
Have mercy, then, and when he next doth rise,  
O melt the angry god, invade his eyes,  
And stroke his radiant cheeks ; one timely kiss  
Will kill his anger and revive my bliss.  
So to the treasure of thy pearly dew  
Thrice will I pay three tears to show how true  
My grief is ; so my wakeful lay shall knock  
At the Oriental Gates, and duly mock  
The early lark's shrill orizons to be  
An anthem at the day's nativity ;

And the same rosy-fingered hand of thine,  
 That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open mine.  
 But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I  
 Was ever known to be thy votary.  
 No more my pillar shall thine altar be,  
 Nor will I offer any more to thee  
 Myself a melting sacrifice ; I'm born  
 Again a fresh child of the buxom Morn,  
 Heir of the sun's first beams ; why threat'st thou  
 so ?  
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre ? Go,  
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,  
 Sickness and sorrow whose pale lids ne'er know  
 Thy downy finger dwell upon their eyes ;  
 Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries.

## LXII

*AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND  
 WIFE, WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED  
 TOGETHER*

To those whom death again did wed  
 This grave's the second marriage-bed.  
 For though the hand of fate could force  
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
 It could not sever man and wife,  
 Because they both lived but one life.  
 Peace, good reader, do not weep ;  
 Peace, the lovers are asleep.  
 They, sweet turtles, folded lie  
 In the last knot that love can tie.  
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
 Till the stormy night be gone,  
 And the eternal morrow dawn ;  
 Then the curtains will be drawn,  
 And they wake into a light  
 Whose day shall never die in night.

## LXIII

## MUSIC'S DUEL \*

Now westward Sol has spent the richest beams  
 Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams  
 Of Tiber, on the scene of a green flat,  
 Under protection of an oak, there sat  
 A sweet lute's-master : in whose gentle airs  
 He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
 A nightingale,\* come from the neighbouring  
 wood :—

The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,  
 Their Muse, their Syren, harmless Syren she—  
 There stood she list'ning, and did entertain  
 The music's soft report, and mould the same  
 In her own murmurs, that whatever mood  
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.  
 The man perceived his rival, and her art ;  
 Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,  
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come  
 Informs it, in a sweet *praeludium*  
 Of closer strains ; and ere the war begin,  
 He lightly skirmishes on every string,  
 Charged with a flying touch : and straightway she  
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily  
 Into a thousand, sweet, distinguished tones ;  
 And reckons up in soft divisions  
 Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know  
 By that shrill taste she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each  
 string

A cap'ring cheerfulness ; and made them sing  
 To their own dance ; now negligently rash  
 He throws his arm and with a long-drawn dash  
 Blends all together, then distinctly trips  
 From this to that, then, quick returning, skips  
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.  
 She measures every measure, everywhere

Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt—  
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out—  
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note  
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat .  
 O clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it  
 With tender accents, and severely joint it  
 By short diminutives, that, being reared  
 In controverting warbles evenly shared  
 With her sweet self she wrangles ; he, amazed  
 That from so small a channel should be raised  
 The torrent of a voice, whose melody  
 Could melt into such sweet variety,  
 Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,  
 The tattling strings—each breathing in his part—  
 Most kindly do fall out ; the grumbling bass  
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;  
 The high-perched treble chirps at this and chides  
 Until his finger—moderator—hides  
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,  
 Hoarse, shrill, at once : as when the trumpets call  
 Hot Mars to th' harvest of Death's field, and woo  
 Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson, too,  
 She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out  
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill  
 And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,  
 The pliant series of her slippery song ;  
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
 Of short, thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys  
     float  
 And roll themselves over her lubic throat  
 In panting murmurs, 'stilled out of her breast  
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest  
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie .  
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody.—  
 Music's best seed-plot ; where in ripened ears  
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears  
 His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath,  
 Which there reciprocally laboureth.  
 In that sweet soil it seems a holy Quire  
 Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;

Whose silver roof rings to the sprightly notes  
Of sweet-lipped Angel-imps, that swill their  
throats

In cream of morning Helicon ; and then  
Prefers soft anthems to the ears of men,  
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring  
That men can sleep while they their matins sing.  
Most divine service ! whose so early lay,  
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.  
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice  
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,  
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song ;  
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,  
Till a sweet whirlwind striving to get out,  
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,  
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast ;  
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,  
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky  
Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.  
She opes the flood-gate and lets loose a tide  
Of streaming sweetness which in state doth lie  
On the waved back of every swelling strain  
Rising and falling in a pompous train ;  
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal  
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal  
With the cool epode of a graver note,  
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat  
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird ;  
Her little soul is ravished, and so poured  
Into loose ecstasies that she is placed  
Above herself—music's enthusiast !

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain  
In the musician's face : yet once again,  
Mistress, I come. Now reach a strain, my lute,  
Above her mock, or be for ever mute ;  
Or tune a song of victory to me,  
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy !  
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,  
And with a quivering coyness tastes the strings :  
The sweet lipped sisters musically frighted

Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted : \*  
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs  
 Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs  
 Of his own breath, which married to his lyre  
 Doth tune the spheres and make Heaven's self  
 look higher :

From this to that, from that to this, he flies,  
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries  
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,  
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,  
 Following those little rills, he sinks into  
 A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go  
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar  
 drop,

Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup ;  
 The humorous strings expound his learnèd touch  
 By various glosses, now they seem to grutch  
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle  
 In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single ;  
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,  
 Gives life to some new grace : thus doth h' invoke  
 Sweetness by all her names ; thus bravely thus—  
 Fraught with a fury so harmonious—  
 The lute's light genius now doth proudly rise,  
 Heaved on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies,  
 Whose flourish, meteor-like, doth curl the air  
 With flash of high-born fancies, here and there  
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon  
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,  
 Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,  
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,  
 Because those precious mysteries do dwell  
 In music's ravished soul he dare not tell,  
 But whisper to the world : thus do they vary  
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry  
 Their master's blest soul, snatched out at his ears  
 By a strong ecstasy, through all the spheres  
 Of music's Heaven ; and seat it there on high  
 In th' *Empyraeum* of pure harmony.  
 At length—after so long, so loud a strife,  
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life

Of blest variety, attending on  
 His fingers' fairest revolution,  
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall—  
 A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this  
 And she, although her breath's late exercise  
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,  
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.  
 Alas ! in vain ! for while, sweet soul, she tries  
 To measure all those wild diversities  
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one  
 Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,  
 She fails, and failing, grieves ; and grieving  
     dies ;  
 She dies, and leaves her life, the victor's prize,  
 Falling upon his lute. O, fit to have—  
 That lived so sweetly—dead, so sweet a grave.

## LXIV

*UPON BISHOP ANDREWS, HIS PICTURE  
 BEFORE HIS SERMONS \**

This reverent shadow cast that setting Sun,  
 Whose glorious course through our horizon run,  
 Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere,  
 All one great eye, all drowned in one great tear ;  
 Whose fair illustrious soul led his free thought  
 Through learning's universe and (vainly) sought  
 Room for her spacious self, until at length  
 She found the way home with an holy strength,  
 Snatched herself hence to Heaven : filled a bright  
     place  
 'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face  
 Of her great Maker fixed her flaming eye,  
 There till to read true pure Divinity.  
 And now that grave aspect hath deigned to shrink  
 Into this less appearance ; if you think  
 'Tis but a dead face, art doth here bequeath ;  
 Look on the following leaves and see him breathe.

## LXV

*THE WEEPER\**

Hail, sister springs,  
 Parents of silver-footed rills !  
 Ever bubbling things,  
 Thawing crystal, snowy hills !  
 Still spending, never spent ; I mean  
 Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be ;  
 Heavens of ever-falling stars ;  
 'Tis seed-time still with thee,  
 And stars thou sow'st whose harvest dares  
 Promise the earth to countershine  
 Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

Every morn from hence  
 A brisk cherub something sips  
 Whose soft influence  
 Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips ;  
 Then to his music ; and his song  
 Tastes of this breakfast \* all day long.

When some new bright guest  
 Takes up among the stars a room,  
 And Heaven will make a feast,  
 Angels with their bottles come,  
 And draw from these full eyes of thine  
 Their Master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep  
 The primrose's pale cheek to deck ;  
 The dew no more will sleep  
 Nuzzled in the lily's neck :  
 Much rather would it tremble here,  
 And leave them both to be thy tear.

When sorrow would be seen  
 In her brightest majesty,  
 —For she is a queen—  
 Then is she dressed by none but thee :

Then and only then she wears  
Her richest pearls—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,  
When they red with weeping are  
For the Sun that dies,  
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.  
Nowhere but here did ever meet  
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Well does the May that lies  
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess  
The April in thine eyes,  
Mutual sweetness they express,  
No April e'er lent softer showers,  
Nor May returnèd fairer flowers.

Not so long she lived  
Will thy tomb report of thee ;  
But so long she grieved.  
Thus must we date thy memory.  
Others by days, by months, by years,  
Measure their ages, thou by tears.

Say, ye bright brothers,  
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes  
Your fruitful mothers,  
What make you here ? What hopes can 'tice  
You to be born ? What cause can borrow  
You from those nests of noble sorrow ?

Whither away so fast ?  
For sure the sordid earth  
Your sweetness cannot taste,  
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.  
Sweet, whither haste you then ? O, say,  
Why you trip so fast away ?

We go not to seek  
The darlings of Aurora's bed,  
The rose's modest cheek,  
Nor the violet's humble head.  
No such thing : we go to meet  
A worthier object—our Lord's feet.

## LXVI

*LOVE'S HOROSCOPE*

Love, brave Virtue's younger brother,  
 Erst hath made my heart a mother.  
 She consults the anxious spheres  
 To calculate her young son's years !  
 She asks if sad or saving powers  
 Gave omen to his infant hours ;  
 She asks each star that then stood by  
 If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way ?  
 Are these the beams that rule thy day ?  
 Thou know'st a face in whose each look  
 Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,  
 On whose fair revolutions wait  
 The obsequious motions of Love's fate.  
 Ah, my heart, her eyes and she  
 Have taught thee new astrology.  
 Howe'er Love's motive hours were set,  
 Whatever starry synod met,  
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,  
 If poor love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays, putting on  
 Points of death, bid Love be gone,  
 Though the Heavens in council sat  
 To crown an uncontrollèd fate :  
 Though their best aspects twined upon  
 The kindest constellation,  
 Cast amorous glances on his birth,  
 And whispered the confederate earth,  
 To pave his paths with all the good,  
 That warms the bed of youth and blood :  
 Love has no plea against her eye ;  
 Beauty frowns and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move  
 And gild the hopes of humble Love :—

Though Heaven's inauspicious eye  
 Lay back on Love's nativity :  
 Though every diamond in Jove's crown  
 Fixed his forehead to a frown,  
 Her eye a strong appeal can give,  
 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.

O, if Love shall live, O where  
 But in her eyes, or in her ear,  
 —In her breast, or in her breath—  
 Shall I hide poor Love from death ?  
 For in the life ought else can give,  
 Love shall die, although he live.

Or, if Love shall die, O where  
 But in her eye, or in her ear,  
 In her breath, or in her breast,  
 Shall I build this funeral nest ?  
 While Love shall then entomb'd lie,  
 Love shall live although he die.

## LXVII

*A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR  
 OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA \**

Love, thou art absolute, sole Lord  
 Of life and death. To prove the word,  
 We'll now appeal to none of all  
 Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,  
 Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down  
 With strong arms their triumphant crown :  
 Such as could with lusty breath  
 Speak loud unto the face of death  
 Their great Lord's glorious name ; to none  
 Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne  
 For love at large to fill. Spare blood and sweat,  
 We'll see Him take a private seat,  
 And make His mansion in the mild  
 And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce had she learnt to lisp a name  
 Of martyrs, yet she thinks it shame

Life should so long play with that breath  
 Which spent can buy so brave a death.  
 She never undertook to know  
 What death with love should have to do,  
 Nor has she e'er yet understood  
 Why, to show love, she should shed blood.

Yet, though she cannot tell you why  
 She can love, and she can die,  
 Scarce has she blood enough to make  
 A guilty sword blush for her sake ;  
 Yet has a heart dares hope to prove  
 How much less strong is death than love.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,  
 She'll travel for a martyrdom.  
 No home for her, confesses she  
 But where she may a martyr be.  
 She'll to the Moors and trade with them  
 For this unvalued diadem ;  
 She offers them her dearest breath,  
 With Christ's name in't, in change for death :  
 She'll bargain with them, and will give  
 Them God, and teach them how to live  
 In Him ; or, if they this deny,  
 For Him she'll teach them how to die.  
 So shall she leave amongst them sown  
 Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell then all the world, adieu !  
 Teresa is no more for you.  
 Farewell all pleasures, sports and joys.  
 Never till now esteemèd toys !  
 Farewell whatever dear may be—  
 Mother's arms or father's knee !  
 Farewell house, and farewell home !  
 She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast ; lo ! thy fair spouse,  
 Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,  
 Calls thee back, and bids thee come  
 T' embrace a milder martyrdom. . . .

O how soft shalt thou complain  
Of a sweet and subtle pain !  
Of intolerable joys !  
Of a death, in which who dies  
Loves his death and dies again,  
And would for ever so be slain ;  
And lives and dies, and knows not why  
To live, but that he still may die !  
How kindly will thy gentle heart  
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart !  
And close in his embraces keep  
Those delicious wounds, that weep  
Balsam, to heal themselves with thus,  
When these thy deaths, so numerous,  
Shall all at once die into one,  
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion ;  
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted  
By too hot a fire, and wasted  
Into perfuming clouds, so fast  
Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last  
In a resolving sigh, and then—  
O what ? Ask not the tongues of men.

Angels cannot tell ; suffice  
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys.  
And hold them fast for ever there.  
So soon as thou shalt first appear,  
The moon of maiden stars, thy white  
Mistress, attended by such bright  
Souls as thy shining self, shall come,  
And in her first ranks make thee room ;  
Where, 'mongst her snowy family,  
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.  
O what delight, when she shall stand  
And teach thy lips heaven, with her hand,  
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes  
Heap up thy consecrated kisses !  
What joy shall seize thy soul, when she,  
Bending her blessèd eyes on thee,  
Those second smiles of heaven, shall dart  
Her mild rays through thy melting heart !

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,  
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.  
 All thy good works which went before,  
 And waited for thee at the door,  
 Shall own thee there ; and all in one  
 Weave a constellation  
 Of crowns, with which the King thy spouse,  
 Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,  
 And thy pains sit bright upon thee :  
 All thy sorrows here shall shine,  
 And thy sufferings be divine.  
 Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,  
 And wrongs repent to diadems.  
 Even thy deaths shall live, and new  
 Dress the soul which late they slew.  
 The wounds shall blush to such bright scars  
 As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ  
 Love's noble history, with wit  
 Taught thee by none but Him, while here  
 They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.  
 Each heavenly word by whose hid flame  
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same  
 Shall flourish on thy brows, and be  
 Both fire to us and flame to thee ;  
 Whose light shall live bright in thy face  
 By glory, in our hearts by grace.  
 Thou shalt look round about, and see  
 Thousands of crowned souls throng to be  
 Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows,  
 The virgin-births with which thy spouse  
 Made fruitful thy fair soul ; go now,  
 And with them all about thee bow  
 To Him ; put on, He'll say, put on,  
 My rosy Love that thy rich zone,  
 Sparkling with the sacred flames  
 Of thousand souls, whose happy names  
 Heaven keeps upon thy score : thy bright  
 Life brought them first to kiss the light

That kindled them to stars ; and so  
 Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go.  
 And wheresoe'er He sets His white  
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,  
 Which, who in death would live to see  
 Must learn in life to die like thee.  
 O Thou undaunted daughter of desires !  
 By all thy dower of lights and fires ;  
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;  
 By all thy lives and deaths of love ;  
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,  
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than  
     they ;  
 By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,  
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;  
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss  
 That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His :  
 By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him  
 (Fair sister of the seraphim ! ) ;  
 By all of Him we have in thee ;  
 Leave nothing of myself in me !  
 Let me so read thy life, that I  
 Unto all life of mine may die !

## LXVIII

*A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY \**

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,  
     Young dawn of our eternal day ;  
 We saw Thine eyes break from the East,  
     And chase the trembling shades away :  
 We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,  
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.  
 I saw th' obsequious cherubim  
     Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,  
 For well they now can spare their wings,  
     Since Heaven itself lies here below.  
 Well done, said I ; but are you sure  
 Your down, so warm, will pass for pure ?  
 No, no, your King's not yet to seek  
     Where to repose His royal head ;

See, see how soon His new-bloomed cheek  
 'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed !  
 Sweet choice, said we ; no way but so,  
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow !

Welcome, to our wond'ring sight  
 Eternity shut in a span !  
 Summer in winter, day in night !  
 Heaven in earth ! and God in man !  
 Great little One, whose glorious birth  
 Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips  
 Her kisses in thy weeping eye :  
 She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,  
 That in their buds yet blushing lie.  
 She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries  
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies,  
 Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,  
 Slippery souls in smiling eyes—  
 But to poor shepherds, homespun things,  
 Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be  
 Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband show'rs  
 Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,  
 We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,  
 To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.  
 To Thee dread Lamb ! whose love must keep  
 The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee meek Majesty, soft King  
 Of simple graces and sweet loves !  
 Each of us his lamb will bring,  
 Each his pair of silver doves !  
 At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,  
 Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

## LXIX

*ON A FOUL MORNING BEING THEN  
TO TAKE A JOURNEY*

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blind-fold day  
Staggers out of the East, loses her way  
Stumbling on night? Rouse thee, illustrious  
youth,

And let no dull mists choke the light's fair growth.  
Point here thy beams, O glance on yonder flocks,  
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks.

Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear  
Full glory, flaming in her own free sphere.

Gladness shall clothe the earth, we will enstille  
The face of things an universal smile :

Say to the sullen morn, thou com'st to court her ;  
And wilt demand proud Zephyrus to sport her ;

With wanton gales ; his balmy breath shall lick  
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek ;

Which, rarified, and in a gentle rain

On those delicious banks distilled again ;

Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses

To every blushing bed of new-born roses.

He'll fan her bright locks teaching them to flow,

And frisk in curled meanders ; he will throw

A fragrant breath sucked from the spicy nest

Of th' precious Phoenix, warm upon her breast :

He, with a dainty and soft hand, will trim

And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim

In silken volumes ; wheresoe'er she'll tread,

Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread

Rise then (fair, blue-eyed maid), rise and discover

Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.

See how he runs, with what a hasty flight

Into thy bosom, bathed with liquid light.

Fly, fly, profane fogs, far hence fly away,

Taint not the pure streams of the springing day

With your dull influence, it is for you

To sit and cool upon night's heavy brow :

Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,  
 Where nought but smiles and ruddy joys are worn;  
 Fly then and do not think with her to stay;  
 Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to-day.

## LXX

CHARITAS NIMIA, OR THE DEAR  
 BARGAIN \*

Lord, what is Man ? why should he cost Thee  
 So dear ? what had his ruin lost Thee ?  
 Lord, what is man ? that Thou hast over-bought  
 So much a thing of nought.

Love is too kind, I see, and can  
 Make but a simple merchant man.  
 'Twas for such sorry merchandise,  
 Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what were't to Thee  
 If there were no such worms as we ?  
 Heav'n ne'ertheless still Heav'n would be.  
 Should mankind dwell  
 In the deep Hell,  
 What have *his* woes to do with Thee ?

Let him go weep  
 O'er his own wounds :  
 Seraphim will not sleep  
 Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds,  
 Still would the youthful Spirits sing,  
 And still Thy spacious palace ring ;  
 Still would those beauteous Ministers of light  
 Burn all as bright.

And bow their flaming heads before Thee,  
 Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee,  
 Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire  
 Keep warm Thy praise  
 Both nights and days  
 And teach Thy loved Name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind :  
 And give itself for sport to the proud wind.  
 Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares  
 In the eternity of Thy old cares ?  
 Why should'st Thou bow Thine awful breast to  
     see  
 What mine own madness hath done with me ?

Should not the King still keep His throne  
 Because some desperate fool's undone ?  
 Or will the world's illustrious eyes  
 Weep for every worm that dies ?  
 Will the gallant Sun  
 E'er the less glorious run ?  
 Will he hang down his golden head  
 Or e'er the sooner seek his Western bed,  
 Because some foolish fly  
 Grows wanton and will die ?

O my Saviour make me see  
 How dearly Thou hast paid for me,  
 That lost again, my life may prove  
 As then in Death, so now in Love.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN (1624 ?-1684)

LXXI

*HYMN*

I said sometimes with tears,  
 Ah me ! I'm loth to die !  
 Lord, silence Thou these fears,  
 My life's with Thee on high.  
     Sweet truth to me !  
     I shall arise,  
     And with these eyes  
     My Saviour see.

My life's a shade, my days  
 Apace to death decline ;

## SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

My Lord is life ; He'll raise  
 My dust again, ev'n mine.  
 My fearful grave shall keep  
 My bones till that sweet day  
 I wake from my long sleep  
 And leave my bed of clay.

My Lord His angels shall  
 Their golden trumpets sound ;  
 At whose most welcome call  
 My grave shall be unbound.  
     Sweet truth, etc.

## SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1605-1668)

## LXXII

*MORNING*

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,  
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings,  
 He takes this window for the east,  
 And to implore your light, he sings—  
 Awake, awake ! the morn will never rise,  
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,  
 The ploughman from the sun his seasons takes :  
 But still the lover wonders what they are,  
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.  
 Awake, awake ! break through your veil of lawn  
 Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

## LXXIII

*TO A MISTRESS DYING*

## LOVER

Your beauty, ripe and calm and fresh  
 As eastern summers are,

Must now, forsaking time and flesh,  
Add light to some small star.

## PHILOSOPHER

Whilst she yet lives, were stars decayed,  
Their light by hers relief might find ;  
But Death will lead her to a shade  
Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

## LOVER

Lovers, whose priests all poets are,  
Think every mistress, when she dies,  
Is changed at least into a star,  
And who dares doubt the poets wise ?

## PHILOSOPHER

But ask not bodies doomed to die  
To what abode they go ;  
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy,  
It is not safe to know.

## LXXIV

*LIFE AND DEATH*

Frail Life ! in which, through mists of human  
breath,  
We grope for truth and make our progress slow,  
Because by passion blinded ; till, by death  
Our passions ending, we begin to know.

O reverend Death ! whose looks can sooth advise  
E'en scornful youth, while priests their doctrines  
waste ;  
Yet mocks us too ; for he does make us wise,  
When by his coming our affairs are past.

O harmless Death ! whom still the valiant brave,  
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,  
And all the good embrace, who know the grave  
A short dark passage to eternal light.

## LXXV

WAKE ALL THE DEAD! WHAT HO!  
WHAT HO!\*

Wake all the dead! what ho! what ho!  
How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low,  
They mind not poor lovers who walk above  
On the decks of the world in storms of love.

No whisper now, nor glance shall pass  
Through wickets or through panes of glass;  
For our windows and doors are shut and barred.  
Lie close in the church, and in the churchyard!  
In every grave make room! make room!  
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.

## LXXVI

## TO THE QUEEN

*Entertained at Night by the Countess of Anglesey*

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day  
In its first birth, when all the year was May;  
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new  
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;  
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,  
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;  
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far  
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are:  
You, that are more than our discreeter fear  
Dares praise, with such full art, what makes you  
here?

Here, where the summer is so little seen,  
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at  
green;

You come, as if the silver planet were  
Misled a while from her much injured sphere,  
And t'ease the travails of her beams to-night,  
In this small lanthorn would contract her  
light.

ROBERT DAVENPORT (*f.* 1639)

LXXVII

*A REQUIEM*

Matilda, now go take thy bed  
 In the dark dwellings of the dead ;  
 And rise in the great waking day,  
 Sweet as incense, fresh as May.

Rest thou, chaste soul, fixed in thy proper sphere,  
 Amongst Heaven's fair ones ; all are fair ones  
 there.

CHORUS

Rest there, chaste soul, whilst we here troubled say  
 ' Time gives us griefs, Death takes our joys away !'

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1669)

LXXVIII

*PREFACE TO THE PROGRESS OF  
LEARNING \**

My early Mistress, now my ancient Muse,  
 That strong Circaean liquor cease to infuse,  
 Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth ;  
 Now stoop with disenchanted wings to Truth.  
 As the dove's flight did guide Aeneas, now  
 May thine conduct me to the Golden Bough,  
 Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots  
 To heaven her branches and to hell her roots.

JOHN DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL

(1580-1655)

LXXIX

Grieve not, dear Love ! although we often part :  
 But know, that Nature gently doth us sever,

Thereby to train us up, with tender art,  
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For Nature, doubting we should be surprised  
By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear  
us,  
Doth keep us daily schooled and exercised ;  
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us !

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)

LXXX

*THE GOOD-MORROW*

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved ? Were we not weaned till  
then,  
But sucked on country pleasures childishly ?  
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den ?  
'Twas so ; but as all pleasures fancies be,  
If ever any beauty I did see,  
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of  
thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
Which watch not one another, out of fear :  
For love all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room, an every where.  
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
Let maps to other worlds our world have shown,  
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is  
one !

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest ;  
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres  
Without sharp North, without declining West ?  
Whatever dies was not mixed equally ;  
If our two loves be one, both thou and I  
Love so alike, none of these loves can die.

## LXXXI

## SONG

Go and catch a falling star,  
 Get with child a mandrake root,  
 Tell me where all past years are,  
 Or who cleft the devil's foot ;  
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,

And find

What wind

Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,  
 Things invisible go see,  
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,  
 Till age snow white hairs on thee ;  
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me  
 All strange wonders that befell thee,

And swear

No where

Lives a women true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know ;  
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet,  
 Yet do not ; I would not go,  
 Though at next door we might meet.  
 Though she were true when you met her,  
 And last till you write your letter,

Yet she

Will be

False, ere I come, to two or three.

## LXXXII

*THE APPARITION\**

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,  
 And that thou think'st thee free  
 Of all solicitation from me,  
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,

And thee, fained vestal, in worse arms shall see!  
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
 And he, whose thou art, being tired before,  
 Will if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
     Thou call'st for more,  
 And in false sleep will from thee shrink,  
 And then poor aspen wretch, neglected thou,  
 Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie  
     A verier ghost than I ;  
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
 Lest that preserve thee ; and since my love is  
     spent,  
 I'd rather thou should'st painfully repent,  
     Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

## LXXXIII

## SONG

Sweetest Love, I do not go,  
     For weariness of thee,  
 Nor in hope the world can show  
     A fitter love for me ;  
     But since that I  
 Must die at last, 'tis best  
 Thus to use myself in jest,  
     By fainèd death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,  
     And yet is here to-day,  
 He hath no desire or sense,  
     Nor half so short a way :  
     Then fear not me,  
 But believe that I shall make  
 Hastier journeys, since I take  
     More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,  
     That if good fortune fall,  
 Cannot add another hour  
     Nor a lost hour recall !  
     But come bad chance

And we join to 't our strength,  
 And we teach it art and length,  
 Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,  
 But sigh'st my soul away,  
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,  
 My life's blood doth decay.

It cannot be  
 That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,  
 If in thine my life thou waste,  
 Which art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart,  
 Forethink me any ill,  
 Destiny may take thy part,  
 And may thy fears fulfil,  
 But think that we  
 Are but laid aside to sleep :  
 They who one another keep  
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

## LXXXIV

*THE RELIQUE*

When my grave is broke up again  
 Some second guest to entertain,  
 (For graves have learned that womanhead  
 To be to more than one a bed)

And he that digs it, spies  
 A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,  
 Will he not let us alone,

And think that there a loving couple lies,  
 Who thought that this device might be some way  
 To make their souls at the last busy day,  
 Meet at this grave, and make a little stay ?

If this fall in a time or land  
 Where Mass-devotion doth command,  
 Then he that digs us up will bring  
 Us to the bishop or the king,  
 To make us relics, then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I  
 A something else thereby ;  
 All women shall adore us and some men ; \*  
 And since at such time miracles are sought,  
 I would have that age by this paper taught,  
 What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,  
 Yet knew not what we loved, nor why,  
 Difference of sex we never knew,  
 No more than Guardian Angels do,  
     Coming and going we  
 Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals  
     Our hands ne'er touched the seals,  
 Which nature, injured by late law, set free :  
 These miracles we did ; but now, alas,  
 All measure and all language I should pass,  
     Should I tell what a miracle she was.

## LXXXV

*THAT TIME AND ABSENCE PROVES  
 RATHER HELPS THAN HURTS TO  
 LOVES \**

Absence, hear thou my protestation  
     Against thy strength,  
     Distance and length :  
 Do what thou can'st for alteration,  
     For hearts of truest mettle  
 Absence doth join and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,  
     His mind hath found  
     Affection's ground  
 Beyond time, place, and all mortality.  
     To hearts that cannot vary,  
 Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motion,  
     Which now within  
 Reason doth win,

Redoubled by her secret notion :  
 Like rich men that take pleasure  
 In hiding more than handling treasure.

By Absence this good means I gain,  
 That I can catch her  
 Where none can watch her,  
 In some close corner of my brain :  
 There I embrace and kiss her,  
 And so enjoy her and none miss her.

## LXXXVI

*THE MESSAGE*

Send home my long-strayed eyes to me,  
 Which, oh, too long have dwelt on thee.  
 Yet, since there they have learned such ill,  
 Such forced fashions,  
 And false passions,  
 That they be  
 Made by thee  
 Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,  
 Which no unworthy thought could stain,  
 But if it be taught by thine  
 To make jestings  
 Of protestings,  
 And cross both  
 Word and oath,  
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet, send me back my heart and eyes,  
 That I may know and see thy lies ;  
 And may laugh and joy when thou  
 Art in anguish,  
 And dost languish  
 For some one  
 That will none,  
 And prove as false as thou art now.

## LXXXVII

*THE ECSTASY*

Where, like a pillow on a bed,  
     A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest  
 The violet's declining head,  
     Sat we two, one another's best.  
 Our hands were firmly cèmented  
     By a fast balm which thence did spring ;  
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread  
     Our eyes upon one double string.  
 So to engraft our hands, as yet  
     Was all the means to make us one ;  
 And pictures in our eyes to get  
     Was all our propagation.  
 As 'twixt two equal armies Fate  
     Suspends uncertain victory,  
 Our souls—which to advance their state  
     Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.  
 And whilst our souls negotiate there,  
     We like sepulchral statues lay ;  
 All day the same our postures were,  
     And we said nothing, all the day.  
 If any, so by love refined,  
     That he soul's language understood,  
 And by good love were grown all mind,  
     Within convenient distance stood,  
 He (though he knew not which soul spake  
     Because both meant, both spake the same)  
 Might thence a new concoction take,  
     And part far purer than he came.  
 This ecstasy doth unperplex  
     (We said) and tell us what we love,  
 We see by this, it was not sex,  
     We see, we saw not what did move :  
 But as all several souls contain  
     Mixture of things, they know not what,  
 Love, these mixed souls, doth mix again,  
     And makes, both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,  
 The strength, the colour and the size  
 (All which before was poor and scant)  
 Redoubles still and multiplies.  
 When love with one another so  
 Interanimates two souls,  
 That abler soul, which thence doth flow,  
 Defects of loveliness controls.  
 We then, who are this new soul, know,  
 Of what we are composed and made ;  
 For th' Atomies of which we grow  
 Are souls whom no change can invade.

But O alas so long, so far  
 Our bodies why do we forbear ?  
 They are ours though not we. We are  
 The Intelligences, they the spheres,  
 We owe them thanks, because they thus  
 Did us to us, at first convey ;  
 Yielded their senses' force to us,  
 Nor are dross to us, but allay.  
 On man heaven's influence works not so,  
 But that it first imprints the air,  
 So soul unto the soul may flow,  
 Though it to body first repair.  
 As our blood labours to beget  
 Spirits, as like souls as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
 That subtle knot, which makes us man :  
 So must pure lovers' souls descend  
 T' affections and to faculties,  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
 Else a great Prince in prison lies.  
 To our bodies turn we then, that so  
 Weak men on love revealed may look ;  
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,  
 But yet the body is the book ;  
 And if some lover such as we  
 Have heard this dialogue of one ;  
 Let him still mark us, he shall see  
 Small change, when we are to bodies grown.

## LXXXVIII

*THE FUNERAL* \*

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm  
 Nor question much  
 That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm ;  
 The mystery, the sign you must not touch,  
 For 'tis my outward soul,  
 Viceroy to that which, unto heav'n being gone,  
 Will leave this to control  
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from  
 dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall  
 Through every part,  
 Can tie those parts, and make me one of all ;  
 Those hairs, which upward grew, and strength  
 and art  
 Have from a better brain,  
 Can better do't : except she meant that I  
 By this should know my pain,  
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they're  
 condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by't, bury it with me,  
 For since I am  
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry  
 If into other hands these reliques came.  
 As 'twas humility  
 T'afford to it all that a soul can do,  
 So 'tis some bravery  
 That, since you would have none of me, I bury  
 some of you.

## LXXXIX

*THE ANNIVERSARY* \*

All kings and all their favourites,  
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,

The sun itself (which makes times, as they pass)  
 Is elder by a year now than it was  
 When thou and I first one another saw :  
 All other things to their destruction draw :  
 Only our love hath no decay :  
 This no to-morrow hath nor yesterday ;  
 Running, it never runs from us away,  
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse ;  
 If one might, death were no divorce ;  
 Alas, as well as other princes, we  
 (Who prince enough in one another be)  
 Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears  
 Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet, salt tears :  
 But souls where nothing dwells but love,  
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove  
 This or a love increased there above  
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their  
 graves remove.

xc

*LOVE'S INFINITENESS*

If yet I have not all thy love,  
 Dear, I shall never have it all ;  
 I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,  
 Nor can entreat one other tear to fall ;  
 And all my treasure which should purchase thee,  
 Sighs, tears and oaths and letters I have spent,  
 Yet no more can be due to me,  
 Than at the bargain made was meant :  
 If then thy gift of love were partial,  
 That some to me, some should to others fall,  
 Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,  
 All was but all which thou hadst then ;  
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall  
 New love created be, by other men,

Which have their stocks entire, and can in  
 tears,  
 In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,  
 This new love may beget new fears :  
 For this love was not vowed by thee.  
 And yet it was thy gift, being general ;  
 The ground, thy heart, is mine, whatever shall  
 Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,  
 He that hath all can have no more,  
 And since my love doth every day admit  
 New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in  
 store ;

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,  
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it :  
 Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,  
 It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it :  
 But we will have a way more liberal,  
 Than changing hearts, to join them ; so we shall  
 Be one, and one another's all.

## XCI

*A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER*

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun ;  
 Which was my sin, though it were done before ?  
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,  
 And do run still, though still I do deplore ?  
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;  
 For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won  
 Others to sin, and made my sins their door ?  
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?  
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;  
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun  
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore :

But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son  
 Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore :  
 And having done that, Thou hast done ;  
 I fear no more.

## XCII

*RESURRECTION*

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow  
 Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise  
 From death, you numberless infinities  
 Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go :  
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall overthrow,  
 All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
 Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you whose  
 eyes  
 Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe :  
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,  
 For, if above all these my sins abound,  
 'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,  
 When we are there. Here on this lowly ground  
 Teach me how to repent ; for that's as good  
 As if Thou had'st sealed my pardon with Thy  
 blood.

## XCIII

*TO DEATH \**

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee  
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;  
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
 Die not, poor Death ; nor yet can'st thou kill me.  
 From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,  
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must  
 flow ;  
 And soonest our best men with thee do go—  
 Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery !  
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and des-  
 perate men,

And dost with poison, war and sickness dwell ;  
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,  
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou  
 then ?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
 And death shall be no more ; Death, thou shalt  
 die.

## XCIV

*GOOD FRIDAY—RIDING WESTWARD*

Let man's Soul be a sphere, and then, in this  
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,  
 And as the other spheres, by being grown  
 Subject to foreign motion, lose their own,  
 And being by others hurried every day,  
 Scarce in a year their natural form obey :  
 Pleasure or business so our souls admit  
 For their first mover, and are whirled by it.  
 Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West,  
 This day, when my Soul's form bends toward the  
 East ;

There I should see a sun by rising set,  
 And by that setting endless day beget.  
 But that Christ on this cross did rise and fall,  
 Sin had eternally benighted all.  
 Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see  
 That spectacle of too much weight for me.  
 Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die ;  
 What a death were it then to see God die ?  
 It made His own lieutenant Nature shrink,  
 It made His footstool crack, and the sun wink.  
 Could I behold those hands which span the Poles  
 And turn all spheres at once, pierced with those  
 holes ?

Could I behold that endless height which is  
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes  
 Humbled below us ? or that blood which is  
 The seat of all our souls, if not of His,  
 Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn  
 By God for His apparel, ragged and torn ?

If on these things I durst not look, durst I  
 On His distressed mother cast mine eye,  
 Who was God's partner here, and furnished thus  
 Half of that sacrifice which ransomed us ?  
 Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,  
 They're present yet unto my memory ;  
 For that looks towards them and Thou look'st  
     towards me,  
 O Saviour, as Thou hang'st upon the tree ;  
 I turn my back to Thee, but to receive  
 Correction till Thy mercies bid Thee leave.  
 O think me worth Thine anger, punish me,  
 Burn off my rusts and my deformity,  
 Restore Thine image, so much by Thy grace,  
 That Thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

## XCV

*From THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF  
 THE RELIGIOUS DEATH OF MISTRESS  
 ELIZABETH DRURY \**

She, of whose soul, if we may say, 'twas gold,  
 Her body was th' Electrum, and did hold  
 Many degrees of that—we understood  
 Her by her sight ; her pure and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
 That one might almost say, her body thought—  
 She, she thus richly and largely housed, is gone :  
 And chides us slow-paced snails who crawl upon  
 Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well,  
 Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.

## XCVI

*THE DREAM \**

Dear Love, for nothing less than thee  
 Would I have broke this happy dream :  
 It was a theme  
 For reason, much too strong for fantasy.

Therefore thou waked'st me wisely ; yet  
 My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it.  
 Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice  
 To make dreams truths and fables histories ;  
 Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best  
 Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,  
 Thine eyes, and not thy voice, waked me ;  
     Yet I thought thee—

For thou lov'st truth—an angel, at first sight ;  
 But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,  
 And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,  
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou  
     knew'st when

Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,  
 I must confess it could not choose but be  
 Profane to think thee anything but thee.

Coming, and staying showed thee thee,  
 But rising makes me doubt that now  
     Thou art not thou.

That Love is weak where Fear's as strong as he ;  
 'Tis not all spirit pure and brave,  
 If mixture it of Fear, Shame, Honour have.  
 Perchance as torches, which must ready be,  
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me.  
 Thou cam'st to kindle, go'st to come : then I  
 Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

## XCVII

## SONG

Soul's joy, now I am gone,  
     And you alone,  
     (Which cannot be  
 Since I must leave myself with thee,  
     And carry thee with me)  
 Yet, when unto our eyes  
     Absence denies  
     Each other's sight,

And makes to us a constant night,  
 When others change to light :  
     O give no way to grief,  
     But let belief  
         Of mutual love  
 This wonder to the vulgar prove,  
 Our bodies, not we move.

Let not thy wit bewEEP  
 Words but sense deep,  
 For when we miss  
 By distance, our hopes joining bliss,  
 Even then our souls shall kiss :  
 Fools have no means to meet,  
     But by their feet ;  
     Why should our clay  
 Over our spirits so much sway,  
 To tie us to that way ?  
     O give no way to grief, etc.

EDMUND ELLIS (?)

xcviii

*TO MRS. A. S. ON THE DEATH OF  
 HER TWO FIRST CHILDREN*

Your fair cheeks with tears sprinkled shew  
 Like roses pearlèd o'er with dew.  
 But be not so discomforted :  
 Your babes departed are not dead.  
 To keep them from all casual harms,  
 Their Saviour takes them in His arms.  
 These olive-branches, by His care,  
 In Paradise transplanted are.  
 So they become, by their decease,  
 A garland to the Prince of Peace.

MILDMAY FANE, EARL OF WEST-  
MORELAND (?)

## XCIX

*HOW TO RIDE OUT A STORM \**

He only happy is, and wise,  
 Can run his barque when tempests rise,  
 Know how to lay the helm and steer,  
 Lie on a track, port and career,  
 Sometimes to weather, then to lee,  
 As waves give way and winds agree ;  
 Nor boom at all in such a stress,  
 But by degrees loom less and less.  
 Ride out a storm with no more loss  
 Than the endurance of a toss ;  
 For though he cannot well bear sail  
 In such a fresh and powerful gale,  
 Yet when there is no other shift,  
 Think 't not amiss to ride a drift ;  
 To shut down ports and tyers to bale in,  
 To seal the hatch up with tarpalin ;  
 To ply the pump and no means slack  
 May clear her bilge and help from wrack ;  
 To take in cloth and, in a word,  
 Unlade and cut the mast by board.  
 So spoon before the winds and seas,  
 When though she'll roll, she'll go at ease ;  
 And not so strained as if laid under  
 The wave that threatens sudden founder ;  
 And whilst the fury and the rage  
 Leaves little hope for anchorage ;  
 Yet if she can but make a coast  
 In any time, she'll not be lost,  
 But in affection's bay will find  
 A harbour suited to her mind.

## SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE (1608-1666)

## C

*From An Ode upon Occasion of His Majesty's  
Proclamation in the Year 1630 Commanding  
the Gentry to reside upon their estates in the  
Country.\**

Only the Island which we sow  
(A world without the world) so far  
From present wounds, it cannot show  
An ancient scar.

White Peace (the beautiful'st of things)  
Seems here her everlasting rest  
To fix, and spreads her downy wings  
Over the nest.

Believe me, Ladies, you will find  
In that sweet life more solid joys,  
More true contentment to the mind,  
Than all town toys.

Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,  
But heads his shafts with chaster love,  
Not feathered with a sparrow's quill,  
But of a dove.

There shall you hear the nightingale  
(The harmless syren of the wood)  
How prettily she tells a tale  
Of rape and blood.

The lyric lark, with all beside  
Of nature's feathered quire : and all  
The Commonwealth of flow'rs in 'ts pride  
Behold you shall.

As when great Jove, usurping reign,  
From the plagued world did her exile



## CII

*A ROSE*

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere  
noon.

What boots a life which in such haste forsakes  
thee ?

Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,  
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,  
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy  
bane ;

For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,  
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet  
flower,

Or by the careless plough thou shalt be torn ;  
And many Herods lie in wait each hour  
To murder thee as soon as thou art born—.

Nay, force thy bud to blow—their tyrant breath  
Anticipating life, to hasten death !

OWEN FELTHAM (?)

## CIII

*THE SYMPATHY*

Soul of my soul ! it cannot be  
That you should weep, and I from tears be  
free,

All the vast room between both Poles,  
Can never chill the sense of souls,  
Knit in so fast a knot.

Oh, can you grieve, and think that I  
Can feel no smart, because not nigh,  
Or that I know it not ?

## CIV

*TRUE HAPPINESS \**

Long have I sought the wish of all  
 To find ; and what it is men call  
 True happiness ; but cannot see  
 The world has it, which it can be ;  
 Or with it hold a sympathy.

A cheerful, but an upright heart  
 Is music wheresoe'er thou art,  
 And where God pleaseth to confer it,  
 Man can no greater good inherit,  
 Than is a clear and temperate spirit.

Wealth to keep want away, and fear  
 Of it ; not more : some friends still near  
 And chosen well ; nor must he miss  
 A calling : yet some such as is  
 Employment, not a business.

His soul must hug no private sin,  
 For that's a thorn hid by the skin.  
 But innocence, where she is nursed,  
 Plants valiant peace. So Cato durst  
 Be God-like good, when Rome was worst.

Life is a middle way, immured  
 With joy and grief,\* to be endured,  
 Not spurned, nor wantoned hence, he knows.  
 In crooked banks, a spring so flows  
 O'er stone, mud, weeds : yet still clear goes.

Sum all, he happiest is that can  
 In this world's jar be honest man ;  
 For since perfection is so high  
 Beyond life's reach, he that would try  
 True happiness indeed, must die.

## THOMAS FETTIPLACE (?)

CV

*DEO SALVATORI*

With sighing soul and bended knee,  
 Thy servant vows himself to Thee :  
 My God, accept a broken heart  
 Bleeding for sin ; O Thou which art  
 The sovereign balm, vouchsafe to be  
 (My dearest Lord) that balm to me.  
 Inlighten with Thy saving grace,  
 Those eyes Thou guidest to this place,  
 And grant (dear God) those sins of mine  
 May not obscure that grace of Thine.

JASPER FISHER (*floruit* 1639)

CVI

*A MORISCO \**

The sky is glad that stars above  
 Do give a brighter splendour :  
 The stars unfold their flaming gold,  
 To make the ground more tender :  
 The ground doth send a fragrant smell,  
 That air may be the sweeter :  
 The air doth charm the swelling seas  
 With pretty chirping metre :  
 The sea with river's water doth  
 Feed plants and flowers dainty :  
 The plants do yield their fruitful seed,  
 That beasts may live in plenty :  
 The beasts do give both food and cloth,  
 That men high Jove may honour :  
 And so the world runs merrily round,  
 When peace doth smile upon her.

Oh then, then oh : oh then, then oh :  
 This jubilee last for ever !  
 That foreign spite or civil fight,  
 Our quiet trouble never.

## CVII

## SONG

At the spring  
 Birds do sing :  
 Now with high,  
 Then low cry :  
 Flat, acute ;  
 And salute  
 The Sun, born  
 Every morn.  
 (*All*) He's no bard, that cannot sing  
 The praises of the flow'ry spring.

Flora queen,  
 All in green,  
 Doth delight  
 To paint white,  
 And to spread  
 Cruel red,  
 With a blue,  
 Colour true.  
 He's no bard, etc.

Woods renew  
 Hunter's hue,  
 Shepherds' grey  
 Crowned with bay,  
 With his pipe  
 Care doth wipe,  
 Till he dream  
 By the stream.  
 He's no bard, etc.

Faithful loves,  
 Turtle doves

Sit and bill  
 On a hill.  
 Country swains,  
 On the plains,  
 Run and leap,  
 Turn and skip.  
     He's no bard, etc.

Pan doth play  
 Care away.  
 Fairies small  
 Two foot tall,  
 With caps red  
 On their head,  
 Dance a round  
 On the ground.  
     He's no bard, etc.

RICHARD FLECKNOE (*obit* 1678)

CVIII

*INVOCATION OF SILENCE*

Still-born Silence ! Thou that art  
 Flood-gate of the deeper heart !  
 Offspring of a heavenly kind,  
 Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' mind.  
 Secrecy's confidant and he  
 Who makes religion mystery !  
 Admiration's speaking'st tongue !  
 Leave thy desert shades among  
 Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,  
 Where retired Devotion dwells !  
 With thy enthusiasms come,  
 Seize our tongues and strike us dumb !

## JOHN FLETCHER (1576-1625)

CIX

*MUSIC*

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
 Bow themselves when he did sing  
 To his music plants and flowers  
 Ever sprung : as sun and showers  
 There had made a lasting spring.  
 Everything that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea,  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet music is such art,  
 Dulling care and grief of heart  
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

CX

*WEEP NO MORE*

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone :  
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;  
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;  
 Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see :  
 Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,  
 Why should sadness longer last ?  
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;  
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

CXI

*BEAUTY*

Beauty clear and fair,  
 Where the air  
 Rather like a perfume dwells ;  
 Where the violet and the rose

Their blue veins and \* blush disclose,  
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,  
And planted there,  
Is to live and still live new ;  
Where to gain a favour is  
More than light, perpetual bliss,—  
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall  
To this light,  
A stranger to himself and all ;  
Both the wonder and the story  
Shall be yours, and eke the glory :  
I am your servant, and your thrall.

## CXII

*TURN, TURN THY BEAUTEOUS FACE  
AWAY*

Turn, turn thy beauteous face away ;  
How pale and sickly looks the day,  
In emulation of thy brighter beams !  
Oh envious light, fly, fly, begone !  
Come, night, and piece two breasts as one !  
When what love does we will repeat in dreams,  
Yet, thy eyes open, who can day hence fright ?  
Let but their lids fall, and it will be night.

## CXIII

*TO HIS SLEEPING MISTRESS\**

Oh, fair sweet face ! oh, eyes, celestial bright,  
Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the night !  
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,  
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties  
blow !  
Oh, thou from head to foot divinely fair !  
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair ;

And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,  
 'Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself!' he cries:  
 Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,  
 Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,  
 Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,  
 To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

## CXIV

*SLEEP SONG*

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
 On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud  
 In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,  
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,  
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night  
 Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain,  
 Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;  
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,  
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

## CXV

*THE BEGGARS' HOLIDAY*

Cast our caps and cares away:  
 This is beggars' holiday!  
 At the crowning of our king,  
 Thus we ever dance and sing.  
 In the world look out and see,  
 Where so happy a prince as he?  
 Where the nation lives so free,  
 And so merry as do we?  
 Be it peace, or be it war,  
 Here at liberty we are,  
 And enjoy our ease and rest:  
 To the field we are not pressed;  
 Nor are called into the town,  
 To be troubled with the gown.

Hang all officers, we cry,  
 And the magistrate too, by !  
 When the subsidy's increased,  
 We are not a penny sessed ;  
 Nor will any go to law,  
 With the beggar for a straw.  
 All which happiness, he brags,  
 He doth owe unto his rags.

## CXVI

*GOD LYÆUS*

God Lyæus, ever young,  
 Ever honoured, ever sung,  
 Stained with blood of lusty grapes,  
 In a thousand lusty shapes,  
 Dance upon the mazer's brim,  
 In the crimson liquor swim ;  
 From thy plenteous hand divine,  
 Let a river run with wine :  
     God of youth, let this day here  
     Enter neither care nor fear.

## CXVII

*COME SLEEP*

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
     Lock me in delight awhile ;  
 Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
 All my fancies ; that from thence  
 I may feel an influence,  
 All my powers of care bereaving !  
 Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
     Let me know some little joy !  
     We that suffer long annoy  
     Are contented with a thought  
     Through an idle fancy wrought :  
 Oh, let my joys have some abiding !

## CXVIII

*HYMN TO PAN*

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
 All ye virtues, and ye powers  
 That inhabit in the lakes,  
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
 Move your feet  
 To our sound,  
 Whilst we greet  
 All this ground  
 With his honour and his name  
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, he is just,  
 He is ever good, and must  
 Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,  
 Roses, pinks and loved lilies  
 Let us fling,  
 Whilst we sing,  
 Ever holy,  
 Ever holy,  
 Ever honoured, ever young !  
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

## CXIX

*HEAR, YE LADIES*

Hear, ye ladies that despise,  
 What the mighty Love has done :  
 Fear examples, and be wise :  
 Fair Calisto was a nun ;  
 Leda, sailing on the stream  
 To deceive the hopes of man,  
 Love accounting but a dream,  
 Doted on a silver swan ;  
 Danaë, in a brazen tower,  
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye Ladies that are coy,  
 What the mighty Love can do ;  
 Fear the fierceness of the boy :  
 The chaste moon he makes to woo :  
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,  
 Circl'd round about with spies,  
 Never dreaming loose desires,  
 Doting at the altar dies ;  
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher  
 He can build, and once more fire.

## CXX

*GREAT GOD PAN*

Sing his praises that doth keep  
 Our flocks from harm,  
 Pan, the father of our sheep ;  
 And arm in arm  
 Tread we softly in a round,  
 Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground  
 Fills the music with her sound.  
 Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee  
 Thus do we sing !  
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free  
 As the young spring ;  
 Ever be thy honour spoke,  
 From that place the morn is broke,  
 To that place day doth unyoke.

## CXXI

*COME HITHER*

Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing  
 Of joys still growing,  
 Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of spring,  
 And ever blowing.  
 Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know  
 What is desire ;

And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow  
 One spark of fire ;

And with the power of my enchanting song,  
 Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry ;  
 Leave off complaining ;

Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,  
 Are here remaining.

Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long  
 From being blessed ;

And mad men, worse than they, that suffer wrong,  
 Yet seek no rest ;

And in an hour, with my enchanting song,  
 You shall be ever pleased, and young maids long.

## CXXII

*LOVE'S EMBLEMS*

Now the lusty spring is seen ;  
 Golden yellow, gawdy blue,  
 Daintily invite the view.  
 Everywhere on every green,  
 Roses blushing as they blow,  
 And enticing men to pull,  
 Lilies whiter than the snow,  
 Woodbines of sweet honey full :  
 All love's emblems, and all cry,  
 ' Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

Yet the lusty spring hath stayed ;  
 Blushing red and purest white  
 Daintily to love invite  
 Every woman, every maid.  
 Cherries kissing as they grow,  
 And inviting men to taste,  
 Apples even ripe below,  
 Winding gently to the waist :  
 All love's emblems, and all cry,  
 ' Ladies, if not plucked, we die.'

## CXXIII

*BRIDAL SONG \**

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,  
Not royal in their smells alone,

But in their hue ;

Maiden pinks, of odour faint,  
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,

And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, firstborn child of Ver,  
Merry springtime's harbinger,

With harebells dim ;

Oxlips in their cradles growing,  
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,

Larks'-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,  
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet.

Blessing their sense !

Not an angel of the air,

Bird melodious, or bird fair,

Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo,\* nor

The boding raven, nor chough hoar,

Nor chattering pie,

May on our bridehouse perch or sing,

Or with them any discord bring,

But from it fly !

## CXXIV

*AWAY, DELIGHTS! \**

Away, delights ! go seek some other dwelling,

For I must die.

Farewell, false love ! thy tongue is ever telling

Lie upon lie.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts ;

Alas for pity, go,

And fire their hearts

That have been hard to thee ! mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,  
 For I will die.  
 And all those griefs that think to overgrow me,  
 Shall be as I :  
 For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,  
 ' Alas, for pity, stay,  
 And let us die  
 With thee ! men cannot mock us in the clay.'

## CXXV

*GO, HAPPY HEART !*

Go, happy heart ! For thou shalt lie  
 Entombed in her for whom I die,  
 Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide  
 Me for slowness, in her pride,  
 That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,  
 'Tis not for my memory,  
 But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,  
 My heart the sacrificèd beast,  
 And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,  
 Your cruel mind the power divine,  
 Pleased with the hearts of men, not kine.

## CXXVI

*THE SATYR'S SONG \**

Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
 Thou most powerful maid and whitest,  
 Thou most virtuous and most blessed,  
 Eyes of stars, and golden-tressed  
 Like Apollo ! Tell me, sweetest,  
 What new service now is meetest  
 For the Satyr ? Shall I stray

In the middle air, and stay  
 The sailing rack, or nimbly take  
 Hold by the moon, and gently make  
 Suit to the pale queen of night  
 For a beam to give thee light ?  
 Shall I dive into the sea  
 And bring thee coral, making way  
 Through the rising waves that fall  
 In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall  
 I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies  
 Whose woven wings the summer dyes  
 Of many colours ? Get thee fruit,  
 Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute ?  
 All these I'll venture for, and more,  
 To do her service all these woods adore.

Holy virgin, I will dance  
 Round about these woods as quick  
 As the breaking light, and prick  
 Down the lawns and down the vales  
 Faster than the wind-mill sails.  
 So I take my leave, and pray  
 All the comforts of the day,  
 Such as Phoebus' heat doth send  
 Or the earth, may still befriend  
 Thee and this arbour !

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1580-1650)

CXXVII

*THE DYING HUSBAND'S FAREWELL*

My dearest consort, my more lovèd heart,  
 I leave thee now ; with thee all earthly joying,  
 Heaven knows with thee alone I sadly part :  
 All other earthly sweets have had their cloying ;  
     Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,  
     Thy constant loves, next Heaven, I did refer  
     them :  
 Had not much grace prevailed, 'fore Heav'n I  
     should prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;  
 In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving ;  
 Yet in my children here immortal stay ;  
 In one I die, in many ones am living :

In them, and for them, stay thy too much  
 grieving :

Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see  
 Married with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands, they stroke thy face,  
 As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless !) playing,  
 And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace ;  
 The last from me : and then a little staying,

And in their face some part of me surveying,  
 In them give me a third, and with a tear  
 Show thy dear love to him, who loved thee ever  
 dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee ;  
 This little nation to thy care commend them :  
 In thee it lies that hence they want not me ;  
 Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend  
 them :

And when green age permits, to goodness bend  
 them :

A mother were you once, now both you are ;  
 Then with this double style double your love and  
 care.

Turn their unwary steps into the way :  
 What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth ;  
 No bars will hold, when they have used to stray ;  
 And when for me one asks and weeping plaineth,  
 Point thou to heaven and say, ' He there  
 remaineth ' :

And if they live in grace, grow and perséver,  
 There shall they live with me : else shall they  
 see me never.

My God, oh ! in Thy fear here let me live !  
 Thy wards they are, take them to Thy protec-  
 tion :

Thou gavest them first, now back to Thee I give ;

Direct them Thou, and help her weak direction ;  
 That, re-united by Thy strong election,  
 Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee ;  
 And seeing here Thy will, may there Thy glory  
 see.

Farewell, farewell ! I feel my long long rest,  
 And iron sleep, my leaden heart oppressing :  
 Night after day, sleep after labour's best ;  
 Port after storms, joy after long distressing ;  
 So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing :  
 Both as a widow and a Christian grieve :  
 Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heaven I live.

## CXXVIII

*A LITANY*

Drop, drop, slow tears,  
 And bathe those beauteous feet  
 Which brought from Heaven  
 The news and Prince of Peace :  
 Cease not, wet eyes,  
 His mercy to entreat ;  
 To cry for vengeance  
 Sin doth never cease.  
 In your deep floods  
 Drown all my faults and fears :  
 Nor let His eye  
 See sin, but through my tears.

## CXXIX

*LOVE*

Love is the sire, dam, nurse and seed  
 Of all that air, earth, waters breed :  
 All these, earth, water, air and fire,  
 Though contraries, in love conspire.  
 Fond painters, love is not a lad  
 With bow, and shafts, and feathers clad,

As he is fancied in the brain  
Of some loose loving idle swain.  
Much sooner is he felt than seen ;  
Substance subtle, slight and thin.  
Oft leaps he from the glancing eyes ;  
Oft in some smooth mount he lies ;  
Soonest he wins, the fastest flies ;  
Oft lurks he 'twixt the ruddy lips,  
Thence, while the heart his nectar sips,  
Down to the soul the poison slips ;  
Oft in a voice creeps down the ear ;  
Oft hides his darts in golden hair ;  
Oft blushing cheeks do light his fires ;  
Oft in a smooth, soft skin retires ;  
Often in smiles, often in tears,  
His flaming heat in water bears ;  
When nothing else kindles desire,  
Even virtue's self shall blow the fire.  
Love with thousand darts abounds,  
Surest and deepest virtue wounds ;  
Oft himself becomes a dart,  
And love, with love doth love impart.  
Thou painful pleasure, pleasing pain,  
Thou gainful loss,\* thou losing gain,  
Thou bitter sweet, easing disease,  
How dost thou by displeasing please ?  
How dost thou thus bewitch the heart,  
To love in hate, to joy in smart,  
To think itself most bound when free,  
And freest in its slavery ?  
Every creature is thy debtor ;  
None but loves, some worse, some better.  
Only in love they happy prove  
Who love what most deserves their love.

ROBERT FLETCHER (*fl.* 1686)

CXXX

*AN EPITAPH**On His Deceased Friend*

Here lies the ruined cabinet  
 Of a rich soul more highly set :  
 The dross and refuge of a mind  
 Too glorious to be here confined.  
 Earth for a while bespoke his stay,  
 Only to bait, and so away ;  
 So that what here he doated on  
 Was merely accommodation.  
 Not that his active soul could be  
 At home but in eternity,  
 Yet, while he blessed us with the rays  
 Of his short-continued days,  
 Each minute had its weight of worth,  
 Each pregnant hour some star brought forth.  
 So, while he travelled here beneath,  
 He lived when others only breathe,  
 For not a sand of time slipped by  
 Without its action sweet as high.  
 So good, so peaceable, so blest—  
 Angels alone can speak the rest.

JOHN FORD (1586-1640 ?)

CXXXI

*FLY HENCE SHADOWS*

Fly hence, shadows, that do keep  
 Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep !  
 Though the eyes be overtaken,  
 Yet the heart doth ever waken  
 Thoughts, chained up in busy snares  
 Of continual woes and cares :

Love and griefs are so exprest  
 As they rather sigh than rest.  
 Fly hence, shadows, that do keep  
 Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep !

CXXXII

SONG

Can you paint a thought ? or number  
     Every fancy in a slumber ?  
 Can you count soft minutes roving  
 From a dial's point by moving ?  
 Can you grasp a sigh ? or lastly,  
 Rob a virgin's honour chastely ?  
     No, oh no ! yet you may  
     Sooner do both that and this,  
 This and that, and never miss,  
 Than by any praise display  
 Beauty's beauty ; such a glory  
 As beyond all fate, all story,  
     All arms, all arts,  
     All loves, all hearts,  
 Greater than those, or they,  
 Do, shall, and must obey.

THOMAS FORDE (*fl.* 1660)

CXXXIII

SONG

Fond Love, no more  
 Will I adore  
 Thy feignèd Deity ;  
 Go throw thy darts  
     At simple hearts,  
 And prove thy victory.  
 Whiles I do keep  
 My harmless sheep  
     Love hath no power on me :

'Tis idle souls  
Which he controls ;  
The busy man is free.

## THOMAS FULLER (1608-1651)

CXXXIV

*ON HENRY II*

He whom alive the world would scarce suffice,  
When dead, in eight foot earth contented lies.

CXXXV

*THE FAITHFUL MINISTER*

'Yet herein God hath humbled many painful  
pastours, in making them to be clouds to  
rain not over Arabia the happy but over  
the stony or desert: so that they may  
complain with the herdsman in the poet':

My starveling bull  
Ah ! woe is me !  
In pasture full  
How lean is he !

## HENRY GLAPTHORNE (1608-165 ?)

CXXXVI

*SONG*

Unclose those eye-lids and out-shine  
The brightness of the breaking day ;  
The light they cover is divine,  
Why should it fade so soon away ?  
Stars vanish so and day appears,  
The Sun's so drowned i' th' morning's tears.

Oh, let not sadness cloud this Beauty,  
 Which if you lose, you'll ne'er recover ;  
 It is not love's, but sorrow's duty,  
 To die so soon for a dead lover.  
 Banish, oh ! banish grief, and then  
 Our joys will bring our hopes again.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN (1610-1643)

CXXXVII

SONG

Or love me less or love me more,  
 And play not with my liberty,  
 Either take all, or all restore,  
 Bind me at least or set me free.  
 Let me some nobler torture find  
 Than of a doubtful wavering mind,  
 Take all my peace ; but you betray  
 Mine honour too this cruel way.

'Tis true that I have nursed before  
 That hope of which I now complain,  
 And having little, sought no more,  
 Fearing to meet with your disdain ;  
 The sparks of favour you did give  
 I gently blow to make them live :  
 And yet have gained by all this care  
 No rest in hope, nor in despair.

I see you wear that pitying smile  
 Which you have still vouchsafed my smart,  
 Content thus cheaply to beguile  
 And entertain an harmless heart ;  
 But I no longer can give way  
 To hope, which doth so little pay ;  
 And yet I dare no freedom owe  
 Whilst you are kind, though but in show.

• Then give me more or give me less,  
 Do not disdain a mutual sense,

Or you un pitying beauties dress  
 In their own free indifference.  
 But show not a severer eye  
 Sooner to give me liberty,  
 For I shall love the very scorn  
 Which for my sake you do put on.

## CXXXVIII

## HYMN

Lord, when the wise men came from far,  
 Led to Thy cradle by a star,  
 Then did the shepherds too rejoice,  
 Instructed by Thy Angel's voice :  
 Blest were the wise men in their skill,  
 And shepherds in their harmless will.

Wise men in tracing Nature's laws  
 Ascend unto the highest Cause ;  
 Shepherds with humble fearfulness  
 Walk safely, though their Light be less : \*  
 Though wise men better know the way,  
 It seems no honest heart can stray.

There is no merit in the wise  
 But Love, (the shepherds' sacrifice) ;  
 Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,  
 To the shepherds' wonder come at last : \*  
 To know can only wonder breed,  
 And not to know is wonder's seed.

A wise man at the altar bows  
 And offers up his studied vows,  
 And is received,—may not the tears,  
 Which spring too from a shepherd's fears,  
 And sighs upon his frailty spent,  
 Though not distinct, be eloquent ?

'Tis true, the object sanctifies  
 All passions which within us rise,  
 But since no creature comprehends  
 The Cause of causes, End of ends,

He who himself vouchsafes to know  
Best pleases his Creator so.

When, then, our sorrows we apply  
To our own wants and poverty,  
When we look up in all distress  
And our own misery confess,  
Sending both thanks and prayers above—  
Then, though we do not know, we love.

THOMAS GOFFE (1592-1627)

CXXXIX

*DROP GOLDEN SHOWERS, GENTLE  
SLEEP*

Drop golden showers, gentle sleep ;  
And all the angels of the night,  
Which do us in protection keep,  
Make this queen dream of delight.  
Morpheus, be kind a little, and be  
Death's now true image, for 'twill prove  
To this poor queen that thou art he.  
Her grave is made i' th' bed of love :  
Thus with sweet sweets can Heaven mix gall,  
And marriage turn to funeral.

ROBERT GOMERSAL (1600-1646?)

*Upon our vain flattery of ourselves that the  
succeeding times will be better than the former.*

CXL

Never was there morning yet  
(Sweet as is the violet)  
Which man's folly did not soon  
Wish to be expired at noon ;

As though such an haste did tend  
To our bliss, and not our end.

Nay the young ones in the nest  
Suck this folly from the breast,  
And no stamm'ring ape but can  
Spoil a prayer to be a man.

But suppose that he is heard,  
By the sprouting of his beard,  
And he hath what he doth seek,  
The soft clothing of the cheek :  
Would he yet stay here ? or be  
Fixt in this maturity ?  
Sooner shall the wand'ring star  
Learn what rest and quiet are :  
Sooner shall the slipper rill  
Leave his motion and stand still.

Be it joy or be it sorrow,  
We refer all to the morrow.  
That we think will ease our pain,  
That we do suppose again  
Will exercise our joy and so  
Events, the which we cannot know,  
We magnify, and are (in sum)  
Enamoured of the time to come.

Well, the next day comes and then,  
Another next and so to ten,  
To twenty we arrive, and find  
No more before us than behind  
Of solid joy, and yet haste on  
To our consummation.

Till the baldness of the crown,  
Till all the face do frown,  
Till the forehead often have  
The remembrance of a grave ;  
Till the eyes look in, to find  
If that they can see the mind ;  
Till the sharpness of the nose,  
Till that we have lived, to pose  
Sharper eyes, who cannot know  
Whether we are men or no ;  
Till the tallow of the cheek,

Till we know not what we seek,  
 And at last of life bereaved,  
 Die unhappy and deceived.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF  
 MONTROSE (1612-1650)

CXLI

*AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD \**

(To the tune of 'I'll never love thee more.')

My dear and only love, I pray  
 That little world of thee  
 Be governed by no other sway  
 Than purest monarchy ;  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 (Which virtuous souls abhor,)  
 And hold a *synod* in thine heart,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone ;  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 That dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

And in the empire of thine heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to vie with me,  
 Or if *committees* thou erect,  
 And go on such a score,  
 I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,  
 And constant of thy word,

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
 And famous by my sword ;  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
 Was never heard before ;  
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
 And love thee more and more.

## FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE,

(1554-1628)

CXLII

*MYRA*

I, with whose colours Myra drest her head,  
 I, that ware posies of her own hand-making,  
 I, that mine own name in the chimnies read  
 By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking :  
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may  
 With change bring back my turn again to play ?  
 I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found  
 A garland sweet, with true-love-knots in  
 flowers,  
 Which I to wear about mine arms was bound,  
 That each of us might know that all was ours :  
 Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,  
 And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes ?  
 I, that did wear the ring her mother left,  
 I, for whose love she gloried to be blamèd,  
 I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,  
 I, who did make her blush when I was namèd :  
 Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft and go  
 naked,  
 Watching with sighs, till dead love be awakèd ?  
 I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,  
 Like jealousy o'erwatchèd with desire,  
 Was ever warnèd modesty to keep  
 While her breath, speaking, kindled Nature's fire :  
 Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them ?  
 Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them ?

Was it for this that I might Myra see  
 Washing the water with her beauties, white ? \*  
 Yet would she never write her love to me ;  
 Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in  
     delight ?  
 Mad girls may safely love, as they may leave ;  
 No man can *print* a kiss : lines may deceive.

## CXLIII

## TO CAELICA

When all this *All* doth pass from age to age,  
 And revolution in a circle turn,  
 Then heavenly Justice doth appear like rage,  
 The caves do roar, the very seas do burn,  
     Glory grows dark, the sun becomes a night  
     And makes this great world feel a greater  
     might.

When Love doth change his seat from heart to  
     heart,  
 And worth about the wheel of fortune goes,  
 Grace is diseased, desert seems overthwart,  
 Vows are forlorn, and truth doth credit lose,  
     Chance then gives law, desire must be wise  
     And look more ways than one, or lose her eyes.

My age of joy is past, of woe begun,  
 Absence my presence is, strangeness my grace,  
 With them that walk against me, is my sun ;  
 The wheel is turned, I hold the lowest place.  
     What can be good to me since my love is  
     To do me harm, content to do amiss ?

## CXLIV

## CHORUS SACERDOTUM \*

Oh wearisome condition of Humanity !  
 Born under one Law, to another bound :  
 Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity,  
 Created sick, commanded to be sound :

What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws ?  
 Passion and reason self-division cause ;  
 Is it the mark, or majesty of power  
 To make offences that it may forgive ?  
 Nature herself doth her own self deflower,  
 To hate those errors she herself doth give.  
 For how should man think that he may not do,  
 If Nature did not foil and punish too ?  
 Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,  
 Only commands things difficult and hard ;  
 Forbids us all things, which it knows is lust,  
 Makes easy pains, impossible reward.  
 If Nature did not take delight in blood,  
 She would have made more easy ways to good.  
 We that are bound by vows and by promotion,  
 With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,  
 To teach belief in good and still devotion,  
 To preach of Heaven's wonders and delights :  
 Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,  
 He finds the god there, far unlike his books.

## CXLV

*THE LIFE OF MAN*

Whenas Man's life, the light of human lust,  
 In socket of his earthly lanthorn burns  
 That all this glory unto ashes must,  
 And generation to corruption turns ;  
     Then fond desires that only fear their end,  
     Do vainly wish for life, but to amend.  
 But when this life is from the body fled,  
 To see itself in that eternal glass,  
 Where time doth end and thoughts accuse the  
     dead,  
 Where all to come is one with all that was,  
     Then living men ask how he left his breath,  
     That while he livèd never thought of death.

## CXLVI

## TO MYRA \*

The world, that all contains, is ever moving,  
 The stars within their spheres for ever turnèd,  
 Nature (the queen of change) to change is loving  
 And Form to matter new is still adjournèd.

Fortune, our fancy-god to vary liketh,  
 Place is not bound to things within it placèd,  
 The present time upon time passèd striketh,  
 With Phoebus' wandering course the earth is  
 gracèd.

The air still moves and by its moving cleaveth,  
 The fire up ascends and planets feedeth,  
 The water passeth on and all lets \* weareth,  
 The earth stands still, yet change of changes  
 breedeth.

Her plants, which summer ripes, in winter fade,  
 Each creature in unconstant matter lyeth,  
 Man made of earth and for whom earth is made,  
 Still dying lives, and living ever dyeth ;  
 Only like fate sweet Myra never varies,  
 Yet in her eyes the doom of all change carries.

## CXLVII

## MYSTERIES .

Man, dream no more of curious mysteries,  
 As what was here before the world was made,  
 The first man's life, the state of Paradise,  
 Where Heaven is or Hell's eternal shade,  
 For God's works are like Him, all infinite ;  
 And curious search but crafty sin's delight.

The flood that did and dreadful fire that shall  
 Drown and burn up the malice of the earth,  
 The diverse tongues and Babylon's downfall  
 Are nothing to the man's renewèd birth :

First, let the law plough up thy wicked heart,  
That Christ may come, and all these types  
depart.

When thou hast swept the house that all is clear,  
When thou the dust hast shaken from thy feet,  
When God's All-Might doth in thy flesh appear,  
Then seas with streams above the skies do meet ;  
For goodness only doth God comprehend,  
Knows what was first and what shall be the end.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1654)

CXLVIII

*NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM*

When I survey the bright  
Celestial sphere ;  
So rich with jewels hung, that Night  
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ; \*

My soul her wings doth spread  
And heavenward flies,  
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read  
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
Shoots forth no flame  
So silent, but is eloquent  
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star  
Contracts its light  
Into so small a character,  
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look  
We shall discern  
In it, as in some holy book,  
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror  
That far-stretched power,

Which his proud dangers traffic for,  
Is but the triumph of an hour :

That from the farthest North,  
Some nation may,  
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,  
And o'er his new-got conquest sway :

Some nation yet shut in  
With hills of ice  
May be let out to scourge his sin,  
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall  
Their ruin have ;  
For as yourselves your empires fall,  
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,  
Though seeming mute,  
The fallacy of our desires  
And all the pride of life confute :

For they have watched since first  
The World had birth :  
And found sin in itself accurst,  
And nothing permanent on Earth.

CXLIX

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY

(*To the Sun*)

Thou art returned, great light, to that blest hour  
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,  
Joined with Castara hearts : and as the same  
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame ;  
Which had increased, but that by love's decree  
'Twas such at first, it ne'er could greater be.  
But tell me, glorious lamp, in thy survey  
Of things below thee, what did not decay  
By age to weakness? I since that have seen  
The rosebud forth and fade, the tree grow green

And wither, and the beauty of the field  
 With winter wrinkled. Even thyself dost yield  
 Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher ;  
 But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

## CL

*TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF  
 CASTARA*

Ye blushing virgins happy are  
 In the chaste nunnery of her breasts—\*  
 For he'd profane so chaste a fair,  
 Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow ! \*  
 How rich a perfume do ye yield !  
 In some close garden cowslips so  
 Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

In those white cloisters live secure  
 From the rude blasts of wanton breath !  
 Each hour more innocent and pure,  
 Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you room,  
 Your glorious sepulchre shall be.\*  
 There wants no marble for a tomb  
 Whose breast hath marble been to me.

## CLI

*AGAINST THEM WHO LAY UNCHASTITY  
 TO THE SEX OF WOMEN*

They meet with but unwholesome springs,  
 And summers which infectious are :  
 They hear but when the mermaid sings,  
 And only see the falling star  
 Whoever dare  
 Affirm no woman chaste and fair.

Go, cure your fevers ; and you'll say  
 The dog-days scorch not all the year :  
 In copper mines no longer stay,  
 But travel to the west, and there  
 The right ones see,  
 And grant all gold's not alchemy.

What madman, 'cause the glow-worm's flame  
 Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire ?  
 'Cause some make forfeit of their name,  
 And slave themselves to man's desire ;  
 Should the sex, free  
 From guilt, damned to the bondage be ?

Nor grieve, Castara, though 'twere frail ;  
 Thy virtue then would brighter shine,  
 When thy example should prevail,  
 And every woman's faith be thine :  
 And were there none,  
 'Tis majesty to rule alone.

## CLII

*From ' UNIVERSUM STATUM EJUS VER-  
 SASTI IN INFIRMITATE EJUS \**

My soul ! when thou and I  
 Shall on our frighted death-bed lie,  
 Each moment watching when pale death  
 Shall snatch away our latest breath,  
 And 'tween two long-joined lovers force  
 An endless sad divorce :

How wilt thou then, that art  
 My rational and nobler part,  
 Distort thy thoughts ? How wilt thou try  
 To draw from weak philosophy  
 Some strength ; and flatter thy poor state,  
 'Cause 'tis the common fate ?

How fond and idle then  
 Will seem the mysteries of men ?

How like some dull, ill-acted part  
 The subtlest of proud human art ?  
 How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,  
 When thus we ebb away ?

For by examples I  
 Must know that others' sorrows die  
 Soon as ourselves, and none survive  
 To keep our memories alive ;  
 Even our false tombs, as loath to say  
 We once had life, decay.

## CLIII

*THE FUNERAL OF THE HONOURABLE,  
 MY BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN,  
 GEORGE TALBOT, ESQ.\**

Go, stop the swift-winged moments in their flight  
 To their yet unknown coast, go hinder night  
 From its approach on day, and force day rise  
 From the fair east of some bright beauty's eyes :  
 Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.  
 It hath no power ; for mine from his black hearse  
 Redeems not Talbot, who, cold as the breath  
 Of winter, confined lies ; silent as Death,  
 Stealing on th' Anch'rite, who even wants an  
 ear

To breathe into his soft expiring prayer.  
 For had thy life been by the virtues spun  
 Out to a length, thou hadst outlived the Sun  
 And closed the world's great eye : or were not  
 all

Our wonders fiction, from thy funeral  
 Thou hadst received new life, and lived to be  
 The conqueror o'er Death, inspired by me.  
 But all we poets glory in is vain  
 And empty triumph : Art cannot regain  
 One poor hour lost, nor rescue a small fly  
 By a fool's anger destinate to die.

Live then in thy true life (great soul), for set  
 At liberty by Death, thou owest no debt  
 T'exacting Nature ; live freed from the sport  
 Of time and fortune in yond' starry court,  
 A glorious potentate, while we below  
 But fashion ways to mitigate our woe.

SIR MATTHEW HALE (1609-1676)

CLIV

*PARAPHRASE FROM SENECA*

Let him that will, ascend the tottering seat  
 Of courtly grandeur, and become as great  
 As are his mounting wishes : as for me,  
 Let sweet repose and rest my portion be ;  
 Give me some mean obscure recess, a sphere  
 Out of the road of business, or the fear  
 Of falling lower ; where I sweetly may  
 Myself and dear retirement still enjoy :  
 Let not my life or name be known unto  
 The grandees of the time, tost to and fro  
 By censures or applause, but let my age  
 Slide gently by ; not overthwart the stage  
 Of public action ; unheard, unseen,  
 And unconcerned, as if I ne'er had been.  
 And thus, while I shall pass my silent days  
 In shady privacy, free from the noise  
 And bustles of the mad world, then shall I  
 A good old innocent plebeian die.\*  
 Death is a mere surprise, a very snare  
 To him, that makes it his life's greatest care  
 To be a public pageant ; known to all,  
 But unacquainted with himself, doth fall.

## JOHN HALL OF DURHAM (1627-1656)

CLV

*THE CALL \**

Romira, stay,  
 And run not thus like a young roe away ;  
 No enemy  
 Pursues thee (foolish girl !) 'tis only I :  
 I'll keep off harms,  
 If thou'lt be pleased to garrison mine arms.

What, dost thou fear  
 I'll turn a traitor ? May these roses here  
 To paleness shred,  
 And lilies stand disguisèd in new red,  
 If that I lay  
 A snare, wherein thou would'st not gladly stay.

See, see, the Sun  
 Doth slowly to his azure lodging run ;  
 Come, sit but here,  
 And presently he'll quit our hemisphere :  
 So, still among  
 Lovers, time is too short or else too long ;

Here will we spin  
 Legends for them that have love-martyrs been  
 Here on this plain  
 We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.  
 Come here, and choose  
 On which of these proud plats thou would repose.

CLVI

*A PASTORAL HYMN*

Happy choristers of air,  
 Who by your nimble flight draw near  
 His throne, Whose wondrous story,  
 And unconfined glory

Your notes still carol, whom your sound,  
And whom your plummy pipes rebound.

Yet do the lazy snails no less  
The greatness of our Lord confess,  
    And those whom weight hath chained,  
    And to the earth restrained,  
Their ruder voices do as well,  
Yes, and the speechless fishes tell.

Great Lord, from whom each tree receives,  
Then pays again, as rent, his leaves ;  
    Thou dost in purple set  
    The rose and violet,  
And giv'st the sickly lily white ;  
Yet in them all Thy name dost write.

## CLVII

*AN EPICUREAN ODE \**

Since that this thing we call the world,  
By chance on atoms is begot,  
Which, though in daily motions hurled,  
    Yet weary not ;  
    How doth it prove  
Thou art so fair and I in love ?

Since that the soul doth only lie  
Immersed in matter, chained in sense,  
How can, Romira, thou and I  
    With both dispense ?  
    And then ascend  
In higher flights than wings can lend ?

Since man's but pasted up of earth,  
And ne'er was cradled in the skies,  
What *terra Lemnia* gave thee birth ?  
    What diamond, eyes ?  
    Or thou alone,  
To tell what others were, came down ?

## PATRICK HANNAY

(Early to middle seventeenth century).

CLVIII

## SONNET \*

Whenas I wake, I dream oft of my dear,  
 And oft am serious with her in my sleep ;  
 I am oft absent when I am most near,  
 And near whenas I greatest distance keep :  
 These wonders love doth work, but yet I find  
 That love wants power to make my Mistress kind.

SAMUEL HARDING (1600?-1642?)

CLIX

NOBLEST BODIES ARE BUT GILDED  
 CLAY

*Chorus.*

Noblest bodies are but gilded clay :  
     Put away  
 But the precious shining rind,  
 The inmost rottenness remains behind.

1. Kings on earth though gods they be,  
 Yet in death are vile as we ;  
 He, a thousands' king before,  
 Now is vassal unto more.
2. Vermin now insulting lie,  
 And dig for diamonds in each eye ;  
 Whilst the sceptre-bearing hand  
 Cannot their inroads withstand.
3. Here doth one in odours wade  
 By the regal unction made,  
 While another dares to gnaw  
 On that tongue, his people's law.



Woo then the heavens, gentle Love,  
 To melt a cloud for my relief,  
 Or woo the deep, or woo the grave ;  
 Woo what thou wilt, so I may have  
 Wherewith to pay my debt, for Grief  
 Has vowed, unless I quickly pay,  
 To take both life and love away.

## ROBERT HEATH (?)

CLXII

*WHAT IS LOVE*

It is a soft, magnetic stone,  
 Attracting hearts by sympathy :  
 Binding up close two souls in one ;  
 Both discoursing secretly.  
 'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties ;  
 Yet ne'er unbinds !  
 Fixing thus two lovers' eyes  
 As well as minds.

'Tis the spheres' heavenly harmony,  
 Where two skilful hands do strike,  
 And every sound expressively  
 Marries sweetly with the like !  
 'Tis the World's everlasting chain,  
 That all things tied,  
 And bid them, like the fixèd Wain,  
 Unmoved to bide !

'Tis Nature's law inviolate,  
 Confirmed by mutual consent ;  
 Where two dislike, like, love and hate,  
 Each to the other's full content.  
 'Tis the caress of every thing ! \*  
 The turtle-dove !  
 Both birds and beasts do offerings bring  
 To mighty Love !

'Tis th' Angels' joy ! The Gods' delight !  
 Man's bliss !  
 'Tis all in all ! Without Love, nothing is !

## CLXIII

## SONG \*

You say you love me, nay, can swear it too ;  
 But stay, sir, 'twill not do.  
 I know you keep your oaths  
 Just as you wear your clothes,  
 While new and fresh in fashion ;  
 But once grown old,  
 You lay them by,  
 Forgot like words you speak in passion.  
 I'll not believe you, I.

## CLXIV

*TO HER AT DEPARTURE*

They err  
 That think we parted are,  
 Two souls in one we carry,  
 Half of which though it travel far  
 Yet both at home do tarry.

The sun  
 When farthest off at noon,  
 Our bodies' shade draws nigher.  
 My soul's your shadow, when I'm gone,  
 Waits closer through desire.

Dear heart,  
 Then grieve not 'cause we part,  
 Since distance cannot sever :  
 For though my body walks apart,  
 Yet I am with you ever.

## CLXV

*ON CLARASTELLA, WALKING IN HER  
GARDEN*

See how Flora smiles to see  
This approaching deity !  
Where each herb looks young and green  
In presence of their coming queen !  
Ceres with all her fragrant store  
Could never boast so sweet a flower ;  
White thus in triumph she doth go  
The greater goddess of the two.  
Here the violet bows to greet  
Her with homage to her feet ;  
There the lily pales with white  
Got by her reflexèd light ;  
Here a rose in crimson dye  
Blushes through her modesty,  
There a pansy hangs his head  
'Bout to shrink into his bed,  
'Cause so quickly she passed by,  
Not returning suddenly ;  
Here the currants white and red  
In yon green bush at her sight  
Peep through their shady leaves, and cry,  
Come, eat me, as she passes by ;  
There a bed of camomile,\*  
When she presseth it doth smell  
More fragrant than the perfumed East  
Or the Phoenix's spicy nest.  
Here the pinks in rows do throng  
To guard her as she walks along,  
There the flexive turnsole \* bends  
Guided by the rays she sends  
From her bright eyes, by influence ;  
While she the prime and chiefest flower  
In all the garden, by her power  
And only life-inspiring breath,  
Like the warm sun redeems from death

Their drooping heads, and bids them live,  
To tell us she their sweets did give.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1632)

CLXVI

*THE COLLAR \**

I struck the board, and cried, no more ;  
    I will abroad.  
What ! Shall I ever sigh and pine ?  
My lines and life are free ; free as the road,  
Loose as the wind, as large as store ;  
    Shall I be still in suit ?  
Have I no harvest but a thorn  
To let me blood, and not restore  
What I have lost with cordial fruit ?  
    Sure there was wine  
Before my sighs did dry it : there was corn  
    Before my tears did drown it.  
Is the year only lost to me ?  
Have I no bays to crown it ?  
No flowers, no garlands gay ? All blasted ?  
    All wasted ?  
Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,  
    And thou hast hands.  
Recover all thy sigh-blown age  
In double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute  
Of what is fit and not ; forsake thy cage,  
    Thy rope of sands,  
Which petty thoughts have made, and made  
    to thee  
Good cable, to enforce and draw  
    And be thy law,  
While thou didst wink and would'st not see.  
    Away ; take heed :  
    I will abroad.  
Call in thy death's-head there : tie up thy fears.  
    He that forbears,

To suit and serve his need,  
 Deserves his load.  
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild  
           At every word,  
 Methought I heard one calling, *Child* :  
 And I replied, *My Lord*.

## CLXVII

## EASTER \*

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,  
 I got me boughs off many a tree :  
 But Thou wast up by break of day,  
 And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.  
 Yet though my flowers be lost, they say  
 A heart can never come too late ;  
 Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,  
 And then this day my life shall date.

## CLXVIII

## PRAYER \*

Prayer, the Church's banquet, Angels' age,  
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
 The Christian plummet sounding heaven and  
   earth ;  
 Engine against th' Almighty, sinners' tower,  
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,  
 The six-days, world transposing in an hour,  
 A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear ;  
 Softness and peace and joy and love and bliss,  
 Exalted manna, gladness of the best,  
 Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,  
 The milky way, the bird of Paradise.  
 Church's bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's  
   blood,  
 The land of spices, something understood.

## CLXIX

*THE PULLEY*

When God at first made Man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,—  
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can ;  
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,  
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,  
 Then beauty flowèd, then wisdom, honour,  
 pleasure :  
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)  
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,  
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlessness ;  
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
 May toss him to My breast.

## CLXX

*LIFE \**

I made a posy, while the day ran by :  
 Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
 My life within this band.  
 But Time did beckon to my flowers, and they  
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
 And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart :  
 I took, without more thinking, in good part  
 Time's gentle admonition ;

Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,  
 Making my mind to smell my fatal day,  
     Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers ! Sweetly your time ye  
     spent,  
 Fit, while ye lived, for smell and ornament,  
     And after death for cures.  
 I follow straight without complaints or grief,  
 Since if my scent be good, I care not if  
     It be as short as yours.

## CLXXI

## LOVE

Love bade me welcome : yet my soul drew  
     back,  
     Guilty of dust and sin.  
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
     From my first entrance in,  
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
     If I lacked anything.

' A guest,' I answered, ' worthy to be here ' :  
     Love said ' You shall be he.'

' I, the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah, my dear,  
     I cannot look on Thee.'

Love took my hand and smiling did reply,  
     ' Who made the eyes but I ? '

' Truth, Lord ; but I have marred them : let my  
     shame  
     Go where it doth deserve.'

' And know you not,' says Love, ' Who bore the  
     blame ? '

' My dear, then I will serve.'

' You must sit down,' says Love, ' and taste my  
     meat.'

So I did sit and eat.

## CLXXII

*AVARICE*

Money, thou bane of bliss and source of woe,  
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh  
 and fine ?

I know thy parentage is base and low :  
 Men found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou did'st so little contribute  
 To this great kingdom, which thou now hast  
 got,

That he was fain when thou wert destitute,  
 To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright :  
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man ; for we  
 Have with our stamp and seal transferred our  
 right :

Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made the rich :  
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

## CLXXIII

*DISCIPLINE*

Throw away Thy rod,  
 Throw away Thy wrath ;

O my God,  
 Take the gentle path !

For my heart's desire  
 Unto Thine is bent :

I aspire  
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look  
 I appear to own,  
 But by book,  
 And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep ;  
 Though I halt in pace,  
     Yet I creep  
 To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;  
 Love will do the deed ;  
     For with love  
 Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;  
 Love's a man of war,  
     And can shoot,  
 And can hit from far.

Who can scape his bow ?  
 That which wrought on Thee,  
     Brought Thee low,  
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod :  
 Though man frailties hath,  
     Thou art God :  
 Throw away Thy wrath.

## CLXXIV

*JORDAN* \*

When first my lines of heav'nly joys made  
 mention,  
 Such was their lustre, they did so excel,  
 That I sought out quaint words and trim  
 invention :  
 My thoughts began to burnish, sprout and swell,  
 Curling with metaphors a plain intention,  
 Seeking the sense, as if it were to sell.  
 Thousands of notions in my brain did run,  
 Off'ring their service, if I were not sped :  
 I often blotted what I had begun ;  
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.  
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,  
 Much less those joys which trample on his head.

142 LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend ;  
So did I weave myself into the sense,  
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend  
Whisper, ' How wide is all this long pretence !  
There is in love a sweetness ready penned :  
Copy out only that, and save expense.'

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

(1581-1648) \*

CLXXV

*ELEGY*

Must I then see, alas, eternal night  
Sitting upon those fairest eyes,  
And closing all those beams, which once did rise  
So radiant and bright,  
That light and heat in them to us did prove  
Knowledge and love ?

Or if you did delight no more to stay  
Upon this low and earthy stage,  
But rather chose an endless heritage,  
Tell us at least, we pray,  
Where all the beauties that those ashes owed  
Are now bestowed ?

Doth the sun now his light with yours renew ?  
Have waves the curling of your hair ?  
Did you restore unto the sky and air  
The red and white and blue ?  
Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death  
That sweetest breath ?

CLXXVI

*TO HIS WATCH, WHEN HE COULD  
NOT SLEEP*

Uncessant minutes, whilst you move you tell  
The time that tells our life, which, though it run .

Never so fast or far, your new begun  
Short steps shall overtake ; for though life well

May 'scape his own account, it shall not yours.  
You are Death's auditors, that both divide  
And sum whate'er that life inspired endures  
Past a beginning, and through you we bide

The doom of Fate, whose unrecalled decree  
You date, bring, execute ; making what's new  
Ill, and good old ; for as we die in you,  
You die in Time, Time in Eternity.

## CLXXVII

*SONNET TO BLACK ITSELF*

Thou Black, wherein all colours are composed,  
And unto which they all at last return ;  
Thou colour of the sun where it doth burn,  
And shadow, where it cools ; in thee is closed  
Whatever Nature can, or hath disposed  
In any other hue ; from thee do rise  
Those tempers and complexions which disclosed  
As parts of thee, do work as mysteries  
Of that thy hidden power ; when thou dost reign,  
The characters of fate shine in the skies,  
And tell us what the Heavens do ordain ;  
But when earth's common light shines to our  
eyes  
Thou so retir'st thyself, that thy disdain  
All revelation unto man denies.

## CLXXVIII

*MADRIGAL*

Dear, when I did from you remove,  
I left my joy, but not my love.  
That never can depart ;  
It neither higher can ascend  
Nor lower bend.

Fixed in the centre of my heart,  
 As in its place ;  
 And lodgèd so, how could it change ?  
 Or you grow strange ?  
 Those are earth's properties and base ;  
 Each where, as the bodies divine,  
 Heaven's lights to you and me will shine.

NATHANIEL HOOKES (?)

CLXXIX

*TO AMANDA WALKING IN THE  
 GARDEN \**

And now what monarch would not gard'ner be ?  
 My fair Amanda's stately gait to see !  
 How her feet tempt ! how soft and light she  
 treads !  
 Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds ;  
 Yet from their sweet, green pillows every-  
 where,  
 They start and gaze about to see my Fair.  
 Look at yon flower yonder ! how it grows  
 Sensibly ! how it opes its leaves and blows !  
 Puts its best Easter clothes on, neat and gay !  
 Amanda's presence makes it holiday !  
 Look how on tiptoe that fair lily stands  
 To look on thee ; and court thy whiter hands  
 To gather it ! I saw in yonder crowd  
 That tulip bed of whom Dame Flora's proud  
 A stout dwarf flower did enlarge its stalk,  
 And shoot an inch to see Amanda walk !  
 Nay, look my Fairest ! look how fast they grow  
 Into a scaffold-method Spring ! As though,  
 Riding to Parl'ament, were to be seen  
 In pomp and state, some royal am'rous Queen !  
 The gravelled walks (though even as a die,  
 Lest some loose pebble should offensive lie)  
 Quilt themselves o'er with downy moss for thee !

The walls are hanged with blossomed tapestry,  
To hide their nakedness, when looked upon !  
The maiden fig tree puts Eve's apron on !  
The broad-leaved sycamore, and every tree,  
Shakes like the trembling asp, and bends to  
thee !

And each leaf proudly strives, with fresher air  
To fan the curlèd tresses of thy hair !  
Nay, and the bee, too, with his wealthy thigh  
Mistakes his hive ; and to thy lips doth fly,  
Willing to treasure up his honey there,  
Where honey-combs so sweet and plenty are.  
Look how that pretty, modest columbine  
Hangs down its head, to view those feet of thine !  
See the fond motion of the strawberry  
Creeping on th' Earth, to go along with thee !  
The lovely violet makes after too,  
Unwilling yet, my dear, to part with you !  
The knot-grass and the daisies catch thy toes,  
To kiss my Fair One's feet before she goes !  
All court, and wish me lay Amanda down,  
And give my dear a new green-flowered gown.  
Come, let me kiss thee falling ! kiss at rise !  
Thou in the garden, I in Paradise !

JOHN HOSKINS (?)

CLXXX

*TO HIS CHILD, BENJAMIN, FROM  
THE TOWER*

Sweet Benjamin, since thou art young,  
And hast not yet the use of tongue,  
Make it thy slave, while thou art free,  
Imprison it, lest it do thee.

JAMES HOWELL (1594-166 ?)

CLXXXI

*ANELEGY UPON HIS TOMB IN HERNDON-  
HILL CHURCH, ERECTED BY HIS WIFE,  
WHO SPEAKS*

Take, gentle marble, to thy trust,  
And keep untouched this sacred dust :  
Grow moist sometimes, that I may see  
Thou weep'st in sympathy with me ;  
And when by him I here shall sleep,  
My ashes also safely keep.

And from rude hands preserve us both, until  
We rise to Sion Mount from Herndon-Hill.

THOMAS JAMES (?)

CLXXXII

*EPITAPH ON COMPANIONS LEFT BE-  
HIND IN THE NORTHERN SEAS*

I were unkind unless that I did shed,  
Before I part, some tears upon our dead :  
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease  
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace :  
Their better parts (good souls) I know were given  
With an intent they should return to heaven :  
Their lives they spent to the last drop of blood,  
Seeking God's glory and their country's good.  
And as a valiant soldier rather dies,  
Than yield his courage to his enemies ;  
And stops their way with his hewed flesh, when  
death  
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and  
breath ;  
So have they spent themselves ; and here they lie,  
A famous mark of our discovery.

We that survive, perchance may end our days  
In some employment meriting no praise,  
And in a dunghill rot, when no man names  
The memory of us, but to our shames.  
They have outlived this fear, and their brave ends  
Will ever be an honour to their friends.  
Why drop you so, mine eyes? Nay, rather pour  
My sad departure in a solemn shower.  
The winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,  
Now were it so extreme, might do this good,  
Asmake these tears bright pearls, which I would lay  
Tombed safely with you, till doom's fatal day.  
That in this solitary place, where none  
Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,  
Some remnant might be extant of the true  
And faithful love I ever tendered you.  
Oh! rest in peace, dear friends, and let it be  
No pride to say, the sometime part of me,  
What pain and anguish doth afflict the head,  
The heart, the stomach, when the limbs are dead;  
So grieved, I kiss your graves, and vow to die,  
A foster-father to your memory.

## PATTERICKE JENKYN (?)

CLXXXIII

*DEDICATION*

To the fairest and divine,  
Next unto the Sacred Nine,  
To the Queen of Love and Beauty,  
I do offer up my duty ;  
To the sweetest disposition,  
That e'er lover did petition,  
To the best and happiest fortune,  
Ever man did yet importune,  
To the Lady of all hearts,  
That pretend to noble parts ;  
To the altar of her eyes  
I myself do sacrifice ;

To her ever winning glances,  
 Here I do present my fancies ;  
 And to her all commanding look  
 I do dedicate my book.

THOMAS JORDAN (1612-1685)

CLXXXIV

*CORONEMUS NOS ROSIS ANTEQUAM  
 MARCESCANT*

Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke and  
 rejoice,

With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice !  
 The changeable world to our joy is unjust,  
 All treasure's uncertain,  
 Then down with your dust !

In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings and pence,  
 For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty and Dolly,  
 Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy :  
 Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,  
 Dame Venus, love's lady,  
 Was born of the sea ;

With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,  
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is  
 crowned

And kills with each glance as she treads on the  
 ground,

Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such  
 splendour

That none but the stars  
 Are thought fit to attend her,  
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the  
 sense,

Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,  
 Turn all our tranquill'ty to sighs and to tears ?

Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do  
 corrupt us,  
 'Tis certain, *Post mortem*  
*Nulla voluptas.*  
 For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and  
 sense,  
 Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

## CLXXXV

## THE EPITAPH

In this marble, buried lies  
 Beauty may enrich the skies,  
 And add light to Phoebus' eyes.  
 Sweeter than Aurora's air  
 When she paints the lilies fair,  
 And gilds cowslips with her hair ;  
 Chaster than the virgin Spring,  
 Ere her blossoms she doth bring,  
 Or cause Philomel to sing.  
 If such goodness live 'mongst men,  
 Bring me to it, I know then  
 She is come from heaven agen ;  
 But if not, ye standers-by  
 Cherish me, and say that I  
 Am the next designed to die.

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER  
 (1592-1669)

## CLXXXVI

## MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

Ill-busied Man ! Why should'st thou take such  
 care  
 To lengthen out thy life's short kalendar ?

When every spectacle thou look'st upon  
Presents and acts thy execution.

Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,  
' Fool ! as I fade and wither, thou must die.'

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)  
Is just the tolling of thy passing bell :  
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopy  
Covers alike deceased day and thee.

And all those weeping dews which nightly fall,  
Are but the tears shed for thy funeral.

## CLXXXVII

*EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE*

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,  
Instead of dirges this complaint :  
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse  
Receive a strew of weeping verse  
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see  
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss ! since thy untimely fate,  
My task hath been to meditate  
On thee, on thee ! Thou art the book,  
The library whereon I look,  
Tho' almost blind. For thee, loved clay,  
I languish out, not live, the day . . .  
Thou hast benighted me ; thy set  
This eve of blackness did beget,  
Who wast my day (tho' overcast  
Before thou had'st thy noontide past) :  
And I remember must in tears  
Thou scarce had'st seen so many years  
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun  
My love and fortune first did run ;  
But thou wilt never more appear  
Folded within my hemisphere,  
Since both thy light and motion,  
Like a fled star, is fall'n and gone,  
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish  
The earth now interposèd is .

I could allow thee for a time  
 To darken me and my sad clime ;  
 Were it a month, a year, or ten,  
 I would thy exile live till then,  
 And all that space my mirth adjourn—  
 So thou would'st promise to return,  
 And putting off thy ashy shroud  
 At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me ! the longest date  
 Too narrow is to calculate  
 These empty hopes : never shall I  
 Be so much blest as to descry  
 A glimpse of thee, till that day come  
 Which shall the earth to cinders doom,  
 And a fierce fever must calcine  
 The body of this world—like thine,  
 My little world ! That fit of fire  
 Once off, our bodies shall aspire  
 To our souls' bliss : then we shall rise  
 And view ourselves with clearer eyes  
 In that calm region where no night  
 Can hide us from each others' sight.

Meantime thou hast her, earth : much good  
 May my harm do thee ! Since it stood  
 With Heaven's will I might not call  
 Her longer mine, I give thee all  
 My short-lived right and interest  
 In her whom living I loved best.  
 Be kind to her, and prithee look  
 Thou write into thy Doomsday book  
 Each parcel of this rarity  
 Which in thy casket shrined doth lie,  
 As thou wilt answer Him that lent—  
 Not gave—thee my dear monument.  
 So close the ground, and 'bout her shade  
 Black curtains draw : my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed  
 Never to be disquieted !  
 My last good-night ! Thou wilt not wake  
 Till I thy fate shall overtake :  
 Till age, or grief, or sickness must

Marry my body to that dust  
 It so much loves ; and fill the room  
 My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.  
 Stay for me there : I will not fail  
 To meet thee in that hollow vale.  
 And think not much of my delay :  
 I am already on the way,  
 And follow thee with all the speed  
 Desire can make, or sorrows breed.  
 Each minute is a short degree  
 And every hour a step towards thee . . .  
 'Tis true—with shame and grief I yield—  
 Thou, like the van, first took'st the field ;  
 And gotten hast the victory  
 In thus adventuring to die  
 Before me, whose more years might crave  
 A just precedence in the grave.  
 But hark ! My pulse, like a soft drum,  
 Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;  
 And slow howe'er my marches be,  
 I shall at last sit down by thee.  
 The thought of this bids me go on  
 And wait my dissolution  
 With hope and comfort. Dear—forgive  
 The crime—I am content to live  
 Divided, with but half a heart,  
 Till we shall meet and never part.

## CLXXXVIII

*THE DIRGE*

What is the existence of man's life  
 But open war, or slumbered strife ?  
 Where sickness to his sense presents  
 The combat of the elements ;  
 And never feels a perfect peace,  
 Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood  
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;

And each loud passion of the mind  
 Is like a furious gust of wind,  
 Which bears his bark with many a wave,  
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows,  
 And withers as the leaves disclose ;  
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep  
 Like fits of waking before sleep :  
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould,  
 Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth  
 Is moralized in age and youth :  
 Where all the comforts he can share  
 As wand'ring as his fancies are ;  
 Till in the mist of dark decay  
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out  
 The sunset, as it moves about :  
 And shadows out in lines of night  
 The subtle stages of Time's flight,  
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid  
 The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,  
 Which doth short joys, long woes include ;  
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,  
 The acts vain hope and varied fears ;  
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
 And leaves no epilogue but death.

## CLXXXIX

*THE SURRENDER*

My once dear Love ! hapless that I no more  
 Must call thee so—the rich affection's store  
 That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,  
 Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.  
 We, that did nothing study but the way  
 To love each other, with which thoughts the day

Rose with delight to us, and with them set,  
 Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.  
 We, that did nothing wish that Heaven could give,  
 Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live  
 Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must,  
 As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.  
 Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make,  
 Witness the chaste desires that never brake  
 Into unruly heats ; witness that breast,  
 Which in thy bosom anchored his whole rest,  
 'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite  
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white  
 As thy pure self. Cross planets did envÿ  
 Us to each other, and Heaven did untie  
 Faster than vows could bind. Oh, that the stars,  
 When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars !  
 Since then some higher Destinies command,  
 Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand  
 What is past help. The longest date of grief  
 Can never yield a hope of our relief ;  
 And though we waste ourselves in moist laments,  
 Tears may drown us, but not our discontents.  
 Fold back our arms ; take home our fruitless loves,  
 That must new fortunes try, like turtle doves  
 Dislodgèd from their haunts. We must in tears  
 Unwind a love knit up in many years.  
 In this last kiss I here surrender thee  
 Back to thyself—so thou again art free ;  
 Thou in another, sad as that, re-send  
 The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.  
 Now turn from each. So fare our severed hearts,  
 As the divorced soul from her body parts.

CXC

*A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS*

Brave flowers—that I could gallant it like you,  
 And be as little vain !  
 You come abroad, and make a harmless show,  
 And to your beds of earth again.

You are not proud : you know your birth :  
For your embroidered garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I  
Would have it ever Spring :

My fate would know no Winter, never die,  
Nor think of such a thing.

O that I could my bed of earth but view  
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you !

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,  
But rather to take truce !

How often have I seen you at a bier,  
And there look fresh and spruce !

You fragrant flowers ! Then teach me, that my  
breath

Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

## CXCI

*ON TWO CHILDREN DYING OF ONE  
DISEASE AND BURIED IN ONE GRAVE*

Brought forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,  
Two tender children here entombèd are :  
One place, one sire, one womb their being  
gave,

They had one mortal sickness, and one grave ;  
And though they cannot number many years  
On their account, yet with their parents' tears  
This comfort mingles ; though their days were  
few,

They scarcely sin, but never sorrow knew :  
So that they well might boast, they carried hence  
What riper ages lose, their innocence.

You pretty losses, that revive the fate  
Which in your mother death did antedate,  
O let my high-swoln grief distil on you  
The saddest drops of a parental dew :  
You ask no other dower than what my eyes  
Lay out on your untimely exequies :

When once I have discharged that mournful score,  
 Heaven hath decreed you ne'er shall cost me more,  
 Since you release and quit my borrowed trust,  
 By taking this inheritance of dust.

## CXCII

*From 'THE DEPARTURE—AN ELEGY' \**

Thus kiss I your fair hands, taking my leave,  
 As prisoners at the bar their doom receive.  
 All joys go with you : let sweet peace attend  
 You on the way, and wait your journey's end.  
 But let your discontents and sourer fate  
 Remain with me, borne off in my retrait.

Might all your crosses, in that sheet of lead  
 Which folds my heavy heart, lie burièd :  
 'Tis the last service I would do you, and the best  
 My wishes ever meant, or tongue profest.  
 Once more I take my leave. And once for all  
 Our parting shows so like a funeral,  
 It strikes my soul, which hath most right to be  
 Chief mourner at this sad solemnity.

And think not, dearest, 'cause this parting knell  
 Is rung in verses, that at your farewell  
 I only mourn in poetry and ink :  
 No, my pen's melancholy plummets sink  
 So low, they dive where th' hid affections sit,  
 Blotting that paper where my mirth was writ.

Believ't, that sorrow truest is, which lies  
 Deep in the breast, not floating in the eyes :  
 And he with saddest circumstance doth part,  
 Who seals his farewell with a bleeding heart.

## CXCIII

*SIC VITA \**

Like to the falling of a star,  
 As the flight of eagles are ;

Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;  
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
 Or bubbles which on water stood ;  
 E'en such is man whose borrowed light  
 Is straight called in and paid to-night  
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;  
 The spring entombed in autumn lies ;  
 The dew dries up, the star is shot ;  
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

## CXCIV

*THE PINK\**

Fair one, you did on me bestow  
 Comparisons too sweet to owe ;  
 And but I found them sent from you  
 I durst not think they could be true.

But 'tis your uncontrollèd power  
 Goddèss-like to produce a flower,  
 And by your breath, without more seed,  
 Make that a pink which was a weed.

Because I would be loth to miss  
 So sweet a metamorphosis,  
 Upon what stalk so'er I grow,  
 Disdain not you sometimes to blow  
 And cherish by your virgin eye  
 What in your frown would droop and die :

So shall my thankful leaf repay  
 Perfumèd wishes every day :  
 And o'er your fortune breathe a spell  
 Which may his obligation tell,  
 Who though he nought, but she can give,\*  
 Must ever your sweet creature live.

## SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON (158?-1642)

CXCv

*TO CYNTHIA, CONCEALING HER  
BEAUTY*

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,  
The star-light of serenest skies ;  
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,  
They turn to Chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,  
The silken snares of thy curled hair ;  
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,  
The curious silk-worm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,  
More snow-white than the Apennine ;  
Lest, if there be like cold or frost,  
The lily be for ever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,  
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent  
Perfumes ; lest, it being supprest,  
No spices grow in all the East.

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,  
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice ;  
Lest, music hearing no such thing,  
The nightingale forget to sing.

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse  
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips ;  
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth  
Gems, which from thee have all their worth.

Do not conceal no beauty, grace,  
That's either in thy mind or face ;  
Lest virtue, overcome by vice,  
Make men believe no Paradise.

## RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

CXCVI

*THE GRASSHOPPER \**

O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair  
 Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,  
 Drunk every night with a delicious tear  
 Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert reared.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,  
 That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly :  
 And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire  
 To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,  
 Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,  
 And all these merry days mak'st merry men,  
 Thyself, and melancholy streams.

CXCVII

*TO AMARANTHA, THAT SHE WOULD  
 DISHEVEL HER HAIR \**

Amarantha, sweet and fair,  
 Ah, braid no more that shining hair !  
 As my curious hand or eye  
 Hovering round thee, let it fly !

Let it fly as unconfined  
 As its calm ravisher the wind,  
 Who hath left his darling, th' East,  
 To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,  
 But neatly tangled at the best ;  
 Like a clew of golden thread  
 Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not then wind up that light  
 In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,

Like the Sun in's early ray ;  
But shake your head, and scatter day !

## CXCVIII

*TO LUCASTA : THE ROSE*

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,  
Haste to adorn her bower ;  
From thy long cloudy bed  
Shoot forth thy damask head.

New-startled blush of Flora !  
The grief of pale Aurora,  
Who will contest no more ;  
Haste, haste, to strow her floor.

Vermilion ball that's given  
From lip to lip in Heaven,  
Love's couch's cover-led :  
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

See ! rosy is her bower,  
Her floor is all this flower  
Her bed a rosy nest,  
By a bed of roses prest.

## CXCIX

*GRATIANA DANCING*

She beat the happy pavèment—  
By such a star made firmament,  
Which now no more the roof envies !  
But swells up high, with Atlas even,  
Bearing the brighter, nobler heaven,  
And, in her, all the deities.

Each step trod out a lover's thought,  
And the ambitious hopes he brought  
Chained to her brave feet with such arts,  
Such sweet command and gentle awe,  
As, when she ceased, we sighing saw  
The floor lay paved with broken hearts.

JAMES MABBE (1572-1642)

CC

*SATISFACTION FOR LOVE \**

Now sleep, and take thy rest,  
 Once grieved and painèd wight,  
 Since she now loves thee best  
 Who is thy heart's delight.  
 Let joy be thy soul's guest,  
 And care be banished quite,  
 Since she hath thee expressed  
 To be her favourite.

CCI

*EXPECTATION \**

You birds whose warblings prove  
 Aurora draweth near,  
 Go fly and tell my Love  
 That I expect him here.  
 The night doth posting move,  
 Yet comes he not again :  
 God grant some other love  
 Do not my Love detain.

SHAKERLEY MARMION (1602-1639)

- CCII

*PROSERPINE TEMPTS PSYCHE, ON HER  
 EMBASSY FROM VENUS TO REMAIN  
 IN THE LOWER WORLD*

But Proserpine replied, ' You do not know,  
 Fair maid, the joys and pleasures are below.  
 Stay and possess whatever I call mine,  
 For other lights and other stars do shine

L

Within our territories ; the day's not lost,  
 As you imagine, in the Elysian coast.  
 The golden age and progeny is here,  
 And that famed apple that does in Autumn bear  
 Clusters of gold, whose apples thou shalt hoard,  
 Or each meal, if thou please, set on the board.  
 The matrons of Elysium at thy beck  
 Shall come and go, and buried queens shall deck  
 The body in more stately ornaments  
 Than all earth's feignèd majesty presents.  
 The pale and squalid region shall rejoice,  
 And Silence shall break forth a pleasant voice :  
 Stern Pluto shall himself to mirth betake  
 And crownèd ghosts shall banquet for thy sake ;  
 New lamps shall burn, if thou wilt here abide,  
 And night's thick darkness shall be rarefied ;  
 Whate'er the winds upon the earth do sweep,  
 Rivers or fens embrace, or the vast deep,  
 Shall be thy tribute, and I will deliver  
 Up for thy servant the Lethèan river :  
 Besides the Parcae shall thy handmaids be,  
 And what thou speak'st stand for a destiny.

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)

CCIII

*THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS*

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light  
 The nightingale does sit so late,  
 And studying all the summer night,  
 Her matchless songs does meditate ;

Ye country comets, that portend  
 No war, nor prince's funeral,  
 Shining unto no higher end  
 Than to presage the grass's fall ;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame  
 To wandering mowers shows the way,

That in the night have lost their aim,  
And after foolish fires do stray ;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,  
Since *Juliana* here is come,  
For she my mind hath so displaced  
That I shall never find my home.

## CCIV

## TO HIS COY MISTRESS \*

Had we but world enough, and time,  
This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
We would sit down, and think which way  
To walk and pass our long love's day.  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
Should'st rubies find : I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the Flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires and more slow.  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze ;  
Two hundred to adore each breast,  
But thirty thousand to the rest ;  
An age at least to every part,  
And the last age should show your heart.  
For, lady, you deserve this state,  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near :  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
My echoing song ; then worms shall try  
That long-preserved virginity :

And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
 And into ashes all my lust.  
 The grave's a fine and private place,  
 But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
 And while thy willing soul transpires  
 At every pore with instant fires,  
 Now let us sport us while we may,  
 And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
 Rather at once our time devour  
 Than languish in his slow-chapt power.  
 Let us roll all our strength and all  
 Our sweetness up into one ball,  
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
 Thorough the iron gates of life.  
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

CCV

*EPITAPH*

Enough : and leave the rest to Fame!  
 'Tis to commend her, but to name.  
 Courtship which, living, she declined,  
 When dead, to offer were unkind :  
 Where never any could speak ill  
 Who would officious praises spill ?  
 Nor can the truest wit or friend,  
 Without detracting, her commend.  
 To say she lived a virgin chaste  
 In this age loose and all unlaced ;  
 Nor was, when Vice is so allowed,  
 Of Virtue or ashamed, or proud ;  
 That her soul was on Heaven so bent,  
 No minute but it came and went ;  
 That, ready her last debt to pay,  
 She summed her life up every day ;  
 Modest as morn ; as mid-day bright,  
 Gentle as evening ; cool as night ;

'Tis true : but all so weakly said ;  
'Twere more significant, *She's dead.*

## CCVI

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE  
DEATH OF HER FAWN

The wanton troopers riding by  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive  
To kill thee. Thou ne'er didst alive  
Them any harm ; alas ! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wished them ill ;  
Nor do I for all this, nor will :  
But, if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with Heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears  
Rather than fail. But O my fears !  
It cannot die so. Heaven's king  
Keeps register of everything,  
And nothing may we use in vain ;  
Even beasts must be with justice slain,  
Else men are made their deodands.  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood which doth part  
From thine, and wound me to the heart,  
Yet could they not be clean : their stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain.  
There is not such another in  
The world, to offer for their sin.

Unconstant *Sylvio*, when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,  
One morning (I remember well),  
Tied in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me : nay, and I know  
What he said then, I'm sure I do.  
Said he, ' Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a *Fawn* to hunt his *Dear.*'  
But *Sylvio* soon had me beguiled :

This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,  
 And quite regardless of my smart,  
 Left me his *Fawn*, but took his *Heart*.

Henceforth I set myself to play  
 My solitary time away  
 With this ; and very well content,  
 Could so mine idle life have spent.  
 For it was full of sport, and light  
 Of foot and heart, and did invite  
 Me to its game : it seemed to bless  
 Itself in me. How could I less  
 Than love it ? Oh, I cannot be  
 Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know  
 Whether it too might have done so  
 As *Sylvio* did ; his gifts might be  
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he.  
 But I am sure, for aught that I  
 Could in so short a time espy,  
 Thy love was far more better than  
 The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first  
 I it at my own fingers nursed ;  
 And, as it grew, so every day  
 It waxed more white and sweet than they.  
 It had so sweet a breath ! And oft  
 I blushed to see its foot more soft  
 And white, shall I say than my hand ?  
 NAY, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
 'Twas on those little silver feet ;  
 With what a pretty skipping grace  
 It oft would challenge me the race ;  
 And, when't had left me far away,  
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay  
 For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
 And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
 But so with roses overgrown,  
 And lilies, that you would it guess  
 To be a little wilderness ;

And all the spring-time of the year,  
 It only lovèd to be there.  
 Among the beds of lilies I  
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;  
 Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
 Find it, although before mine eyes.  
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,  
 It like a bank of lilies laid.  
 Upon the roses it would feed  
 Until its lips even seemed to bleed :  
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip  
 And print those roses on my lip.  
 But all its chief delight was still  
 On roses thus itself to fill,  
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold :  
 Had it lived long, it would have been  
 Lilies without, roses within.

Oh help ! oh help ! I see it faint  
 And die as calmly as a saint.  
 See how it weeps ! the tears do come  
 Sad, slowly dropping like a gum.  
 So weeps the wounded balsam ; so  
 The holy frankincense doth flow ;  
 The brotherless Heliades  
 Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will  
 Keep these two crystals tears, and fill  
 It till it do o'erflow with mine,  
 Then place it in *Diana's* shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to  
 Whither the swans and turtles go ;  
 In fair Elisium to endure,  
 With milk-white lambs and ermines pure.  
 Oh do not run too fast : for I  
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall  
 Be cut in marble ; and withal,  
 Let it be weeping too : but there  
 The engraver sure his art may spare ;  
 For I so truly thee bemoan,

That I shall weep, though I be stone :  
 Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
 My breast, themselves engraving there.\*  
 There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
 Of purest alabaster made :  
 For I would have thine image be  
 White as I can, though not as thee.

## CCVII

*ON A DROP OF DEW*

See how the orient dew,  
 Shed from the bosom of the Morn  
 Into the blowing roses,  
 Yet careless of its mansion new ;  
 For the clear region where't was born  
 Round in itself encloses :  
 And in its little Globe's extent,  
 Frames as it can its native element.  
 How it the purple flower does slight,  
 Scarce touching where it lies,  
 But gazing back upon the skies,  
 Shines with a mournful light,  
 Like its own tear,  
 Because so long divided from the Sphere.  
 Restless it rolls and unsecure,  
 Trembling lest it grow impure,  
 Till the warm Sun pity its pain,  
 And to the skies exhale it back again.  
 So the Soul, that drop, that ray  
 Of the clear fountain of Eternal Day,  
 Could it within the human flower be seen,  
 Remembering still its former height,  
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;  
 And, recollecting its own light,  
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts express  
 The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.  
 In how coy a figure wound,  
 Every way it turns away :

So the world excluding round,  
 Yet receiving in the day,  
 Dark beneath, but bright above,  
 Here disdainng, there in love.  
 How loose and easy hence to go,  
 How girt and ready to ascend !  
 Moving but on a point below,  
 It ail about does upwards bend,  
 Such did the Manna's sacred dew distil,  
 White, and entire, though congealed and chill.  
 Congealed on earth : but does, dissolving, run  
 Into the glories of the Almighty Sun.

## CCVIII

*UPON APPLETON HOUSE—(THE  
 GARDEN) \**

See how the flowers, as at parade,  
 Under their colours stand displayed :  
 Each regiment in order grows,  
 That of the tulip, pink, and rose.  
 But when the vigilant patrol  
 Of stars walks round about the pole,  
 Their leaves, that to the stalks are curled,  
 Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.  
 Then in some flower's belovèd hut,  
 Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,  
 And sleeps so too : but if once stirred,  
 She runs you through, nor asks the word.  
 Oh, thou, that dear and happy isle,  
 The garden of the world erewhile,  
 Thou Paradise of the four seas,  
 Which Heaven planted us to please,  
 But, to exclude the world, did guard  
 With watery, if not flaming sword ;  
 What luckless apple did we taste,  
 To make us mortal, and thee waste !  
 Unhappy ! shall we never more  
 That sweet militia restore,

When gardens only had their towers,  
 And all the garrisons were flowers ;  
 When roses only arms might bear,  
 And men did rosy garlands wear ?

## CCIX

*THE DEFINITION OF LOVE \**

My Love is of a birth as rare  
 As 'tis for object strange and high :  
 It was begotten by Despair  
 Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone  
 Could show me so divine a thing,  
 Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown,  
 But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive  
 Where my extended soul is fixt ;  
 But Fate does iron wedges drive,  
 And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see  
 Two perfect loves, nor lets them close ;  
 Their union would her ruin be,  
 And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel  
 Us as the distant poles have placed,  
 (Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel)  
 Not by themselves to be embraced.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,  
 And earth some new convulsion tear,  
 And, us to join, the world should all  
 Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines, so loves oblique, may well  
 Themselves in every angle greet :  
 But ours, so truly parallel,  
 Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,  
 But Fate so enviously debars,  
 Is the conjunction of the mind,  
 And opposition of the stars.

CCX

*THE FAIR SINGER \**

To make a final conquest of all me,  
 Love did compose so sweet an enemy,  
 In whom both beauties to my death agree,  
 Joining themselves in fatal harmony ;  
 That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,  
 She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair :  
 My disentangled soul itself might save,  
 Breaking the curlèd trammels of her hair ;  
 But how should I avoid to be her slave,  
 Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe  
 My fetters of the very air I breathe ?

It had been easy fighting in some plain,  
 Where victory might hang in equal choice,  
 But all resistance against her is vain,  
 Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice ;  
 And all my forces needs must be undone,  
 She having gainèd both the wind and sun.

CCXI

*A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS  
 AND DORINDA*

DORINDA

When Death shall snatch us from these kids,  
 And shut up our divided lids,  
 Tell me, Thyrsis, prithee do,  
 Whither thou and I must go.

THYRSIS

To the Elisium :

DORINDA

Oh, where is't ?

THYRSIS

A chaste soul can never miss't.

DORINDA

I know no way, but one, our home  
Is our Elisium ?

THYRSIS

Cast thine eye to yonder sky,  
Where the Milky Way doth lie ;  
'Tis a sure but rugged way,  
That leads to everlasting day.

DORINDA

There birds may nest, but how can I,  
That have no wings and cannot fly ?

THYRSIS

Do not sigh (fair nymph) for fire  
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire  
Till it hit against the pole,  
Heaven's the centre of the soul.

DORINDA

But in Elisium how do they  
Pass Eternity away ?

THYRSIS

There is neither hope nor fear,  
There's no wolf, no fox, no bear,  
No need of dog to fetch our stray,  
Our Lightfoot we may give away ;  
And there most sweetly thine ear \*  
May feast with Music of the Sphere.

DORINDA

How I my future state  
By silent thinking, antedate :  
I prithee let us spend our time  
In talking of Elisium.

THYRSIS

Then I'll go on : there sheep are full  
Of forest grass and softest wool ;

There birds sing concerts, garlands grow,  
Cool winds whisper, springs do flow.  
There always is a rising Sun,  
And day is ever but begun.  
Shepherds there bear equal sway,  
And every nymph's a Queen of May.

DORINDA

Ah me, ah me !

THYRSIS

Dorinda, why dost cry ?

DORINDA

I'm sick, I'm sick and fain would die :  
Convince't me now, that this is true,  
By bidding with me all adieu ;  
I cannot live without thee, I  
Will for thee, much more with thee die.

THYRSIS

Then let us give *Corellia* charge o' th' sheep,  
And then thou and I'll pick poppies and  
    them steep  
In wine, and drink on't even till we weep,  
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

CCXII

*EYES AND TEARS*

How wisely Nature did decree,  
With the same eyes to weep and see !  
That, having viewed the object vain,  
They might be ready to complain.

And, since the self-deluding sight  
In a false angle takes each height,  
These tears, which better measure all,  
Like watery lines and plummets fall.

Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh  
Within the scales of either eye,

And then laid out in equal poise,  
Are the true price of all my joys.

What in the world most fair appears,  
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears ;  
And all the jewels which we prize  
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.

I have through every garden been,  
Amongst the red, the white, the green,  
And yet from all the flowers I saw,  
No honey, but these tears could draw.

So the all-seeing sun each day  
Distils the world with chymic ray ;  
But finds the essence only showers,  
Which straight in pity back he pours.

Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,  
That weep the more, and see the less ;  
And, to preserve their sight more true,  
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.

So Magdalen in tears more wise  
Dissolved those captivating eyes,  
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet  
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.

Not full sails hasting loaden home,  
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,  
Nor *Cynthia* teeming, shows so fair  
As two eyes swoln with weeping are.

The sparkling glance that shoots desire,  
Drenched in these waves, does lose its fire ;  
Yea oft the Thunderer pity takes,  
And here the hissing lightning slakes.

The incense was to Heaven dear,  
Not as a perfume, but a tear ;  
And stars show lovely in the night,  
But as they seem the tears of light.\*

Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice,  
And practise so your noblest use .

For others too can see, or sleep ;  
But only human eyes can weep.

Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,  
And at each tear in distance stop ;  
Now, like two fountains, trickle down ;  
Now, like two floods, o'erturn and drown.

Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,  
Till eyes and tears be the same things :  
And each the other's difference bears ;  
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.

## CCXIII

*One Stanza from ' DAMON THE MOWER '*

I am the mower Damon, known  
Through all the meadows I have mown.  
On me the Morn her dew distils,  
Before her darling daffodils.  
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,  
The Sun himself licks off my sweat.  
While, going home, the Evening sweet  
In cowslip water bathes my feet.

PHILIP MASSINGER (1584-1639)

## CCXIV

*DEATH INVOKED*

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,  
To stop a wretch's breath,  
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart  
A prey unto thy dart ?  
I am nor young nor fair ; be, therefore, bold :  
Sorrow hath made me old,  
Deformed and wrinkled ; all that I can crave  
Is quiet in my grave.  
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel ;  
But to me thou art cruel,

If thou end not my tedious misery  
 And I soon cease to be.  
 Strike, and strike home, then ; pity unto me,  
 In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

## THOMAS MAY (1595-1650)

CCXV

*DIRGE*

This is not the Elysian grove ;  
 Nor can I meet my slaughtered love  
 Within these shades. Come, Death, and be  
 At last as merciful to me,  
 As in my dearest Scudmore's fall,  
 Thou show'dst thyself tyrannical.  
 Then did I die when he was slain :  
 But kill me now, I live again :  
 And shall go meet him in a grove  
 Fairer than any here, above.

Oh ! let this woeful breath expire !  
 Why should I wish Evadne's fire,  
 Sad Portia's coals, or Lucrece' knife,  
 To rid me of a loathèd life ?  
 'Tis shame enough that grief alone  
 Kills me not now, when thou art gone !  
 But, life, since thou art slow to go,  
 I'll punish thee for lasting so ;  
 And make thee piece-meal every day  
 Dissolve to tears, and melt away.

CCXVI

*LOVE IN THY YOUTH*

Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong  
 In thinking still you are too young ;  
 The rose and lily in your cheek  
 Flourish, and no more ripening seek ;

Inflaming beams shot from your eye  
 Do show love's midsummer is nigh ;  
 Your cherry lip, red, soft and sweet,  
 Proclaims such fruit for taste is meet ;  
 Love is still young, a buxom boy,  
 And younglings are allowed to toy :  
 Then, lose no time, for love hath wings,  
 And flies away from agèd things.

## JASPER MAYNE (1604-1672)

CCXVII

*TIME*

Time is the feathered thing,  
 And, whilst I praise  
 The sparkling of thy looks and call them rays,  
 Takes wing,  
 Leaving behind him as he flies  
 An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes.  
 His minutes, whilst they're told,  
 Do make us old ;  
 And every sand of his fleet glass,  
 Increasing age as it doth pass,  
 Insensibly sows wrinkles there  
 Where flowers and roses do appear.  
 Whilst we do speak, our fire  
 Doth into ice expire,  
 Flames turn to frost ;  
 And ere we can  
 Know how our crow turns swan,  
 Or how a silver snow  
 Springs there where jet did grow,  
 Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.  
 Since then the Night hath hurled  
 Darkness, Love's shade,  
 Over its enemy the Day, and made  
 The world  
 Just such a blind and shapeless thing

As 'twas before light did from darkness spring,  
 Let us employ its treasure  
 And make shade pleasure.  
 Let's number out the hours by blisses,  
 And count the minutes by our kisses ;  
 Let the heavens new motions feel  
 And by our embraces wheel ;  
 And whilst we try the way  
 By which Love doth convey  
 Soul unto soul,  
 And mingling so  
 Makes them such raptures know  
 As makes them entranced lie  
 In mutual ecstasy,  
 Let the harmonious spheres in music roll !

## HENRY MORE (1614-1687)

## CCXVIII

*THE SONG OF BATHYNOUS* \*

Sing aloud his praise, rehearse  
 Who hath made the Universe.  
 He the boundless Heavens has spread,  
 All the vital Orbs has kned ; \*  
 He that on Olympus high  
 Tends his flocks with watchful eye.  
 And this eye \* has multiplied  
 'Midst each flock for to reside :  
 Thus as round about they stray,  
 Toucheth each with out-stretched ray ;  
 Nimble they hold on their way,  
 Shaping out their night and day.  
 Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,  
 Their inclinèd axes bring.  
 Never slack they ; none respire,  
 Dancing round their central fires.  
 In due order as they move,  
 Echoes sweet be gently drove

Thorough Heaven's vast hollowness,  
Which unto all corners press :  
Music that the heart of Jove \*  
Moves to joy and sportful love ;  
Fills the listening sailors' ears  
Riding on the wandering spheres.  
Neither speech nor language is  
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,  
Witness all the creature-throng,  
Is confessed by every tongue.  
All things look from whence they sprung,  
As the thankful rivers pay  
What they borrowed of the sea.  
Now myself I do resign ;  
Take me whole, I am all Thine.  
Save me, God ! from self-desire,  
Death's pit, dark Hell's raging fire,  
Envy, Hatred, Vengeance, Ire,  
Let not Lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I'll sing,  
Loudly sweep the trembling string.  
Bear a part, O Wisdom's sons !  
Freed from vain religions.  
Lo ! from far I you salute,  
Sweetly warbling on my lute,  
Indie, Egypt, Araby,  
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,  
Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,  
With the Mountains of the Moon,  
From whence muddy Nile doth run ;  
Or where ever else you won \*  
Breathing in one vital air,  
One we are, though distant far.

Rise at once, let's sacrifice,  
Odours sweet perfume the skies.  
See how heavenly lightning fires  
Hearts inflamed with high aspires !  
All the substance of our souls

Up in clouds of incense rolls,  
 Leave we nothing to ourselves  
 Save a voice, what need we else ?  
 Than hand to wear and tire  
 On the thankful lute or lyre.

Sing aloud, His praise rehearse  
 Who hath made the Universe.

## CCXIX

*From 'AN HYMN IN THE HONOUR OF  
 THOSE TWO DESPISED VIRTUES,  
 CHARITY AND HUMILITY'\**

Could I demolish with mine eye  
 Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in sky,  
 Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,  
 Or turn black midnight to bright noon ;  
 Though all things were put in my hand—  
 As parched, as dry as th' Libyan sand  
 Would be my life if Charity  
 Were wanting. But Humility  
 Is more than my poor soul durst crave,  
 That lies entombed in lowly grave.  
 But if 't were lawful up to send  
 My voice to Heaven, this should it rend :  
 Lord thrust me deeper into dust,  
 That thou mayst raise me with the just.

THOMAS NABBES (1612-1645)

## CCXX

*HER REAL WORTH\**

What though with figures I should raise  
 Above all height my Mistress' praise,  
 Calling her cheek a blushing rose,  
 The fairest June did e'er disclose,

Her forehead lilies, and her eyes  
 The luminaries of the skies ;  
 That on her lips ambrosia grows,  
 And from her kisses nectar flows ?  
 Too great hyperbolès ! unless  
 She loves me, she is none of these,  
 But if her heart and her desires  
 Do answer mine with equal fires,  
 These attributes are then too poor ;  
 She is all these, and ten times more.

## CCXXI

*UPON EXCELLENT STRONG BEER, WHICH  
 HE DRANK AT THE TOWN OF WICK,  
 IN WORCESTERSHIRE, WHERE SALT  
 IS MADE*

Thou ever youthful god of wine,  
 Whose burnished cheeks with ruby shine,  
 Thy brows with ivy chaplets crowned ;  
 We dare thee here to pledge a round !  
 Thy wanton grapes we do detest ;  
 Here's richer juice from barley pressed.

Let not the Muses vainly tell  
 What virtue's in the horse-hoof well,  
 That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,  
 But with mere inspiration feeds :  
 Oh, let them come and taste this beer,  
 And water henceforth they'll forswear.

If that the Paracelsian crew  
 The virtues of this liquor knew,  
 Their endless toils they would give o'er,  
 And never use extractions more.  
 'Tis medicine ; meat for young and old ;  
 Elixir ; blood of tortured gold !

It is sublimed ; it's calcinate ;  
 'Tis rectified ; precipitate ;

It is Androgena, Sol's wife ;  
 It is the Mercury of Life ;  
 It is the quintessence of malt ;  
 And they that drink it want no salt !

It heals, it hurts ; it cures, it kills ;  
 Men's heads with proclamations fills ;  
 It makes some dumb and others speak ;  
 Strong vessels hold, and cracked ones leak ;  
 It makes some rich, and others poor ;  
 It makes, and yet mars many a score.

## CCXXII

## SONG \*

What a dainty life the milk-maid leads !  
 When over the flowery meads  
 She dabbles in the dew  
 And sings to her cow,  
 And feels not the pain  
 Of love or disdain :  
 She sleeps in the night though she toils in  
 the day,  
 And merrily passeth her time away.

## SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (1581-1613)

## CCXXIII

## EPITAPH ON HIMSELF \*

Now, measuring out my days, 'tis here I rest ;  
 That is my body, but my soul, his guest  
 Is hence ascended whither neither time,  
 Nor faith, nor hope, but only love can climb ;  
 Where being now enlightened she doth know  
 The truth of all things which are talked below ;  
 Only this dust shall here in pawn remain,  
 That when the world dissolves, she'll come again.

THOMAS PESTEL (?) 1585-1667

CCXXIV

*THE RELIEF*

Like an hart, the livelong day  
 That in thorns and thickets lay,  
 Rouse thee, soul, thy flesh forsake,  
 Got to r elief \* from thy brake ;  
 Shuddering I would have thee part, \*  
 And at every motion start.  
 Look behind thee still to see  
 If thy frailties follow thee.  
 Deep in the silence of the night  
 Take a sweet and stol'n delight,  
 Graze on clover by this calm,  
 Precious spring of bleeding balm,  
 Thou rememberest how it ran  
 From His side, that's God and Man.  
 Taste the pleasures of this stream.  
 Thou wilt think thy flesh a dream :  
 Nightly this repast go take,  
 Get to r elief from thy brake.

CCXXV

*PSALM FOR CHRISTMAS DAY*

Fairest of morning lights, appear  
 Thou blest and gaudy day,  
 On which was born our Saviour dear :  
 Arise and come away !

This day prevents His day of doom ;  
 His mercy now is nigh ;  
 The mighty God of Love is come,  
 The Dayspring from on high !

Behold the great Creator makes  
 Himself an house of clay,

A robe of Virgin-flesh he takes,  
Which he will wear for aye.

Hark, hark, the wise Eternal Word  
Like a weak infant cries ;  
In form of servant is the Lord,  
And God in cradle lies.

The wonder struck the world amazed,  
It shook the starry frame,  
Squadrons of Spirits stood and gazed,  
Then down in troops they came.

Glad shepherds ran to view this sight ;  
A quire of Angels sings ;  
And eastern Sages with delight  
Adore this King of kings.

Join then, all hearts that are at one,  
And all our voices prove,  
To celebrate this Holy One,  
The God of peace and love.

## CCXXVI

*PSALM FOR SUNDAY NIGHT\**

O sing the glories of our Lord ;  
His grace and truth resound,  
And His stupendous acts record,  
Whose mercies have no bound !

He made the All-informing light  
And hosts of Angels fair ;  
'Tis He with shadows clothes the night,  
He clouds or clears the air.

Those restless skies with stars enchased  
He on firm hinges set ;  
The wave-embracèd earth He placed  
His hanging cabinet.

We in His summer-sunshine stand,  
And by His favour grow ;

We gather what His bounteous hand  
Is pleasèd to bestow.

When he contracts His brow, we mourn,  
And all our strength is vain ;  
To former dust in death we turn,  
Till He inspire again.

## THOMAS PHILIPOTT (?-1684)

CCXXVII

*From ' A DIVINE HYMN '*

O Thou who art all light, from whose pure beams  
The infant day-light streams,  
And to whose lustre all the throng of stars—  
Those mystic characters  
Writ in the dusky volume of the Night,—  
Do owe their stock of light ;  
Who, when the sun, i' th' nonage of the year,  
Like a bridegroom does appear,  
Sweet with the balmy perfumes of the East,  
With light's embroidery dressed,  
And spangled o'er with brightness, does array  
That planet with each ray  
He glitters with ; a powerful spark inspire  
Of thy celestial fire  
Into my frozen heart, that there may be  
A flame blown up in me,  
Whose light may shine like the meridian sun  
In the dark horizon  
Of my benighted soul, and thence distil  
Into a pious rill  
Of contrite tears, those clouds which do control  
The prospect \* of my soul,  
That so the beams of faith may clearly shine  
Amidst its crystalline.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS (1631-1664)

CCXXVIII

*TO MY EXCELLENT LUCASIA, ON  
OUR FRIENDSHIP \**

I did not live until this time  
Crowned my felicity,  
When I could say without a crime,  
I am not thine, but thee.

For as a watch by art is wound  
To motion, such was mine :  
But never had Orinda found  
A soul till she found thine.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth  
To mine compared can be :  
They have but pieces of this earth,  
I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,  
And no false fear control,  
As innocent as our design,  
Immortal as our soul.

EDMUND PRESTWICH (?)

CCXXIX

*TO PHOEBUS*

*Seeing A Lady Before Sunrise \**

Phoebus, lie still, and take thy rest  
Securely on thy Tethys' breast,  
Thou need'st not rise to gild the East :

For she is up whose wakings may  
Give birth and measure to the day,  
Although thou hide thyself away.

Phoebus, lie still, and keep the side  
 Warm of thy chaste and wat'ry bride,  
 Thy useless glory laid aside :

For she is up whose beauty's might  
 Can change ev'n darkness into light,  
 When thou can'st but succeed the night.

Phoebus, lie still, and shroud thy head  
 Within the covert of thy bed,  
 Or counterfeit that thou art dead.

For she is up, and I do find  
 Gazing on thee doth only blind  
 The outward eyes, but her the mind.

Yet Phoebus rise, and take thy chair  
 Once more, shaking dull vapours from thy hair ;  
 But wink and look not on my fair :

For, if thou once her beauty view,  
 Ere night thou wilt thyself undo  
 Nor have a home to go unto.

And were thy chariot empty, she  
 But too unfit a guide would be,  
 Having already scorched me :

For I'm afraid lest with desire  
 She once more set the world on fire,  
 Making all others Ethiops by her.

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644)

CCXXX

*DEPENDENCE ON GOD \**

Even as the needle, that directs the hour,  
 Touched with the loadstone, by the secret power  
 Of hidden nature, points upon the Pole ;  
 Even so the wavering powers of my soul,  
 Touched by the virtue of thy Spirit, flee  
 From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.

When I have faith to hold Thee by the hand,  
 I walk securely, and methinks I stand  
 More firm than Atlas ; but when I forsake  
 The safe protection of Thine arm, I quake  
 Like wind-shaked reeds, and have no strength at  
 all,  
 But like a vine, the prop cut down, I fall.

## CCXXXI

*A DIVINE RAPTURE \**

E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks,  
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton  
 streams,  
 And having ranged and searched a thousand  
 nooks,  
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,  
 Where in a greater current they conjoin :  
 So I my Best-belovèd's am ; so He is mine.  
 E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,  
 E'en so we joined, we both became entire ;  
 No need for either to renew a suit,  
 For I was flax, and He was flames of fire :  
 Our firm-united souls did more than twine ;  
 So I my Best-belovèd's am ; so He is mine.  
 If all those glittering Monarchs, that command  
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
 Should tender in exchange their shares of land,  
 I would not change my fortunes for them all :  
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :  
 The world's but theirs ; but my Belovèd's mine.

## CCXXXII

*THE SOLITARY \**

How blest are they that waste their weary hours  
 In solemn groves and solitary bowers,  
 Where neither eye nor ear  
 Can see or hear

The frantic mirth  
 And false delights of frolic earth ;  
 Where they may sit and pant  
 And breathe their pursy souls ;  
 Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want  
 Afflicts, nor sullen care controls !  
 Away false joys ! ye murder where ye kiss :  
 There is no heaven to that, no life to this.

## CCXXXIII

*EPIGRAM*

My soul, what's better than a feather ? Wind.  
 Than wind ? The fire. And what than fire ?  
     The Mind.  
 What's higher than the mind ? A thought.  
     Than thought ?  
 This bubble world. What than this bubble ?  
     Naught.

## CCXXXIV

*ANOTHER*

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on ;  
 Judge not the play before the play is done :  
 Her plot has many changes : every day  
 Speaks a new scene : the last act crowns the play.

## CCXXXV

*VENUS TO CUPID \**

Thine eye's not ripe for tears : wish lullaby ;  
 What ails my babe, my sweet-faced babe to  
     cry ?  
 Look, look, what's here ! A dainty golden thing :  
 See how the dancing bells turn round and ring,  
 To please my bantling ! Here's a knack will breed  
 An hundred kisses ; here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair  
 As Pelops' shoulder, or like a milk-white pair ;  
 Here's right the father's smile ; when Mars  
     beguiled  
 Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smiled.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-1635)

CCXXXVI

AN ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY  
 STAFFORD \*

*To hasten him into the country*

Come, spur away,  
 I have no patience for a longer stay,  
     But must go down  
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:  
     I will the country see,  
     Where old simplicity,  
         Though hid in gray,  
         Doth look more gay  
 Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.  
     Farewell, you city wits, that are  
     Almost at civil war—  
 'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world  
 grows mad.

More of my days  
 I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise ;  
     Or to make sport  
 For some light Puisne of the Inns of Court.  
     Then worthy Stafford, say,  
     How shall we spend the day ?  
         With what delights  
         Shorten the nights ?  
 When from this tumult we are got secure,  
     Where mirth with all her freedom goes,  
     Yet shall no finger lose ;  
 Where every word is thought, and every thought  
 is pure ?

There from the tree  
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;  
And every day  
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,  
Whose brown hath lovelier grace  
Than any painted face  
That I do know  
Hyde Park can show :  
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet  
(Though some of them in greater state  
Might court my love with plate)  
The beauties of the Cheap and wives of Lombard  
Street.

But think upon  
Some other pleasures : these to me are none.  
Why do I prate  
Of women, that are things against my fate !  
I never mean to wed  
That torture to my bed :  
My Muse is she  
My love shall be.  
Let clowns get wealth and heirs : when I am gone  
And that great bugbear, grisly Death,  
Shall take this idle breath,  
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more !  
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.  
No fruit shall 'scape  
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.  
Then, full, we'll seek a shade,  
And hear what music's made ;  
How Philomel  
Her tale doth tell,  
And how the other birds do fill the quire ;  
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,  
Warbling melodious notes ;  
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,  
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly :

Nor will we spare  
 To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare ;  
     But let our hounds run loose  
     In any ground they'll choose ;  
         The buck shall fall,  
         The stag, and all.

Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,  
     For to my Muse, if not to me,  
     I'm sure all game is free :  
 Heaven, earth are all but parts of her great  
 royalty.

    And when we mean  
 To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,  
     And drink by stealth  
 A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,  
     I'll take my pipe and try  
     The Phrygian melody ;  
         Which he that hears,  
         Lets through his ears  
 A madness to distemper all the brain :  
     Then I another pipe will take  
     And Doric music make,  
 To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

CCXXXVII

*A DEVOUT LOVER*

I have a mistress, for perfections rare  
 In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.  
 Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes ;  
 Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice ;  
 And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,  
 Still her perfection lets religion in.  
 We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours  
 As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers :  
 I touch her with my beads, with devout care,  
 And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

## CCXXXVIII

*A CHARM SONG \**

Quiet, sleep ! or I will make  
 Erinnys whip thee with a snake,  
 And cruel Rhadamanthus take  
 Thy body to the boiling lake,  
 Where fire and brimstone never slake ;  
 Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,  
 And every joint about thee quake,  
 And therefore dare not yet to wake !

Quiet, sleep ! or thou shalt see  
 The horrid hags of Tartary,  
 Whose tresses ugly serpents be,  
 And Cerberus shall bark at thee,  
 And all the Furies that are three—  
 The worst is called Tisiphone,—  
 Shall lash thee to eternity,  
 And therefore sleep thou peacefully.

## CCXXXIX

*EPIGRAM \**

These are things, that being possessed  
 Will make a life that's truly blest :  
 Estate bequeathed, not got with toil ;  
 A good hot fire, a grateful soil.  
 No strife, warm clothes, a quiet soul,  
 A strength entire, a body whole,  
 Prudent simplicity, equal friends,  
 A diet that no art commends.  
 A night not drunk and yet secure ;  
 A bed not sad, yet chaste and pure.  
 Long sleeps to make the nights but short,  
 A will to be but what thou art.  
 Nought rather choose ; contented lie,  
 And neither fear, nor wish to die.

## CCXL

*INVOCATION—FRAGMENT*

Come from thy palace, beauteous Queen of  
 Greece,  
 Sweet Helen of the world. Rise like the morn,  
 Clad in the smock of night, that all the stars  
 May close their eyes, and then, grown blind,  
 Run weeping to the man i' the moon,  
 To borrow his dog to lead the spheres a-begging.

## SAMUEL ROWLEY (1580?-1633?)

## CCXLI

*SORROW*

Oh, sorrow, sorrow, say where dost thou dwell ?  
 In the lowest room of hell.  
 Art thou born of human race ?  
 No, no, I have a fury's face.  
 Art thou in city, town or court ?  
 I to every place resort.  
 Oh, why into the world is sorrow sent ?  
 Men afflicted best repent.  
 What dost thou feed on ?  
 Broken sleep.  
 What takest thou pleasure in ?  
 To weep,  
 To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,  
 To wring my hands, to sit alone.  
 Oh when, oh when shall sorrow quiet have ?  
 Never, never, never, never,\*  
 Never till she finds a grave.

WILLIAM ROWLEY (1585?-1642?)

CCXLII

*TRIP IT, GIPSIES \**

Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,  
 Show tricks and lofty capers ;  
 At threading-needles \* we repine,  
 And leaping over rapiers :  
 Pindy-pandy rascal toys !  
 We scorn cutting purses ;  
 Though we live by making noise,  
 For cheating none can curse us.

Over high ways, over low,  
 And over stones and gravel,  
 Though we trip it on the toe,  
 And thus for silver travel ;  
 Though our dances waste our backs,  
 At night fat capons mend them ;  
 Eggs well brewed in buttered sack,  
 Our wenches say, befriend them.

Oh that all the world were mad !  
 Then should we have fine dancing ;  
 Hobby-horses would be had,  
 And brave girls keep a-prancing ;  
 Beggars would on cock-horse ride,  
 And boobies fall a-roaring ;  
 And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,  
 Be one another goring.

Welcome, poet, to our ging ! \*  
 Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,  
 Canary bees thy brains shall sting,  
 Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason ;  
 Peter-see-me \* shall wash thy nowl ; \*  
 And Malaga glasses fox thee ; \*  
 If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,  
 Thou shalt not kiss a doxy.

## CCXLIII

*THE CHASE \**

Art thou gone in haste ?  
 I'll not forsake thee ;  
 Runnest thou ne'er so fast,  
 I'll overtake thee :  
 O'er the dales, o'er the downs,  
 Through the green meadows,  
 From the fields, through the towns,  
 To the dim shadows.

All along the plain  
 To the low fountains,  
 Up and down again,  
 From the high mountains ·  
 Echo shall then again  
 Tell her I follow,  
 And the floods to the woods  
 Carry my holla !  
 Holla !  
 La ! la ! lo ! lo ! lu !

## CCXLIV

*COME FOLLOW ME \**

Come follow me, you country lasses,  
 And you shall see such sport as passes :  
 You shall dance and I will sing ;  
 Pedro, he shall rub the string ;  
 Each shall have a loose-bodied gown  
 Of green, and laugh till you lie down.  
 Come follow me, come follow, *etc.*

You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,  
 Buds where the honey-maker grazes ;  
 You shall taste the golden thighs,  
 Such as in wax-chamber lies :

What fruit please you taste, freely pull,  
Till you have all your bellies full.  
Come follow me, come follow, *etc.*

CCXLV

*SIMPLICITY*

Happy times we live to see,  
Whose master is Simplicity :  
This is the age where blessings flow,  
In joy we reap, in peace we sow ;  
We do good deeds without delay,  
We promise and we keep our day ;  
We love for virtue, not for wealth,  
We drink no healths, but all for health ;  
We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play,  
Our work's continual holiday ;  
We live in poor contented sort,  
Yet neither beg, nor come at court.

JOSEPH RUTTER (16 ?-1635)

CCXLVI

*MARRIAGE HYMN \**

Hymen ! God of marriage bed !  
Be thou ever honoured :  
Thou, whose torch's purer light  
Death's sad tapers did affright,  
And instead of funeral fires  
Kindled lovers' chaste desires :  
    May their love  
    Ever prove  
True and constant ; let not age  
Know their youthful heat t'assuage !  
  
Maids ! prepare the genial bed :  
Then come, night ! and hide that red

Which her cheeks, his heart does burn,  
 Till the envious day return,  
 And the lusty bridegroom say,  
 " I have chased her fears away,  
     And instead  
     Of virginhed,  
 Given her a greater good,  
 Perfection and womanhood."

WILLIAM SAMPSON (1590?-1636?)

CCXLVII

*SIMPLES TO SELL \**

Come, will you buy ? For I have here  
 The rarest gums that ever were ;  
 Gold is but dross, and features die,  
 Else Aesculapius tells a lie.

    But I,  
 Come, will you buy ?  
 Have medicine for that malady.

Is there a lady in this place  
 Would not be masked, but for her face ?  
 O do not blush, for here is that  
 Will make your pale cheeks plump and fat.  
     Then why  
 Should I thus cry,  
 And none a scruple of me buy ?

Come buy, you lusty gallants,  
 These simples which I sell ;  
 In all your days were never seen like these,  
 For beauty, strength and smell.  
 Here's the king-cup, the pansy with the violet,  
 The rose that loves the shower,  
 The wholesome gilliflower,  
     Both the cowslip, lily,  
     And the daffodilly,  
 With a thousand in my power.

Here's golden amaranthus  
 That true love can provoke,  
 Of horehound store, and poisoning helebore,  
 With the polipode of the oak ;  
 Here's chaste vervine and lustful eringo.  
 Health preserving sage,  
 And rue which cures old age,  
 With a world of others,  
 Making fruitful mothers ;  
 All these attend me as my page.

GEORGE SANDYS (1578-1644)

CCXLVIII

*PSALM XC \**

O Thou the Father of us all,  
 Our refuge from th' Original ;  
 That wert our God, before  
 The aery mountains had their birth,  
 Or fabrick of the peopled earth ;  
 And art for evermore.

But frail man, daily dying must  
 At thy command return to dust ;  
 Or should he ages last ;  
 Ten thousand years are in thy sight  
 But like a quadrant of the night,  
 Or as a day that's past.

He by thy torrent swept from hence,  
 An empty dream, which mocks the sense,  
 And from the fancy flies :  
 Such as the beauty of the rose  
 Which in the dewy morning blows,  
 Then hangs the head and dies.

## THOMAS SHEPHERD (?)

CCXLIX

*A REQUEST \**

Alas, my God, that we should be  
 Such strangers to each other !  
 O that as friends we might agree,  
 And walk and talk together.

May I taste that communion, Lord,  
 Thy people have with Thee ?  
 Thy Spirit daily talks with them,  
 O let it talk with me !

Like Enoch, let me walk with God,  
 And thus walk out my day,  
 Attended with the Heavenly Guards,  
 Upon the King's highway.

When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord ?  
 For, till Thou dost appear,  
 I count each moment for a day,  
 Each minute for a year.

## SAMUEL SHEPPARD (?)

CCL

*DEATH'S EQUALITY.*

Though here on earth men differ, in the grave  
 There's no distinction ; all alike they have.  
 Then must the conqueror with the captive spread  
 On one bare earth as in the common bed ;  
 The all commanding general hath no span  
 Of ground allowed, more than a common man.  
 Folly with wisdom hath an equal share,  
 The foul and fair to like dust changèd are,  
 This is, of all mortality, the end :  
 Thersites now with Nereus dares contend

And with Achilles he hath equal place,  
 That living, durst not look him in the face.\*  
 The servant with his master, and the maid  
 Stretched by her mistress, both their heads are laid  
 Upon an equal pillow ; subjects keep  
 Courts with kings equal, and as soft they sleep,  
 Lodging their heads upon a turf of grass,  
 As they on marble, or on figured brass.

## SIR EDWARD SHERBORNE (1618-1702)

CCLI

*FALSE LYCÒRIS \**

Lately, by clear Thames, his side,  
 Fair Lycòris I espied,  
 With the pen of her white hand  
 These words printing on the sand ;  
*None Lycòris doth approve*  
*But Mirtillo for her love.*

Ah! false Nymph! those words were fit  
 In sand only to be writ :  
 For the quickly rising streams  
 Of oblivion and the Thames  
 In a little moment's stay  
 From the shore washed clean away  
 What thy hand had there impressed,  
 And Mirtillo from thy breast.

## JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666)

CCLII

*HYMN \**

O fly, my Soul! What hangs upon  
 Thy drooping wings,  
 And weighs them down  
 With love of gaudy mortal things?

## JAMES SHIRLEY

The Sun is now i' the east : each shade  
 As he doth rise  
 Is shorter made,  
 That earth may lessen to our eyes.

O be not careless then and play  
 Until the Star of Peace  
 Hide all his beams in dark recess  
 Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,  
 When all the shadows do increase.

## CCLIII

*ON HER DANCING*

I stood and saw my Mistress dance,  
 Silent, and with so fixed an eye,  
 Some might suppose me in a trance :  
 But being askèd why,  
 By one who knew I was in love,  
 I could not but impart  
 My wonder, to behold her move  
 So nimbly with a marble heart.

## CCLIV

*IO \**

You virgins that did late despair  
 To keep your wealth from cruel men,  
 Tie up in silk your careless hair,  
 Soft peace is come again.

Now Lovers' eyes may gently shoot  
 A flame that wo'not kill :  
 The drum was angry, but the lute  
 Shall whisper what you will.

Sing Io, Io, for his sake,  
 Who hath restored your drooping heads,  
 With choice of sweetest flowers make  
 A garden where he treads.

Whilst we whole groves of laurel bring,  
A petty triumph to his brow,  
Who is the Master of the Spring,  
And all the bloom we owe.

CCLV

*THE GARDEN \**

This garden does not take my eyes,  
Though here you show how art of men  
Can purchase Nature at a price  
Would stock old Paradise again.

These glories while you dote upon,  
I envy not your spring nor pride,  
Nay boast the summer all your own,  
My thoughts with less are satisfied.

Give me a little plot of ground,  
Where might I with the sun agree,  
Though every day he walk the round,  
My garden he should seldom see.

Those tulips that such wealth display,  
To court my eye, shall lose their name,  
Though now they listen, as if they  
Expected I should praise their flame.

But I would see myself appear  
Within the violet's drooping head,  
On which a melancholy tear  
The discontented morn hath shed.\*

Within their buds let roses sleep,  
And virgin lilies on their stem,  
Till sighs from lovers glide and weep  
Into their leaves to open them.

I' th' centre of my ground compose  
Of bays and yew my summer room,  
Which may so oft as I repose,  
Present my harbour, and my tomb.

## CCLVI

*DOOM \**

Victorious men of earth, no more  
 Proclaim how wide your empires are ;  
 Though you bind in every shore,  
 And your triumphs reach as far  
     As night or day,  
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,  
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague and War,  
 Each able to undo mankind,  
 Death's servile emissaries are :  
 Nor to these alone confined,  
     He hath at will  
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;  
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

## CCLVII

*THE BREAKING OF THE MASQUE \**

Come away, away, away !  
 See the dawning of the day,  
 Risen from the murmuring streams ;  
 Some stars show with sickly beams,  
 What stock of flame they are allowed,  
 Each retiring to a cloud ;  
 Bid your active sports adieu,  
 The morning else will blush for you.  
 Ye feather-footed hours run  
 To dress the chariot of the sun ;  
 Harness the steeds, it quickly will  
 Be time to mount the eastern hill.  
 The lights grow pale with modest fears,  
 Lest you offend their sacred ears  
 And eyes, that lent you all this grace ;

Retire, retire, to your own place.  
 And as you move from that blest pair,  
 Let each heart kneel and think a prayer,  
 That all, that can make up the glory  
 Of good and great may fill their story.

THOMAS STANLEY (1625-1678)

CCLVIII

*CELIA SINGING*

Roses in breathing forth their scent,  
 Or stars their borrowed ornament ;  
 Nymphs in the watery sphere that move,  
 Or angels in the orbs above ;  
 The wingèd chariot of the light,  
 Or the slow, silent wheels of night ;  
 The shade, which from the swifter sun  
 Doth in a swifter motion run ;  
 Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,  
 Make far more \* noise than Celia's breath in sleep.

But if the Angel, which inspires  
 This subtle plane with active fires,  
 Should mould this breath to words, and those  
 Into a harmony dispose,  
 The music of this heavenly sphere  
 Would steal each soul out at the ear,  
 And into plants and stones infuse  
 A life that Cherubim would choose,  
 And with new powers invert the laws of fate,  
 Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

CCLIX

*THE RELAPSE*

O turn away those cruel eyes,  
 The stars of my undoing !  
 Or death in such a bright disguise,  
 May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blind and impious pride,  
 Who dare contemn thy glory ;  
 It was my fall that deified  
 Thy name, and sealed thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare  
 A higher praise to crown thee ;  
 Though my first death proclaim thee fair,  
 My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice  
 No other for thy fuel,  
 And if thou burn one victim twice,  
 Both think thee poor and cruel.

## CCLX

*THE EXEQUIES*

Draw near  
 You lovers that complain  
 Of fortune or disdain,  
 And to my ashes lend a tear !  
 Melt the hard marble with your groans,  
 And soften the relentless stones,  
 Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide  
 Of all love's cruelties, and beauty's pride.

No verse,  
 No epicedium bring,  
 Nor peaceful requiem sing,  
 To charm the terrors of my herse !  
 No profane numbers must flow near  
 The sacred silence that dwells here.  
 Vast griefs are dumb ; softly, oh, softly mourn !  
 Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew  
 Upon my dismal grave  
 Such offerings as you have—  
 Forsaken cypress and sad yew ;

For kinder flowers can take no birth  
 Or growth from such unhappy earth.  
 Weep only o'er my dust, and say, ' Here lies  
 To love and fate an equal sacrifice.'

## CCLXI

*EXPECTATION*

Chide, chide no more away  
 The fleeting daughters of the day,  
 Nor with impatient thoughts outrun  
     The lazy sun,  
 Or think the hours do move too slow ;  
     Delay is kind,  
 And we too soon shall find  
 That which we seek, yet fear to know.

The mystic dark decrees  
 Unfold not of the Destinies,  
 Nor boldly seek to antedate  
     The laws of Fate,  
 Thy anxious search awhile forbear,  
     Suppress thy haste,  
 And know that time at last  
 Will crown thy hope or fix thy fear.

WILLIAM STRODE (1600-1645)

## CCLXII

*OPPOSITE TO MELANCHOLY \**

Return my joys, and hither bring  
 A tongue not made to speak but sing,  
 A jolly spleen, an inward feast,  
 A causeless laugh without a jest,  
 A face which gladness doth anoint,  
 An arm that springs out of his joint,  
 A sprightly gait that leaves no print,  
 And makes a feather of a flint,

A heart that's lighter than the air,  
 An eye still dancing in his sphere,  
 Strong mirth which nothing can control,  
 A body nimbler than the soul,  
 Free wand'ring thoughts not tied to muse,  
 Which think on all things, nothing choose,  
 Which ere we see them come are gone ;  
 These life itself doth feed upon.

## CCLXIII

*IN COMMENDATION OF MUSIC \**

When whispering strains do softly steal  
 With creeping passion through the heart,  
 And when at every touch we feel  
 Our pulses beat and bear a part ;

When threads can make

A heartstring shake,

Philosophy

Can scarce deny

The soul consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joy we feign

Whate'er the soul affecteth most,

Which only thus we can explain

By music of the wingèd host,

Whose lays we think

Make stars to wink,

Philosophy

Can scarce deny

Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air,

My senses rock with wonder sweet ;

Like snow on wool thy fallings are,

Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet :

Grief who need fear

That hath an ear ?

Down let him lie

And slumb'ring die

And change his soul for harmony.

## CCLXIV

*ON WESTWELL DOWNS\**

When Westwell Downs I 'gan to tread,  
 Where cleanly winds the green did sweep,  
 Methought a landscape there was spread,  
 Here a bush and there a sheep :  
     The pleated wrinkles of the face  
     Of wave-swoln earth did lend such grace,  
     As shadowings in Imag'ry  
     Which both deceive and please the eye.

Here and there two hilly crests  
 Amidst them hug a pleasant green,  
 And these are like two swelling breasts  
 That close a tender fall between.  
     Here would I sleep or read or pray  
     From early morn till flight of day :  
     But hark ! a sheep-bell calls me up,  
     Like Oxford college bells, to sup.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

## CCLXV

*THE FALSE ONE\**

Hast thou seen the down in the air,  
     When wanton blasts have tossed it ?  
 Or the ship on the sea,  
     When ruder winds have crossed it ?  
 Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping,  
     Or the fox's sleeping ?  
 Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,  
     Or the dove by his bride,  
     When he courts for his lechery ?  
 Oh ! so fickle, oh ! so vain, oh ! so false, so  
     false is she !

## CCLXVI

*TRUE LOVE \**

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be

But an ill love in me,

And worse for thee ;

For were it in my power

To love thee now this hour

More than I did the last ;

'Twould then so fall,

I might not love at all ;

Love that can flow, and can admit increase,

Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

True love is still the same ; the torrid zones,

And those more frigid ones,

It must not know :

For love grown cold or hot,

Is lust or friendship, not

The thing we have.

For that's a flame would die,

Held down or up too high :

Then think I love more than I can express,

And would love more, could I but love thee less.

## CCLXVII •

*A SUPPLEMENT OF AN IMPERFECT  
COPY OF VERSES OF MR. WIL.  
SHAKESPEARE, BY THE AUTHOR \**

One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,

Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;

Which therefore swelled, and seemed to part  
asunder,

As angry to be robbed of such a bliss :

The one looked pale, and for revenge did long,

While t'other blushed, 'cause it had done the  
wrong.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was

On a green satin quilt, whose perfect white  
Looked like a daisy in a field of grass,

And shewed like unmelt snow unto the sight :  
There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep  
The rest o' the body, that lay fast asleep.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,

Strove to imprison beauty 'till the morn ;  
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,  
That it broke through and shewed itself in  
scorn.

Throwing a kind of light about the place,  
Which turned to smiles still as't came near her face.

Her beams (which some dull men called hair)  
divided,

Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did  
sport ;

But these, as rude, her breath put by still ; some  
Wiselier downwards sought ; but falling short,  
Curled back again in rings, and seemed to turn  
again

To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

## CCLXVIII

## SONG \*

If you refuse me once, and think again

I will complain,

You are deceived ; Love is no work of art,

It must be got and born,

Not made and worn,

By every one that has a heart.

Or do you think they more than once can die

Whom you deny ?

Who tell you of a thousand deaths a day,

Like the old poets feign,

And tell the pain

They met, but in the common way.

Or do you think't too soon to yield,  
 And quit the field ?  
 Nor is that right they yield that first entreat ;  
 Once one may crave for love,  
 But more would prove  
 That heart too little, that too great.

Oh, that I were all Soul, that I might prove  
 For you as fit a love,  
 As you are for an Angel ; for I know  
 None but pure spirits are fit loves for you.

You are all ethereal, there's in you no dross,  
 Nor any part that's gross ;  
 Your coarsest part is like a curious lawn,  
 The vestal relics for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the purest fire  
 That e'er heaven did inspire,  
 Make every thought that is refined by it,  
 A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

- Thus have your raptures reached to that degree  
 In love's philosophy,  
 That you can figure to yourself a fire  
 Void of all heat, a love without desire.

Nor in Divinity do you go less,  
 You think and you profess  
 That souls may have a plenitude of joy,  
 Although their bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find  
 The motions of my mind  
 So purified as yet, but at the best,  
 My body claims in them an interest.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts  
 As joyful as our hearts.  
 Our senses tell us, if we please not them,  
 Our love is but a dotage, or a dream.

How shall we then agree ? You may descend,  
 But will not, to my end.

I fain would tune my fancy to your key,  
But cannot reach to that abstracted way.

There rests but this ; that whilst we sorrow here,  
Our bodies may draw near :  
And when no more their joys they can extend,  
Then let our souls begin where they did end.

## CCLXIX

*AGAINST MARTYRDOM \**

O, for some honest lover's ghost,  
Some kind unbodied post  
Sent from the shades below !  
I strangely long to know  
Whether the noble chaplets wear  
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear  
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatso'er they tell us here  
To make those sufferings dear,  
'Twill there, I fear, be found  
That to the being crowned  
T'have loved alone will not suffice,  
Unless we also have been wise  
And have our loves enjoyed.

What posture can we think him in  
That here unloved, again  
Departs, and's thither gone  
Where each sits by his own ?  
Or, how can that Elysium be  
Where I my mistress still must see  
Circled in other's arms ?

For there the judges all are just,  
And Sophonisba must  
Be his whom she held dear,  
Not his who loved her here.  
The sweet Philoclea, since she died,  
Lies by her Pirocles his side,  
Not by Amphialus.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough  
 For difference crowns the brow  
 Of those kind souls that were  
 The noble martyrs here :  
 And if that be the only odds  
 (As who can tell?) ye kinder gods,  
 Give me the woman here !

## CCLXX

*A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING \**

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,  
 Where I the rarest things have seen,  
 Oh, things without compare !  
 Such sights again cannot be found  
 In any place on English ground,  
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way  
 Where we (thou know'st ) do sell our hay,  
 There is a house with stairs ;  
 And there did I see coming down  
 Such folks as are not in our town,  
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine  
 (His beard no bigger though than thine)  
 Walked on before the rest :  
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him !  
 The king (God bless him) 'twould undo him,  
 Should he go still so drest.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),  
 For such a maid no Whitsun-Ale  
 Could ever yet produce :  
 No grape that's kindly ripe, could be  
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
 Would not stay on which they did bring ;  
 It was too wide a peck :

And to say truth (for out it must)  
It looked like the great collar (just)  
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out  
As if they feared the light :  
But oh ! she dances such a way !  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight. ,

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison ;  
(Who sees them is undone),  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,  
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,  
Compared to that was next her chin ;  
(Some bee had stung it newly.)  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
That they might passage get :  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours or better,  
And were not spent a whit.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,  
And all the waiters in a trice  
His summons did obey ;  
Each servingman with dish in hand,  
Marched boldly up, like our trained-band,  
Presented, and away.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ,  
Healts first go round and then the House,  
The brides came thick and thick ;

And when 'twas named another's health,  
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,  
(And who could help it, Dick ?).

O' the sudden up they rise and dance ;  
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance ;  
Then dance again, and kiss :  
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,  
Till ev'ry woman wished her place,  
And ev'ry man wished his.

By this time all were stol'n aside  
To counsel and undress the bride :  
But that he must not know :  
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,  
And did not mean to stay behind  
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay  
Like new-fal'n snow melting away,  
( 'Twas time, I trow, to part : )  
Kisses were now the only stay,  
Which soon she gave, as who would say,  
*Good Boy* : with all my heart.

But just as heaven would have to cross it,  
In came the bridesmaids with the posset :  
The bridegroom all in spight ;  
For had he left the women to 't  
It would have cost two hours to do't,  
Which were too much that night !

At length the candle's out ; and now  
All that they had not done, they do :  
What that is, who can tell ?  
But I believe it was no more  
Than thou and I have done before  
With Bridget and with Nell.

## CCLXXI

## SONG

When, dearest, I but think of thee,  
 Methinks all things that lovely be  
   Are present, and my soul delighted :  
 For beauties that from worth arise  
 Are like the grace of deities,  
   Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day  
 With all his borrowed lights away,  
   Till night's black wings do overtake me,  
 Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,  
 As sudden lights do sleepy men,  
   So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves  
 No absence can subsist with loves  
   That do partake of fair perfection :  
 Since in the darkest night they may  
 By love's quick motion find a way  
   To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood  
 Bathe some high promont that hath stood  
   Far from the main up in the river :  
 O think not then but love can do  
 As much ! for that's an ocean too,  
   Which flows not every day but ever.

JOHN TAYLOR (1580-1653)

## CCLXXII

## EPIGRAM \*

Eagles and Lions, Kings of birds and beasts,  
 Adorn men's seals and arms with honoured  
   crests :  
 But hearts are hearts, and fairest fowls are fowl ;  
 And many a knave's seal's better than his soul.

## AURELIAN TOWNSHEND (1610-1643)

CCLXXIII

*THE PLIGHT OF MERCURY \**

MERCURY

What makes me so unnimble rise,  
 That did descend so fleet?  
 There is no uphill in the skies,  
 Clouds stay not feathered feet.

CHORUS

Thy wings are singed, and thou canst fly  
 But slowly now, swift Mercury.

MERCURY

Some lady here is sure to blame,  
 That from Love's starry skies  
 Hath shot some beam or sent some flame  
 Like lightning from her eyes.

CHORUS

Tax not the stars with what the sun,  
 Too near approached, incensed hath done.

MERCURY

I'll roll me in Aurora's dew  
 Or lie in Tethys' bed,  
 Or from cool Iris beg a few  
 Pure opal showers new shed.

CHORUS

Nor dew, nor showers, nor sea can slake  
 Thy quenchless heat, but Lethe's lake.

## THOMAS TRAHERNE (1637?-1674)

CCLXXIV

*THE APPREHENSION*

If this I did not every moment see,  
 And if my thoughts did stray

At any time, or idly play,  
 And fix on other objects, yet  
 This Apprehension set  
     In me  
 Was all my whole felicity.

## CCLXXV

*THOUGHTS \**

A delicate and tender thought  
 The quintessence is found of all He wrought ;  
 It is the fruit of all His works,  
     Which we conceive,  
     Bring forth and give,  
 Yea, and in which the greater value lurks.  
 It is the fine and curious flower  
 Which we return and offer every hour ;  
 So tender is our Paradise,  
     That in a trice  
 It withers strait and fades away,  
 If we but cease its beauty to display.

That temple David did intend  
 Was but a thought, and yet it did transcend  
 King Solomon's. A thought we know  
     Is that for which  
     God doth enrich  
 With joys even Heaven above and Earth below.  
 For that all objects might be seen,  
 He made the orient azure and the green :  
 That we might in His works delight,  
     And that the sight  
 Of those His treasures might enflame  
 The soul with love to Him, He made the same.

This sight which is the glorious End  
 Of all His works and which doth comprehend  
 Eternity and time and space,  
     Is far more dear,  
     And far more near

To Him, than all His glorious dwelling-place.  
 It is a spiritual world within,  
 A living world and nearer far of kin  
 To God than that which first He made.  
 While that doth fade,  
 This therefore ever shall endure  
 Within the soul as more divine and pure.

## CCLXXVI

*THE WAYS OF WISDOM \**

These sweeter far than lilies are,  
 No roses may with these compare :  
 How these excell  
 No tongue can tell,  
 Which he that well and truly knows  
 With praise and joy he goes !  
 How great and happy's he that knows his ways  
 To be divine and heavenly joys ;  
 To whom each city is more brave  
 Than walls of pearl, and streets which gold doth  
 pave :  
 Whose open eyes  
 Behold the skies ;  
 Who loves their wealth and beauty more  
 Than kings love golden ore !  
 Who sees the heavenly ancient ways  
 Of God the Lord, with joy and praise  
 More than the skies,  
 With open eyes  
 Doth prize them all ; yea, more than gems,  
 And regal diadems ;  
 That more esteemeth mountains, as they are,  
 Than if they gold and silver were :  
 To whom the sun more pleasure brings,  
 Than crowns and thrones and palaces to kings ;  
 That knows his ways  
 To be the joys  
 And way of God. These things who knows  
 With joy and praise he goes.

## CCLXXVII

*THANKSGIVING FOR THE BODY \**

O Lord !  
 Thou hast given me a body,  
 Wherein the glory of Thy power shineth,  
 Wonderfully composed above the beasts,  
 Within distinguished into useful parts,  
 Beautified without with many ornaments.  
     Limbs rarely poised,  
         And made for Heaven :  
 Arteries filled  
     With celestial spirits :  
 Veins wherein blood floweth,  
 Refreshing all my flesh,  
     Like rivers :  
 Sinews fraught with the mystery  
     Of wonderful strength,  
         Stability,  
         Feeling.

O blessèd be Thy glorious Name !  
 That Thou hast made it  
     A treasury of Wonders,  
 Fit for its several Ages ;  
     For Dissections,  
     For Sculptures in Brass,  
     For Draughts in Anatomy,  
 For the contemplation of the Sages.

## CCLXXVIII

*NEWS*

News from a foreign country came,  
 As if my treasure and my wealth lay there :  
 So much it did my heart enflame,  
 'Twas wont to call my soul into mine ear,  
     Which thither went to meet  
     The approaching sweet,

And on the threshold stood,  
To entertain the unknown Good.

    It hovered there  
    As if 'twould leave mine ear,  
    And was so eager to embrace  
    The joyful tidings as they came,  
'Twould almost leave its dwelling-place,  
    To entertain that same.

As if the tidings were the things,  
My very joys themselves, my foreign treasure—  
    Or else did bear them on their wings—  
With so much joy they came, with so much  
    pleasure.

    My soul stood at that gate  
    To recreate  
    Itself with bliss, and to  
Be pleased with speed. A fuller view  
    It fain would take,  
    Yet journeys back would make  
Unto my heart : as if 'twould fain  
    Go out to meet, yet stay within  
    To fit a place to entertain,  
    And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire  
My soul in childhood with a hope so strong ?  
    What sacred force moved my desire  
To expect my joys beyond the seas, so young ?

    Felicity I knew  
    Was out of view ;  
    And being here alone,  
I saw that happiness was gone  
    From me ! For this,  
    I thirsted absent bliss,  
And thought that sure beyond the seas,  
    Or else in something near at hand—  
I knew not yet—since nought did please  
I knew—my bliss did stand.

But little did the infant dream  
That all the treasures of the world were by ;  
    And that himself was so the cream

And crown of all which round about did lie.  
 Yet thus it was : the gem  
     The diadem,  
     The ring enclosing all  
 That stood upon this earthly ball,  
     The Heavenly eye,  
 Much wider than the sky,  
 Wherein they all included were,  
 The glorious Soul, that was the King  
 Made to possess them, did appear  
 A small and little thing !

## CCLXXIX

*THE SALUTATION*

These little limbs,  
 These eyes and hands which here I find,  
 These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,  
     Where have ye been ? Behind  
 What curtain were ye from me hid so long,  
 Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue ?  
 When silent I  
 So many thousand, thousand years  
 Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,  
     How could I smile or tears,  
 Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive ?  
 Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.  
 I that so long  
 Was nothing from eternity,  
 Did little think such joys as ear or tongue  
     To celebrate or see :  
 Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet  
 Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.  
 New burnished joys  
 Which yellow gold and pearls excel !  
 Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,  
     In which a soul doth dwell ;  
 Their organizèd joints and azure veins  
 More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,  
 And out of nothing now awake,  
 These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,  
     A gift from God I take.  
 The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the  
     skies,  
 The sun and stars are mine ; if those I prize.

Long time before  
 I in my mother's womb was born,  
 A God preparing did this glorious store,  
     The world for me adorn :  
 Into this Eden so divine and fair,  
 So wide and bright, I come, His son and heir.

A stranger here  
 Strange things doth meet, strange glories see ;  
 Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,  
     Strange all and new to me ;  
 But that they mine should be, who nothing  
     was,  
 That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST (1621-1695)

CCLXXX

*THE DWELLING-PLACE*

What happy, secret fountain,  
 Fair shade or mountain,  
 Whose undiscovered virgin glory  
 Boasts it this day, though not in story,  
 Was then thy dwelling ? Did some cloud,  
 Fixed to a tent, descend and shroud  
 My distressed Lord ? Or did a star  
 Beckoned by thee, though high and far,  
 In sparkling smiles haste gladly down  
 To lodge light, and increase her own ?  
 My dear, dear God ! I do not know  
 What lodged thee then, nor where, nor how ;

But I am sure, thou dost now come  
 Oft to a narrow, homely room,  
 Where thou too hast, but the least part,  
 My God, I mean my sinful heart.

## CCLXXXI

*THE NIGHT*

Through that pure Virgin-shrine,  
 That sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious noon,  
 That men might look and live as glow-worms  
 shine,

And face the Moon :  
 Wise Nicodemus saw such light  
 As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he !  
 Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes  
 Thy long expected healing wings could see,  
 When Thou did'st rise,  
 And what can never more be done,  
 Did at mid-night speak with the Sun !

O who will tell me, where  
 He found thee at that dead and silent hour !  
 What hallowed, solitary ground did bear  
 So rare a flower,  
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie  
 The fullness of the Deity ?

No mercy-seat of gold,  
 No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,  
 But his own living works did my Lord hold  
 And lodge alone :  
 Where trees and herbs did watch and keep  
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night ! this world's defeat ;  
 The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;  
 The day of Spirits ; my soul's calm retreat  
 Which none disturb :

Christ's progress and his prayer time ;  
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight :  
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all  
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;  
His still, soft call ;  
His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch,  
When Spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days  
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,  
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice  
Is seldom rent ;  
Then I in Heaven all the long year  
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun  
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire  
Themselves and others, I consent and run  
To ev'ry mire,  
And by this world's ill-guiding light,  
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)  
A deep but dazzling darkness ; As men here  
Say it is late and dusky, because they  
See not all clear ;  
O for that night ! where I in him  
Might live invisible and dim.

## CCLXXXII

*QUICKNESS*

False life ! a foil and no more, when  
Wilt thou be gone ?  
Thou foul deception of all men  
That would not have the true come on.  
Thou art a moon-like toil ; a blind  
Self-posing state ;  
A dark contest of waves and wind ;  
A mere tempestuous debate.

Life is a fixed discerning light,  
 A knowing joy ;  
 No chance, or fit : but ever bright,  
 And calm and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still  
 Doth vivify !  
 And shine and smile, and hath the skill  
 To please without Eternity.

Thou art a toilsome mole, or less,  
 A moving mist ;  
 But life is, what none can express,  
*A quickness which my God hath kissed.\**

## CCLXXXIII

## ABEL'S BLOOD \*

Sad, purple well ! whose bubbling eye  
 Did first against a murderer cry ;  
 Whose streams still vocal, still complain  
 Of bloody *Cain* ;  
 And now at evening are as red  
 As in the morning when first shed.  
 If single thou  
 (Though single voices are but low)  
 Could'st such a shrill and long cry rear  
 As speaks still in thy maker's ear,  
 What thunders shall those men arraign  
 Who cannot count those they have slain,  
 Who bathe not in a shallow flood  
 But in a deep wide sea of blood ?  
 A sea, whose loud waves cannot sleep  
 But deep still calleth upon deep :  
 Whose urgent sound like unto that  
 Of many waters, beateth at  
 The everlasting doors above,  
 Where souls behind the altar move,  
 And with one strong, incessant cry  
 Inquire *How Long* of the Most High.

Almighty Judge !

At whose just laws no just men grudge ;  
 Whose blessèd, sweet commands do pour  
 Comforts and joys and hopes each hour  
 On those that keep them ; O accept  
 Of his vowed heart, whom thou hast kept  
 From bloody men ! and grant I may  
 That sworn memorial duly pay  
 To thy bright arm, which was my light  
 And leader through thick death and night !

Aye, may that flood,  
 That proudly spilt and dèspised blood,  
 Speechless and calm as infants sleep !  
 Or, if it watch, forgive and weep  
 For those that spilt it ! May no cries  
 From the low earth to high heaven rise,  
 But what (like his whose blood peace brings)  
 Shall (when they rise) speak better things  
 Than *Abel's* doth ! May *Abel* be  
 Still single heard, while these agree  
 With his mild blood in voice and will,  
 Who prayed for those that did him kill !

CCLXXXIV

*THE REVIVAL \**

Unfold, unfold ! take in his light,  
 Who makes thy cares more short than night.  
 The joys which with his day-star rise  
 He deals to all but drowsy eyes ;  
 And (what the men of this world miss)  
 Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark how his winds have changed their note,  
 And with warm whispers call thee out.  
 The frosts are past, the storms are gone,  
 And backward life at last comes on.

The lofty groves in express joys  
 Reply unto the turtle's voice ;  
 And here in dust and dirt, O here  
 The lilies of his love appear !

CCLXXXV

## CHILDHOOD

I cannot reach it ; and my striving eye  
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,  
Those white designs which children drive,  
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,  
With their content too in my power,  
Quickly would I make my path even,  
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Why should men love  
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove ?  
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams,  
Before bright stars and God's own beams ?  
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,  
But flowers do both refresh and grace ;  
And sweetly living (fie on men !)  
Are, when dead, medicinal then.  
If seeing much should make staid eyes,  
And long experience should make wise ;  
Since all that age doth teach is ill,  
Why should I not love childhood still ?  
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,  
Shall I from thence cast down myself ?  
Or by complying with the world,  
From the same precipice be hurled ?  
Those obscure observations are but foul,  
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

Dear harmless age ! the short, swift span  
Where weeping Virtue parts with man ;  
Where love without lust dwells, and bends  
What way we please, without self-ends.

And yet the practice worldlings call  
Business and weighty action all,  
Checking the poor child for his play,  
But gravely cast themselves away.

An age of mysteries ! which he  
 Must live twice that would God's face see ;  
 Which Angels guard, and with it play ;  
 Angels ! which foul men drive away.

How do I study then and scan  
 Thee more than e'er I studied man,  
 And only see through a long night  
 Thy edges and thy bordering light !  
 O for thy centre and midday !  
 For sure that is the narrow way.

## CCLXXXVI

*SUN-DAYS* \*

Bright shadows of true rest ! some shoots of bliss,  
     Heaven once a week ;  
 The next world's gladness prepossessed in this ;  
     A day to seek  
 Eternity in time ; the steps by which  
     We climb above all ages ; lamps that light  
 Man through his heap of dark days : and the rich  
     And full redemption of the whole week's flight.  
 The pulleys unto headlong man ; Time's bower ;  
     The narrow way ;  
 Transplanted Paradise ; God's walking hour ;  
     The cool o' th' day !  
 The creature's jubilee ; God's parle with dust ;  
 Heaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh and  
     flowers ;  
 Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;  
 A gleam of glory after six-days' showers.  
 The Church's love-feasts ; Time's prerogative  
     And interest  
 Deducted from the whole ; the combs, and hive,  
     And home of rest.  
 The milky way chalked out with suns ; a clue  
 That guides through erring hours ; and in full story  
 A taste of heaven on earth ; the pledge and cue  
 Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory.

CCLXXXVII

*COCK-CROWING*

Father of lights ! What sunny seed,  
 What glance of day hast thou confined  
 Into this bird ? To all the breed  
 This busy ray thou hast assigned ;  
     Their magnetism works all night,  
     And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,  
 Their little grain, expelling night,  
 So shines and sings, as if it knew  
 The path unto the house of light.  
     It seems their candle, howe'er done,  
     Was tined\* and lighted at the sun.

If such a tincture, such a touch,  
 So firm a longing can impower,  
 Shall thy own image think it much  
 To watch for thy appearing hour ?  
     If a mere blast so fill the sail,  
     Shall not the breath of God prevail ?

O thou immortal light and heat,  
 Whose hand so shines through all this frame,  
 That by the beauty of the seat  
 We plainly see who made the same ;  
     Seeing thy seed abides in me,  
     Dwell thou in it, and I in thee !

To sleep without thee is to die ;  
 Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell :  
 For where thou dost not close the eye,  
 It never opens, I can tell.  
     In such a dark, Egyptian border  
     The shades of death dwell, and disorder.

If joys, and hopes, and earnest throes,  
 And hearts, whose pulse beats still for light  
 Are given to birds ; who, but thee, knows  
 A love-sick soul's exalted flight ?

Can souls be tracked by any eye  
But his, who gave them wings to fly ?

Only this veil which thou hast broke,  
And must be broken yet in me,  
This veil, I say, is all the cloak,  
And cloud which shadows thee from me.  
This veil thy full-eyed love denies,  
And only gleams and fractions spies.

O take it off ! Make no delay,  
But brush me with thy light, that I  
May shine unto a perfect day,  
And warm me at thy glorious eye !  
O take it off ! or till it flee,  
Though with no lily, stay with me !

## CCLXXXVIII

*THE LAMP*

'Tis dead night round about : horror doth creep  
And move on with the shades ; stars nod, and  
sleep,

And through the dark air spin a fiery thread  
Such as doth gild the lazy glow-worm's bed.

Yet burn'st thou here, a full day, while I spend  
My rest in cares, and to the dark world lend  
These flames, as thou dost thine to me ; I watch  
That hour, which must thy life and mine des-  
patch ;

But still thou dost outgo me, I can see  
Met in thy flames all acts of piety ;  
Thy light is charity ; thy heat is zeal ;  
And thy aspiring, active fires reveal  
Devotion still on wing : then, thou dost weep  
Still as thou burn'st, and the warm droppings  
creep

To measure out thy length, as if thou'dst know  
What stock, and how much time were left thee  
now ;

Nor dost thou spend one tear in vain, for still  
 As thou dissolv'st to them, and they distil,  
 They're stored up in the socket, where they lie,  
 When all is spent, thy last and sure supply :  
 And such is true repentance ; ev'ry breath  
 We spend in sighs is treasure after death.  
 Only one point escapes thee ; that thy oil  
 Is still out with thy flame, and so both fail ;  
 But whensoever I'm out, both shall be in,  
 And where thou mad'st an end, there I'll begin.

## CCLXXXIX

Silence, and stealth of days ! 'Tis now  
 Since thou art gone,  
 Twelve hundred hours, and not a brow  
 But clouds hang on.  
 As he that in some cave's thick damp,  
 Locked from the light,  
 Fixeth a solitary lamp  
 To brave the night,  
 And walking from his sun, when past  
 That glimmering ray,  
 Cuts through the heavy mists in haste  
 Back to his day ;  
 So o'er fled minutes I retreat  
 Unto that hour,  
 Which showed thee last, but did defeat  
 Thy light and power.  
 I search, and rack my soul to see  
 Those beams again ;  
 But nothing but the snuff to me  
 Appeareth plain :  
 That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known  
 And common urn ;  
 But those, fled to their Maker's throne,  
 There shine, and burn.  
 O could I track them ! but souls must  
 Track one the other ;  
 And now the spirit, not the dust,  
 Must be thy brother.

Yet I have one pearl, by whose light  
 All things I see ;  
 And in the heart of earth and night \*  
 Find heaven and thee.

CCXC

## THE DAWNING

Ah ! what time wilt thou come ? when shall that  
 cry  
 ' *The Bridegroom's Coming !* ' fill the sky ?  
 Shall it in the evening run  
 When our words and works are done ?  
 Or will thy all-surprising light  
 Break at midnight ?  
 When either sleep, or some dark pleasure  
 Possesseth mad man without measure ?  
 Or shall these early, fragrant hours  
 Unlock thy bowers,  
 And with their blush of light descry  
 Thy locks crowned with eternity ?  
 Indeed, it is the only time  
 That with thy glory best dost chime ;  
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field  
 Full hymns doth yield.  
 The whole Creation shakes off night,  
 And for thy shadow looks the light ;  
 Stars now vanish without number,  
 Sleepy planets set, and slumber,  
 The pury clouds disband, and scatter,  
 All expect some sudden matter ;  
 Not one beam triumphs, but from far  
 That morning-star.  
 O at what time soever thou,  
 Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,  
 And with thy angels in the van,  
 Descend to judge poor careless man,  
 Grant I may not like puddle lie  
 In a corrupt security,  
 Where, if a traveller water crave,

He finds it dead, and in a grave.  
 But as this restless, vocal spring  
 All day and night doth run and sing,  
 And though here born, yet is acquainted  
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;  
 So let me all my busy age  
 In thy free services engage ;  
 And though (while here) of force I must  
 Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,  
 And in my flesh, though vile and low,  
 As this doth in her channel, flow,  
 Yet all my course, my aim, my love  
 And chief acquaintance be above ;  
 So when that day and hour shall come,  
 In which thy self will be the sun,  
 Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,  
 Watching the break of thy great day.

## CCXCI

*MAN* \*

Weighing the steadfastness and state  
 Of some mean things which here below reside,  
 Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date  
 And intercourse of times divide,  
 Where bees at night get home and hive, and  
 flowers

Early, as well as late,  
 Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers.

Man hath still either toys, or care,  
 He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,  
 But ever restless and irregular

About this Earth doth run and ride ;  
 He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows  
 where,

He says it is so far  
 That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,  
 Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,

Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,  
 By some hid sense their Maker gave ;  
 Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest  
 And passage through these looms  
 God ordered motion, but ordained no rest !

## CCXCII

*THE TIMBER \**

Sure thou didst flourish once ! and many springs,  
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many  
 showers,  
 Passed o'er thy head ; many light hearts and  
 wings,  
 Which now are dead, lodged in thy living  
 bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies ;  
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches  
 shoot  
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,  
 While the low violet thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy line  
 Of death, doth waste all senseless, cold, and  
 dark,  
 Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,  
 Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

And yet—as if some deep hate and dissent,  
 Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,  
 Were still alive—thou dost great storms resent  
 Before they come, and know'st how near they  
 be.

Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce breath  
 Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease ;  
 But this thy strange resentment after death  
 Means only those who broke—in life—thy  
 peace.

## CCXCIII

*THE WORLD \**

I saw Eternity the other night,  
 Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,  
 All calm, as it was bright ;  
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
 Driven by the spheres  
 Like a vast shadow moved ; in which the world  
 And all her train were hurled.  
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain  
 Did there complain ;  
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,  
 Wit's sour delights  
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,  
 Yet his dear treasure  
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour  
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and  
 woe  
 Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow,  
 He did not stay, nor go ;  
 Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl  
 Upon his soul,  
 And clouds of crying witnesses without  
 Pursued him with one shout.  
 Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found  
 Worked underground,  
 Where he did clutch his prey ; (but one did see  
 That policy) ;  
 Churches and altars fed him ; perjuries  
 Were gnats and flies ;  
 It rained about him blood and tears ; but he  
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust  
 Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust  
 His own hands with the dust,  
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives  
 In fear of thieves.

Thousands there were as frantic as himself  
 And hugged each one his self,  
 The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,  
 And scorned pretence,  
 While others, slipped into a wide excess,  
 Said little less ;  
 The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,  
 Who think them brave ;  
 And poor, despisèd Truth sat counting by  
 Their victory.

Yet some who all this while did weep and sing,  
 And sing, and weep, soared up into the Ring ;  
 But most would use no wing.  
 O fools (said I), thus to prefer dark night  
 Before true light !  
 To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day,  
 Because it shews the way,  
 The way which from this dead and dark abode  
 Leads up to God,  
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be  
 More bright than he.  
 But as I did their madness so discuss,  
 One whispered thus,  
*This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide  
 But for his Bride.*

## CCXCIV

## THE CONSTELLATION \*

Fair, ordered lights (whose motion without noise  
 Resembles those true joys  
 Whose spring is on that hill where you do grow  
 And we here taste sometimes below).  
 With what exact obedience do you move  
 Now beneath, and now above,  
 And in your vast progressions overlook  
 The darkest night, and closest nook !  
 Some night I see you in the gladsome East,  
 Some other, near the West,

And when I cannot see, yet do you shine  
 And beat about your endless line.  
 Silence and light and watchfulness with you  
 Attend and wind the clue,  
 No sleep, nor sloth assails you, but poor man  
 Still either sleeps or slips his span.  
 But seeks he your *Obedience, Order, Light,*  
 Your calm and well-trained flight,  
 Where, though the glory differ in each star,  
 Yet is there peace still and no war ?  
 Since placed by him who calls you by your names,  
 And fixed there all your flames,  
 Without command you never acted ought,  
 And then you in your courses fought.  
 Thus by our lusts disordered into wars  
 Our guides prove wandering stars,  
 Which for these mists and black days were re-  
 served,  
 What time we from our first love swerved.  
 Yet O for his sake who sits now by thee,  
 All crowned with victory,  
 So guide us through this darkness, that we may  
 Be more and more in love with day.  
 Settle and fix our hearts, that we may move  
 In order, peace and love,  
 And taught obedience by thy whole creation,  
 Become an humble, holy nation.

CCXCV

*THE BIRD \**

Hither thou com'st ; the busy wind all night  
 Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm  
 wing  
 Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm  
 (For which course man seems much the fitter born)  
 Rained on thy bed  
 And harmless head.

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light,  
 Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing  
 Unto that providence, whose unseen arm  
 Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.

All things that be, praise him ; and had  
 Their lesson taught them, when first made

So hills and valleys into singing break,  
 And though poor stones have neither speech nor  
 tongue,

While active winds and streams both run and  
 speak,

Yet stones are deep in admiration.

Thus Praise and Prayer here beneath the sun  
 Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

For each enclosed spirit is a star

Inlightning his own little sphere,

Whose light, though fetched and borrowed from  
 afar,

Both mornings makes and evenings there.

## CCXCVI

*CORRUPTION*

Sure, it was so. Man in those early days  
 Was not all stone and earth,

He shined a little, and by those weak rays  
 Had some glimpse of his birth.

He saw Heaven o'er his head and knew from  
 whence

He came (condemnèd) hither,

And as first love draws strongest, so from hence  
 His mind sure progressed thither.

Things here were strange unto him ; Sweat and  
 till,

All was a thorn or weed ;

Nor did those last, but (like himself) died still  
 As soon as they did seed ;

They seemed to quarrel with him ; for that act,  
 That fell him, foiled them all ;

He drew the curse upon the world, and cracked  
 The whole frame with his fall.  
 This made him long for home, as loath to stay  
 With murmurers and foes ;  
 He sighed for Eden, and would often say  
*Ah ! what bright days were those !*  
 Nor was Heaven cold unto him ; for each day  
 The valley or the mountain  
 Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay  
 In some green shade or fountain.  
 Angels lay lieger there ; each bush and cell,  
 Each oak, and high-way knew them :  
 Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,  
 And he was sure to view them.  
 Almighty Love, where art thou now ? mad man  
 Sits down and freezeth on ;  
 He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor fan,  
 But bids the thread be spun.  
 I see thy curtains are close-drawn ; thy bow  
 Looks dim too in the cloud ;  
 Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below  
 The centre, and his shroud.  
 All's in deep sleep and night ; thick darkness lies  
 And hatcheth o'er thy people—  
 But hark ! what trumpet's that ? What angel  
 cries  
*Arise ! thrust in thy sickle.*

## CCXCVII

## RIGHTEOUSNESS\*

He that doth seek and love  
 The things above,  
 Whose spirit ever poor, is meek and low ;  
 Who simple still and wise,  
 Still homeward flies,  
 Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.  
 Whose acts, words and pretence  
 Have all one sense,

One aim and end ; who walks not by his sight :  
 Whose eyes are both put out,  
 And goes about  
 Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who spills no blood, nor spreads  
 Thorns in the beds  
 Of the distressed, hastening their overthrow ;  
 Making the time they had  
 Bitter and sad  
 Like chronic pains, which surely kill, though slow.

Who knows earth nothing hath  
 Worth love or wrath,  
 But in his hope and rock is ever glad.  
 Who seeks and follows peace,  
 When with the ease  
 And health of conscience it is to be had.

Who bears his cross with joy  
 And doth employ  
 His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes ;  
 Who lends, not to be paid,  
 And gives full aid  
 Without that bribe which usurers impose.

Who never looks on man  
 Fearful and wan,  
 But firmly trusts in God ; the great man's  
 measure  
 Though high and haughty must  
 Be ta'en in dust,  
 But the good man is God's peculiar treasure.

## CCXCVIII

*THE RAINBOW \**

Still young and fine ! but what is still in view  
 We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and  
 new.  
 How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye  
 Thy burnished, flaming arch did first descry !

When Terah, Nahor, Horan, Abram, Lot,  
 The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot  
 Did with intentive looks watch every hour  
 For thy new-light, and trembled at each shower !  
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and  
 fair,

Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air :  
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours  
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and  
 flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine ! The sure tie  
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye !  
 When I behold thee, though my sight be dim,  
 Distant and low, I can in thine see him,  
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,  
 And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

## CCXCIX

*THE BOOK*

Eternal God ! Maker of all  
 That have lived here, since the man's fall ;  
 The rock of ages ! in whose shade  
 They live unseen, when here they fade.

Thou knew'st this paper when it was  
 Mere seed and after that but grass ;  
 Before 'twas dressed or spun, and when  
 Made linen, who did wear it then :  
 What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds  
 Whether good corn, or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade  
 Covered it, since a cover made,  
 And where it flourished, grew and spread,  
 As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he  
 Did live and feed by thy decree  
 On each green thing ; then slept (well fed)  
 Clothed with this skin, which now lies spread

A covering o'er this agèd book,  
 Which makes me wisely weep and look  
 On my own dust ; mere dust it is  
 But not so dry and clean as this.     •  
 Thou knew'st and saw'st them all and though  
 Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit ! when  
 Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,  
 When thou shalt make all new again,  
 Destroying only death and pain,  
 Give him amongst thy works a place,  
 Who in them loved and sought Thy face !

ccc

*THE MORNING-WATCH \**

O joys ! infinite sweetness ! with what flowers  
 And shoots of glory, my soul breaks and buds !  
     All the long hours  
     Of night and rest,  
     Through the still shrouds  
     Of sleep and clouds,  
 This dew fell on my breast ;  
     O how it bloods,  
 And spirits all my earth ! hark ! in what rings,  
 And hymning circulations the quick world  
     Awakes and sings !  
     The rising winds,  
     And falling springs,  
     Birds, beasts, all things  
 Adore Him in their kinds ;  
     Thus all is hurled  
     In sacred hymns and order ; the great chime  
 And symphony of Nature. Prayer is  
     The world in tune,  
     A spirit-voice  
     And vocal joys  
     Whose echo is heaven's bliss.  
     O let me climb  
 When I lie down ! The pious soul by night

Is like a clouded star, whose beams, though said  
 To shed their light  
 Under some cloud,  
 Yet are above,  
 And shine and move  
 Beyond that misty shroud.  
 So in my bed,  
 That curtained grave, though sleep, like ashes,  
 hide  
 My lamp and life, both shall in Thee abide.

CCCI

*THE ECLIPSE \**

Whither, O whither didst thou fly  
 When I did grieve Thine holy eye ?  
 When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,  
 And all Thy care and counsels crossed.  
 O do not grieve, where'er Thou art !  
 Thy grief is an undoing smart,  
 Which doth not only pain, but break  
 My heart, and makes me blush to speak.  
 Thy anger I could kiss and will,  
 But O Thy grief, Thy grief doth kill.

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

CCCII

*ON A GIRDLE*

That which her slender waist confined  
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :  
 No monarch but would give his crown,  
 His arms might do what this has done.  
 It saw my heaven's extremest sphere,  
 The pale which held that lovely deer :  
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
 Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :  
 Give me but what this ribband bound,  
 Take all the rest the sun goes round !

## CCCIII

*OLD AGE \**

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;  
 So calm are we when passions are no more.  
 For then we know how vain it was to boast  
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath  
 made :

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
 As they draw near to their eternal home :  
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view  
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

## ISAAK WALTON (1593-1683)

## CCCIV

*THE ANGLER'S WISH \**

I in these flowery meads would be :  
 These crystal streams should solace me ;  
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
 I with my angle would rejoice :  
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
 Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,  
 To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,  
 And then washed off by April showers :

Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;  
There, see a blackbird feed her young.

Or a leverock \* build her nest :  
Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love :  
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise  
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice

Or, with my Bryan, and a book,  
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook  
There sit by him, and eat my meat,  
There see the sun both rise and set,  
There bid good-morning to next day,  
There meditate my time away,  
And angle on ; and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

THOMAS WASHBOURNE (1606-1687)

cccv

*DAMON PAINTS THE JOYS OF HEAVEN \**

A place where all the year is May,  
Where every bird doth sit and sing  
Continually, as in the Spring ;  
Where are always to be seen  
Flow'ry meadows, pastures green ;  
With many springs and fountains meet,  
As crystal clear and honey sweet ;  
Rich flocks, whose fleeces are of gold,  
And whose flesh never will grow old,  
But the ewe is as tender there  
As the new fallen lamb is here.  
The shepherd needs not watch to keep  
Either from wolf or bear, his sheep.  
No beast comes there that's fierce or wild,  
They are all innocent and mild ;  
No grief nor want amongst them found,  
But all are well and safe and sound.

Our roundelays hársh discords be  
 Unto their sweetest harmony,  
 Beyond the music of the spheres,  
 O thou would'st wish to be all ears.

SIMON WASTELL (1560?-1635?)

CCCVI

*MAN'S MORTALITY \**

Like as the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower in May,  
 Or like the morning of the day,  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had—  
 E'en such is man : whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done.  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth ;  
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;  
 The sun sets, the shadow flies ;  
 The gourd consumes ; and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
 Or like a tale that's new begun,  
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
 Or like the pearlèd dew of May,  
 Or like an hour, or like a span,  
 Or like the singing of a swan—  
 E'en such is man ; who lives by breath,  
 Is here, now there, in life, and death.  
 The grass withers, the tale is ended ;  
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended ;  
 The hour is short, the span is long ;  
 The swan's near death ; man's life is done !

Like to the bubble in the brook,  
 Or, in a glass, much like a look ;  
 Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,  
 Or like the writing on the sand,

Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gliding of the stream :  
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death ;  
The bubble's cut, the look's forgot ;  
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot ;  
The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
The water glides ; man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from a bow,  
Or like swift course of watery flow,  
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,  
Or like the spider's tender web ;  
Or like a race, or like a goal,  
Or like the dealing of a dole ;  
E'en such is man, whose brittle state  
Is always subject unto fate :  
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,  
The time no time, the web soon rent,  
The race soon run, the goal soon won,  
The dole soon dealt ; man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,  
Or like a post that quick doth hie,  
Or like a quaver in short-song,  
Or like a journey three days' long :  
Or like the snow when summer's come ;  
Or like the pear, or like the plum ;  
E'en such is man, who keeps up sorrow,  
Lives but this day and dies to-morrow.  
The lightning's past, the post must go,  
The song is short, the journey's so,  
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,  
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

## CCCVII

*UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH \**

Before my face the picture hangs,  
That daily should put me in mind

Of those cold qualms and bitter pangs,  
That shortly I am like to find,  
But yet, alas, full little I  
Do think hereon that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,  
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,  
And eke that old and ancient chair  
Which is my only usual seat,  
All these do tell me I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,  
If rich and poor his beck obey,  
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,  
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.

O grant me grace, O God, that I  
My life may mend, sith I must die.

JOHN WEBSTER (1580?-1625?)

CCCVIII

*THE SHROUDING OF THE DUCHESS  
OF MALFI \**

Hark! Now everything is still,  
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,  
Call upon our dame aloud  
And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Much you had of land and rent,  
Your length in clay's now competent:  
A long war disturbed your mind;  
Here your perfect peace is signed.

Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?  
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,  
Their life a general mist of error,  
Their death a hideous storm of terror.  
Strew your hair with powders sweet,  
Don clean linen, bathe your feet.

And—the foul fiend more to check—  
 A crucifix let bless your neck ;  
 'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;  
 End your groan and come away.

CCCIX

*WAKE SONG \**

All the flowers of the spring  
 Meet to perfume our burying ;  
 These have but their growing prime,  
 And man does flourish but his time :  
 Survey our progress from our birth ;  
 We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.  
 Courts adieu, and all delights,  
 All bewitching appetites !  
 Sweetest breath and clearest eye,  
 Like perfumes, go out and die ;  
 And consequently this is done  
 As shadows wait upon the sun.  
 Vain the ambition of kings  
 Who seek by trophies and dead things  
 To leave a living name behind,  
 And weave but nets to catch the wind.

ROBERT WILDE (?-1679)

CCCX

*EPITAPH \***(For a Godly Man's Tomb.)*

Here lies a piece of Christ ; a star in dust ;  
 A vein of gold ; a china dish that must  
 Be used in heaven, when God shall feast the just.

CCCXI

## EPITAPH

*(For a Wicked Man's Tomb.)*

Here lies the carcase of a cursèd sinner,  
Doomed to be roasted for the Devil's dinner

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

CCCXII

*A WIDOW'S HYMN \**

How near me came the hand of Death,  
When at my side he struck my dear,  
And took away the precious breath  
Which quickened my belovèd peer !  
How helpless am I thereby made !  
By day how grieved, by night how sad !  
And now my life's delight is gone  
—Alas ! how am I left alone !

The voice which I did more esteem  
Than music in her sweetest key,  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day ;  
Those now by me, as they have been,  
Shall never more be heard or seen ;  
But what I once enjoyed in them  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

Lord ! keep me faithful to the trust  
Which my dear spouse reposed in me :  
To him now dead preserve me just,  
In all that should performèd be !  
For though our being man and wife  
Extendeth only to this life,  
Yet neither life nor death should end  
The being of a faithful friend.

## CCCXIII

*MY MISTRESS \**

What pearls, what rubies can  
 Seem so lovely fair to man,  
 As her lips whom he doth love  
 When in sweet discourse they move.  
 Of her lovelier teeth, the while  
 She doth bless him with a smile ?  
 Stars indeed fair creatures be ;  
 Yet amongst us where is he  
 Joys not more the whilst he lies  
 Sunning in his mistress' eyes,  
 Than in all the glimmering light  
 Of a starry winter's night ?

.....  
 Note the beauty of an eye—  
 And if aught you praise it by,  
 Leave such passion in your mind,  
 Let my reason's eye be blind.  
 Mark ! if ever red or white  
 Any where gave such delight,  
 As when they have taken place  
 In a worthy woman's face.  
 .....

## CCCXIV

*I LOVED A LASS*

I loved a lass, a fair one,  
 As fair as e'er was seen ;  
 She was indeed a rare one,  
 Another Sheba queen ;  
 But, fool as then I was,  
 I thought she loved me too :  
 But now, alas ! she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo !*  
 Her hair like gold did glisten,  
 Each eye was like a star,

## GEORGE WITHER

She did surpass her sister,  
 Which passed all others far ;  
 She would me honey call,  
 She'd—O she'd kiss me too !  
 But now, alas ! she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo !*

Many a merry meeting,  
 My love and I have had ;  
 She was my only sweeting,  
 She made my heart full glad ;  
 The tears stood in her eyes  
 Like to the morning dew :  
 But now, alas ! she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo !*

Her cheeks were like the cherry,  
 Her skin was white as snow ;  
 When she was blithe and merry  
 She angel-like did show ;  
 Her waist exceeding small,  
 The fives did fit her shoe :  
 But now, alas ! she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo !*

In summer time or winter  
 She had her heart's desire ;  
 I still did scorn to stint her  
 From sugar, sack or fire ;  
 The world went round about,  
 No cares we ever knew :  
 But now, alas ! she's left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo !*

To maiden vows and swearing  
 Henceforth no credit give ;  
 You may give them the hearing,  
 But never them believe ;  
 They are as false as fair,  
 Unconstant, frail, untrue :  
 For mine, alas ! hath left me,  
*Falero, lero, loo !*

## CCCXV

*LILIES WITHOUT, LILIES WITHIN \**

Can I think the Guide of Heaven  
 Hath so bountifully given  
 Outward features, 'cause He meant  
 To have made less excellent  
 Your divine part ? Or suppose  
 Beauty, goodness doth oppose ;  
 Like those fools, who do despair  
 To find any, good and fair ?  
 Rather there I seek a mind  
 Most excelling, where I find  
 God hath to the body lent  
 Most-beseeming ornament,  
 And I do believe it true,  
 That, as we the body view  
 Nearer to perfection grow ;  
 So, the soul herself doth show :  
 Others more and more excelling  
 In her powers ; as in her dwelling.

## CCCXVI

*CANTICLE \**

Come, kiss me with those lips of thine,  
 For better are thy loves than wine ;  
 And as the pourèd ointments be,  
 Such is the savour of thy name,  
 And for the sweetness of the same,  
 The virgins are in love with thee.

## CCCXVII

*FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE-DAYS \**

Lord, living, here are we  
 As fast united, yet  
 As when our hands and hearts by Thee

Together first were knit,  
And, in a thankful song,  
Now sing we will Thy praise,  
For, that Thou dost as well prolong  
Our loving as our days.

Together we have now  
Begun another year ;  
But how much time Thou wilt allow  
Thou mak'st it not appear.  
We, therefore, do implore  
That live and love we may,  
Still so, as if but one day more  
Together we should stay.

Let each of other's wealth  
Preserve a faithful care,  
And of each other's joy and health,  
As if one soul we were.  
Such conscience let us make,  
Each other not to grieve,  
As if we, daily, were to take  
Our everlasting-leave.

The frowardness that springs  
From our corrupted kind,  
Or from those troublous outward things,  
Which may distract the mind,  
Permit Thou not, O Lord,  
Our constant love to shake ;  
Or to disturb our true accord,  
Or make our hearts to ache.

But let these frailties prove  
Affection's exercise ;  
And that discretion teach our love  
Which wins the noblest prize.  
So Time which wears away  
And ruins all things else  
Shall fix our love on Thee for aye  
In Whom perfection dwells.

## CCCXVIII

*STONE WALLS NO PRISON \**

I that erst while the world's sweet air did draw,  
 (Graced by the Fairest ever mortal saw)  
 Now closely pent, with walls of ruthless stone,  
 Consume my days and nights, and all alone.

When I was wont to sing of shepherd's loves,  
 My walks were fields and downs and hills and  
 groves ;  
 But now (alas) so strict is my hard doom,  
 Fields, downs, hills, groves and all's but one poor  
 room.

Each morn as soon as day-light did appear,  
 With Nature's music birds would charm mine ear ;  
 Which now, instead of their melodious strains,  
 Hear rattling shackles, gyves and bolts and chains.

But though that all the world's delights forsake me,  
 I have a Muse and she shall music make me :  
 Whose airy note, in spite of closest cages,  
 Shall give content to me and after ages.

Nor do I pass for all this outward ill,  
 My heart's the same and undejected still ;  
 And, which is more than some in freedom win,  
 I have true rest and peace and joy within.

## CCCXIX

*THE MARYGOLD \**

When with a serious musing I behold  
 The grateful and obsequious marygold,  
 How duly, every morning, she displays  
 Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays  
 How she observes him in his daily walk,  
 Still bending tow'rds him her small slender stalk ;  
 How, when he down declines, she droops and  
 mourns,

Bedewed, as 'twere with tears, till he returns ;  
 And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,  
 As if she scornèd to be lookèd on  
 By an inferior eye ; or did contemn  
 To wait upon a meaner light than him :  
 —When this I meditate, methinks the flowers  
 Have spirits far more generous than ours,  
 And give us fair examples, to despise  
 The servile fawning and idolatries  
 Wherewith we court these earthly things below,  
 Which merit not the service we bestow.

But O my God ! though grovelling I appear  
 Upon the ground, and have a rooting here  
 Which pulls me downward, yet in my desire  
 To that which is above me I aspire ;  
 And all my best affections I profess  
 To Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.  
 Oh ! keep the morning of His incarnation,  
 The burning noontide of His bitter passion,  
 The night of His descending, and the height  
 Of His ascension—ever in my sight !  
 That, imitating Him in what I may,  
 I never follow an inferior way.

## CCCXX

*HYPERBOLES \**

Though sometime my song I raise  
 To unusèd heights of praise,  
 And break forth as I shall please  
 Into strange hyperboles,  
 'Tis to show conceit hath found  
 Worth beyond expression's bound.  
 Though her breath I do compare  
 To the sweet'st perfumes that are ;  
 Or her eyes, that are so bright,  
 To the morning's cheerful light ;  
 Yet I do it not so much  
 To infer that she is such,  
 As to show that being blest

With what merits name of best,  
 She appears more fair to me  
 Than all creatures else that be ;  
 Her true beauty leaves behind  
 Apprehensions in my mind  
 Of more sweetness than all art  
 Or inventions can impart ;  
 Thoughts too deep to be expressed,  
 And too strong to be suppressed.

## CCCXXI

*THE SHEPHERD AND HIS MUSE \**

But let these two so each of other borrow,  
 That they may season mirth and lessen sorrow.  
 Thy flock will help thy charges to defray,  
 Thy Muse to pass the long and tedious day ;  
 Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy reed,  
 Thy sheep to listen, will more near thee feed ;  
 The wolves will shun them, birds above thee sing,  
 And lambkins dance about thee in a ring.  
 Nay, which is more, in this thy low estate,  
 Thou in contentment shalt with monarchs mate.

## CCCXXII

*THE LULLABY \**

Sleep, baby, sleep ! What ails my dear,  
 What ails my darling thus to cry ?  
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;  
 Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.  
 Thou blessèd soul, what can'st thou fear,  
 What thing to thee can mischief do ?  
 Thy God is now thy father dear,  
 His holy Spouse thy mother too.  
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be ;  
Thine Elder Brother is a king,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy protector threatened are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight ;  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby sleep.

A little infant once was He ;  
And strength in weakness then was laid  
Upon His Virgin-Mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be conveyed.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe and feed,  
For of thy weal they tender are.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease ;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay and asses fed ;

Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
 An easy cradle or a bed.  
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more to perfect this,  
 A promise and an earnest got  
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.  
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep ;  
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639)

CCCXXIII

*ON A BANK AS I SAT FISHING\**

This day dame Nature seemed in love ;  
 The lusty sap began to move ;  
 Fresh juice did stir th'embracing vines ;  
 And birds had drawn their valentines.

The jealous trout, that low did lie,  
 Rose at a well-dissembled fly ;  
 There stood my friend, with patient skill,  
 Attending of his trembling quill.

Already were the eyes possessed  
 With the swift pilgrim's daubèd nest ;  
 The groves already did rejoice,  
 In Philomel's triumphing voice.

The showers were short, the weather mild,  
 The morning fresh, the evening smiled.  
 Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail and now,  
 She trips to milk her sand-red cow ;

Where for some sturdy football swain,  
 Joan strokes a syllabub or twain ;  
 The fields and gardens were beset  
 With tulips, crocus, violet ;

And now, though late, the modest rose  
 Did more than half a blush disclose.  
 Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,  
 To welcome the new-liveried year.

## CCCXXIV

*UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERT  
 MORTON'S WIFE*

He first deceased ; she for a little tried  
 To live without him : liked it not, and died.

## CCCXXV

*UPON THE SUDDEN RETIREMENT OF  
 THE EARL OF SOMERSET, THEN  
 FALLING FROM FAVOUR \**

Dazzled thus with height of place  
 Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,  
 No man marks the narrow space  
 'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Then, since Fortune's favours fade,  
 You that in her arms do sleep,  
 Learn to swim and not to wade ;  
 For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind  
 As to trust in towers of air,  
 Let it be with goodness lined,  
 That at least the fall be fair.

Then, though darkened you shall say,  
 When friends fail and princes frown,  
 Virtue is the roughest way,  
 But proves at night a bed of down.

## ANONYMOUS

CCCXXVI

### *PHILLADA FLOUTS ME*

Oh ! what a plague is love,  
I cannot bear it ;  
She will inconstant prove,  
I greatly fear it ;  
It so torments my mind,  
That my heart faileth ;  
She wavers with the wind,  
As a ship saileth :  
Please her the best I may,  
She loves still to gainsay,  
Alack and well-a-day !  
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair t'other day,  
As she passed by me,  
She looked another way,  
And would not spy me.  
I woo'd her for to dine,  
But could not get her ;  
Dick had her to the Vine,  
He might entreat her.  
With Daniel she did dance,  
On me she wou'd not glance,  
Oh ! thrice unhappy chance !  
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy !  
Do not disdain me ;  
I am my mother's joy,  
Sweet, entertain me !

I shall have, when she dies,  
 All things that's fitting ;  
 Her poultry and her bees,  
 And her goose sitting ;  
 A pair of mattress beds,  
 A barrel full of shreds :  
 And yet for all these guedes,  
 Phillada flouts me.

I often heard her say,  
 That she loved posies ;  
 In the last month of May  
 I gave her roses ;  
 Cowslips and gilliflowers,  
 And the sweet lily,  
 I got to deck the bowers  
 Of my dear Philly ;  
 She did them all disdain,  
 And threw them back again ;  
 Therefore 'tis flat and plain,  
 Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream  
 All the year lasting,  
 And drink the crystal stream,  
 Pleasant in tasting ;  
 Swig whey until you burst,  
 Eat bramble-berries,  
 Pie-lid and pastry crust,  
 Pears, plums and cherries .  
 Thy garments shall be thin,  
 Made of a wether's skin :  
 Yet all's not worth a pin,  
 Phillada flouts me.

Which way so e'er I go,  
 She still torments me .  
 And whatsoe'er I do,  
 Nothing contents me ;  
 I fade and pine away  
 With grief and sorrow ;  
 I fall quite to decay,  
 Like any shadow

I shall be dead, I fear,  
 Within a thousand year,  
 And all because my dear  
                     Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,  
             And in time take me ;  
 I can have those as fair,  
             If you forsake me ;  
 There's Doll the dairy maid  
             Smiled on me lately,  
 And wanton Winifred  
             Favours me greatly ;  
 One throws milk on my clothes,  
 T'other plays with my nose ;  
 What pretty toys are those ?  
                     Phillada flouts me.

She hath a cloth of mine,  
             Wrought with blue Coventry,  
 Which she keeps for a sign  
             Of my fidelity ;  
 But if she frowns on me,  
             She ne'er shall wear it ;  
 I'll give it my maid Joan,  
             And she shall tear it.  
 Since 'twill no better be,  
 I'll bear it patiently :  
 Yet all the world may see  
                     Phillada flouts me.

## CCCXXVII

*THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES*

Come, follow, follow me !  
 You, Fairy Elves, that be,  
 Which circle on the green ;  
 Come follow me, your Queen !  
 Hand in hand let's dance a round !  
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snorting in their nest ;  
Unheard and unespied,  
Through keyholes we do glide !  
Over tables, stools and shelves,  
We trip it with our Fairy Elves

And if the house be foul ;  
Or platter, dish or bowl :  
Upstairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep ;  
There, we pinch their arms and thighs  
None escapes ; nor none espies !

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept ;  
We praise the household-maid,  
And surely she is paid ;  
For we do use before we go,  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head,  
Our table we do spread.  
A corn of rye or wheat  
Is manchet, which we eat :  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk :  
Yet, in the morning, may be seen  
Where we, the night before, have been

The grasshopper and the fly  
Serve for our minstrelsy.  
Grace said ; we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile :  
And when the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

CCCXXVIII

*A HYMN OF PARADISE*

Unto the spring of purest life  
Aspires my withered heart,  
My soul confinèd in this flesh  
Employs both strength and art,  
Working, struggling, suing still  
From exile home to part.

Who can utter the full joy  
Which that high place doth hold,  
Where all the buildings founded are  
On orient pearls untold,  
And all the work of those high rooms  
Doth shine with beams of gold ?

The horrid cold or scorching heat  
Hath no admittance there ;  
The roses do not lose their leaves,  
For spring lasts all the year :  
The lily's white, the saffron red,  
The balsam drops appear.

The fields are green, the plants do thrive,  
The streams with honey flow.  
From spices, odours and from gums  
Most precious liquor, grow,  
Fruits hang upon whole woods of trees,  
And they shall still do so.

Though their variety diverse be,  
According to their pains,  
Yet Love doth make that every one's  
Which any other gains,  
And all which doth belong to one  
To all of them pertains.

The season is not changed, but still  
Both sun and moon are bright,  
The Lamp of this fair city is  
That clear immortal light

Whose presence makes eternal day  
Which never ends in night.

Nay all the Saints themselves shall shine  
As bright as brightest sun.  
In fullest triumph crownèd they  
To mutual joys shall run,  
And safely count their fights and foes,  
When once the war is done.

For ever cheerful and content  
They from mishaps are free ;  
No sickness there can threaten health,  
Nor young men old can be :  
There they enjoy such happy state,  
That in't no change they see.

There have they their Eternity ;  
Their passage then is past.  
They grow, they flourish and they sprout ;  
Corruption off is cast.  
Immortal strength hath swallowed up  
The power of death at last.

O Happy Soul which shall behold  
Thy King still present there !  
And mayst from thence behold the world  
Run round, secure from fear,  
With stars and planets, moon and sun,  
Still moving in their sphere !

CCCXXIX

*THE KING'S COMING \**

Yet if his Majesty our Sovereign Lord  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite,  
And say, " I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"  
How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
All hands to work ! " Let no man idle stand !

Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,  
 See they be fitted all ;  
 Let there be room to eat,  
 And order taken that there want no meat !  
 See every sconce and candlestick made bright,  
 That without tapers they may give a light !  
 Look to the presence : are the carpets spread,  
 The dais o'er the head,  
 The cushions in the chairs,  
 And all the candles lighted on the stairs ?  
 Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
 Let each man give attendance in his place."'  
 Thus if the king were coming would we do,  
 And 'twere good reason too ;  
 For 'tis a duteous thing  
 To show all honour to an earthly king,  
 And after all our travail and our cost,  
 So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.  
 But at the coming of the King of Heaven  
 All's set at six and seven :  
 We wallow in our sin,  
 Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.  
 We entertain him always like a stranger,  
 And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

CCCXXX

*THE MELANCHOLY LOVER*

It is not that I love you less  
 Than when before your feet I lay,  
 But to prevent the sad increase  
 Of hopeless love I keep away ;  
 In vain (alas) for every thing  
 Which I have known, belongs to you ;  
 Your form doth to my fancy bring  
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.  
 He in the spring who from the sun  
 Already hath a fever got,  
 Too late begins those heats to shun  
 Which Phoebus through his veins hath shot ;

Too late he would the pain assuage,  
 And to his chamber doth retire ;  
 About with him he bears the rage,  
 And in his tainted blood the fire ;  
 But vowed I have and never must  
 Your banished servant trouble you ;  
 For, if I break, you may mistrust  
 The vow I made to love you too.  
 But tell me, lady, dearest foe,  
 Where your lovely strength doth lie ;  
 Is the power that charms me so  
 In your soul or in your eye,  
 In your snowy neck alone,  
 Or is that grace in motion seen ?  
 No such wonder can be done  
 But in your voice that's music's queen ;  
 Whilst I do listen to that voice  
 I do feel my life decay,  
 For that sweet and powerful noise  
 Calls my fitting soul away ;  
 Oh, suppress that magic sound  
 That destroys without a wound !  
 Peace, lady, peace, or singing die,  
 That together you and I  
 May arm in arm to heaven go ;  
 For all the story we do know  
 That the blessèd do above  
 Is that they sing and that they love.

CCCXXXI

*A SONNET \**

Mourn, mourn, ye lovers : flowers dying  
 Rise again, the cold defying :  
 But Beauty's flower, once dead, dies ever,  
 Falls as soon, and riseth never.  
 Mourn, mourn, ye lovers : sadly singing  
 Love has his winter, and no springing.

## CCCXXXII

*ANOTHER \**

Sing aloud, harmonious spheres !  
 Let your concord reach Jove's ears.  
 Play your old lessons o'er again,  
 And keep time in every strain,  
 For now the Gods are listening to your lays,  
 As they are passing through the milky ways.

## CCCXXXIII

*TO FORTUNE \**

Since, Fortune, thou art become so kind,  
 To give me leave to take my mind  
     Of all thy store ;  
 First it is needful that I find  
 Good meat and drink of every kind.  
     I ask no more !

And then (that I may well digest  
 Each several morsel of the feast)  
     See thou me store  
 (To ease the care within my breast)  
 With a thousand pounds at least !  
     I ask no more !

A well-born and a pleasing dame,  
 Full of beauty, void of shame ;  
     Let her have store  
 Of wealth, discretion and good fame,  
 And able to appease my flame !  
     I ask no more !

Yet one thing more ! Do not forget,  
 Afore that I do do this feat,  
     Forgot before,  
 That she a virgin be and neat ;  
 Of whom, two sons I may beget !  
     I ask no more !

Let them be Barons ! and impart  
 To each a million for his part,  
     I thee implore !  
 That when I long life have led,  
 I may have Heaven when I am dead !  
     I ask no more !

## CCCXXXIV

*THE CHILD'S DEATH* \*

He did but float a little way  
     Adown the stream of time ;  
 With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,  
     Or listening to their chime.  
     His slender sail  
     Scarce felt the gale ;  
 He did but float a little way,  
     And, putting to the shore,  
 While yet 'twas early day,  
     Went calmly on his way,  
     To dwell with us no more.  
 No jarring did he feel,  
 No grating on his vessel's keel ;  
     A strip of yellow sand  
 Mingled the waters with the land,  
     Where he was seen no more !  
     O stern word, Never more !  
 Full short his journey was ; no dust  
     Of earth unto his sandals gave ;  
 The weary weight that old men must,  
     He bore not to the grave.  
 He seemed a cherub who had lost his way  
 And wandered hither ; so his stay  
 With us was short ; and 'twas most meet  
     That he should be no delver in earth's clod,  
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet  
     To stand before his God.

## CCCXXXV

*PEACE* \*

I sought for Peace, but could not find,  
     I sought it in the city,  
 But they were of another mind,  
     The more's the pity!  
 I sought for Peace of country swain,  
     But yet I could not find;  
 So I, returning home again,  
     Left Peace behind.  
 Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? said I.  
     Methought a voice was given;  
 Peace dwelt not here, long since did fly  
     To God in heaven.  
 Thought I, this echo is but vain,  
     To folly 'tis of kin,  
 Anon I heard it tell me plain,  
     'Twas killed by sin.  
 Then I believed the former voice,  
     And rested well content,  
 Laid down and slept, rose, did rejoice,  
     And then to heaven went.  
 There I enquired for Peace, and found it true,  
 An heavenly plant it was, and sweetly grew.

## CCCXXXVI

*IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER* \*

If all the world were paper,  
     And all the sea were ink,  
 And all the trees were bread and cheese,  
     What should we do for drink?

If all the world were sand-o,  
     Oh, then what should we lack-o?  
 If, as they say, there were no clay,  
     How should we take tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,  
     If none but had a crack ;  
 If Spanish apes ate all the grapes,  
     How should we do for sack ?  
  
 If friars had no bald pates,  
     Nor nuns had no dark cloisters ;  
 If all the seas were beans and peas,  
     How should we do for oysters ?  
  
 If there had been no projects,  
     Nor none that did great wrongs ;  
 If fiddlers should turn players all,  
     How should we do for songs ?  
  
 If all things were eternal,  
     And nothing their end bringing ;  
 If this should be, then how should we  
     Here make an end of singing ?

## CCCXXXVII

*DE MORTE \**

Man's life's a tragedy : his mother's womb  
 (From which he enters) is the tiring room ;  
 This spacious earth the theatre ; and the stage  
 That country which he lives in : passions, rage,  
 Folly and vice are actors : the first cry  
 The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.  
 The former Act consisteth of dumb shows ;  
 The second, he to more perfection grows ;  
 I' th' third he is a Man and doth begin  
 To nurture vice and act the deeds of sin :  
 I' th' fourth declines ; i' th' fifth diseases clog  
 And trouble him ; then Death's his epilogue.

## CCCXXXVIII

*CHLORIS IN THE SNOW \**

I saw fair Chloris walk alone,  
 When feathered rain came softly down,

As Jove descending from his tower  
To court her in a silvery shower :  
The wanton snow flew to her breast,  
Like pretty birds into their nest,  
But overcome with whiteness there,  
For grief it thawed into a tear :  
    Thence, falling on her garment's hem,  
    To deck her, froze into a gem.

## CCCXXXIX

*THE INVITATION \**

Lord, what unvalued pleasures crowned  
    The days of old ;  
When Thou wert so familiar found,  
    Those days were gold ;—

When Abram wished Thou couldst afford  
    With him to feast ;  
When Lot but said, " Turn in, my Lord,"  
    Thou wert his guest.

But, oh ! this heart of mine doth pant,  
    And beat for Thee ;  
Yet Thou art strange, and wilt not grant  
    Thyself to me.

What, shall Thy people be so dear  
    To Thee no more ?  
Or is not Heaven to earth so near  
    As heretofore ?

The famished raven's hoarser cry  
    Finds out Thine ear ;  
My soul is famished and I die  
    Unless Thou hear.

O Thou great Alpha ! King of kings !  
    Or bow to me  
Or lend my soul seraphic wings  
    To get to Thee.

## CCCXL

*UPON A GARDENER*

Could he forget his death ? that every hour  
 Was emblemed to it by the fading flower :  
 Should he not mind his end ? Yes, needs he must,  
 That still was conversant 'mongst beds of dust.  
 Then let no onyon in an handkercher  
 Tempt your sad eyes into a needless fear ;  
 If he that thinks on death well lives and dies,  
 The gard'ner sure is gone to Paradise.

## CCCXLI

*EPITAPH ON CROYLAND ABBEY*

Man's life is like unto a winter's day :  
 Some break their fast and so depart away  
 Others stay dinner, then depart full fed ;  
 The longest age but sups and goes to bed.  
     O reader, then behold and see  
     As we are now, so thou must be.

## CCCXLII

*EPITAPH UPON A CHILD (DIED, 1655)*

Just three years old, and April be her date,  
 The month bespeaks our tears, her years, her fate.

## CCCXLIII

*EPITAPH ON ELEANOR FREEMAN,  
 WHO DIED A.D. 1650, AGED 21 \**

A virgin blossom in her May  
 Of youth and virtues turned to clay ;  
 Rich earth accomplished with those graces  
 That adorn saints in heavenly places.  
 Let not Death boast his conquering power,  
 She'll rise a star, that fell a flower.

## CCCXLIV

*SWEET SLUG-A-BED*

Myrtilla, early on the lawn,  
 Steals roses from the blushing dawn,  
 But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,  
 Aurora steals them back agen.

## CCCXLV

*A ROUND*

Hey nonny, no !  
 Men are fools that wish to die !  
 Is't not fine to dance and sing  
 When the bells of death do ring ?  
 Is't not fine to swim in wine,  
 And turn upon the toe  
 And sing hey nonny, no !  
 When the winds blow and the seas flow ?  
 Hey nonny, no !

## CCCXLVI

*THE LARK \**

Swift through the yielding air I glide,  
 While nights shall be shades, I abide,  
 Yet in my flight (though ne'er so fast)  
 I tune and time the wild wind's blast ;  
 And e'er the sun be come about,  
 Teach the young lark his lesson out ;  
 Who, early as the day is born,  
 Sings his shrill anthem to the rising morn.

Let never mortal lose the pains  
 To imitate my airy strains,  
 Whose pitch, too high for human ears,  
 Was set me by the tuneful spheres.

I carol to the Fairies' King,  
 Wake him a-mornings when I sing,  
 And when the sun stoops to the deep,  
 Rock him again, and his fair Queen to sleep.

## CCCXLVII

*HUE AND CRY AFTER CHLORIS \**

Tell me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the air,  
 Did you not see a nymph more bright, more fair  
 Than Beauty's darling, or of looks more sweet  
 Than stolt content ? If such an one you meet,  
 Wait on her hourly wheresoe'er she flies,  
 And cry, and cry, Amyntor for absence dies.

Go search the vallies ; pluck up ev'ry rose,  
 You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those ;  
 Fish, fish for pearl or coral, there you'll see  
 How oriental all her colours be ;  
 Go, call the echoes to your aid, and cry  
 Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom  
 I die.

But stay awhile, I have informed you ill,  
 Were she on earth, she had been with me still :  
 Go, fly to Heaven, examine ev'ry sphere ;  
 And try what star hath lately lighted there ;  
 If any brighter than the sun you see,  
 Fall down, fall down and worship it, for that is she.

## CCCXLVIII

*A GLEE AT CHRISTMAS*

'Tis Christmas now ! 'Tis Christmas now !  
 When Cato's self would laugh,  
 And smoothing forth his wrinkled brow,  
 Give liberty to quaff,  
 To dance and sing, to sport and play,  
 For every hour's a holiday.

And for the twelve days, let them pass  
 In mirth and jollity :  
 The time doth call each lad and lass,  
 That will be blythe and free,  
 To dance and sing, to sport and play,  
 For every hour's a holiday.

And from the rising of the sun  
 To the setting, cast off cares ;  
 'Tis time enough when twelve is done,  
 To think of our affairs,  
 To dance and sing, to sport and play,  
 For every hour's a holiday.

## CCCXLIX

*THE GARLAND OF THE BLESSED  
 VIRGIN MARIE \**

Here are five letters in this blessèd name,  
 Which, changed, a five-fold mystery design,  
 The M the Myrtle, A the Almonds claim,  
 R Rose, I Ivy, E sweet Eglantine.

These form thy garland, when of Myrtle green  
 The gladdest ground to all the numbered five,  
 Is so implexèd fine and laid in, between,  
 As love here studied to keep grace alive.

The second string is the sweet Almond bloom  
 Ymounted high upon Selines' crest :  
 As it, alone (and only it) had room,  
 To knit thy crown, and glorify the rest.

The third is from the garden culled, the Rose,  
 The eye of flowers, worthy for her scent,  
 To top the fairest lily now, that grows  
 With wonder on the thorny regiment.

The fourth is the humble Ivy intersert  
 But lowly laid, as on the earth asleep,

Preservèd in her antique bed of vert,  
 No faiths more firm or flat, then, where't doth  
 creep.

But that, which sums all, is the Eglantine  
 Which of the field is cleped the sweetest briar,  
 Inflamed with ardour to that mystic shine,  
 In Moses' bush unwasted in the fire.

Thus love, and hope, and burning charity,  
 (Divinest graces) are so intermixt  
 With odorous sweets and soft humility,  
 As if they adored the head, whereon they are  
 fixed.

## CCCL

*ON HIS MISTRESS' GARDEN OF  
 HERBS \**

Heart's-ease, a herb that sometimes hath been  
 seen

In my love's garden plot, to flourish green,  
 Is dead and withered with a wind of woe ;  
 And bitter rue in place thereof doth grow.  
 The cause I find to be, because I did  
 Neglect the herb called Time: which now doth bid  
 Me never hope ; nor look once more again  
 To gain heart's-ease, to ease my heart of pain.  
 One hope is this, in this my woeful case,  
 My rue, though bitter, may prove herb of  
 grace.

## CCCLI

*DING DONG*

Whilst we sing the doleful knell  
 Of this princess' passing-bell,  
 Let the woods and valleys ring  
 Echoes to our sorrowing ;  
 And the tenor of their song

Be ding dong, ding dong, dong,  
 Ding dong, dong,  
 Ding dong.

Nature now shall boast no more  
 Of the riches of her store,  
 Since in this her chiefest prize,  
 All the stock of beauty dies ;  
 Then, what cruel heart can long  
 Forbear to sing this sad ding dong ?  
 This sad ding dong,  
 Ding dong.

Fauns and sylvans of the woods,  
 Nymphs that haunt the crystal floods,  
 Savage beasts more milder than  
 The unrelenting hearts of men,  
 Be partakers of our moan,  
 And with us sing ding dong, ding dong,  
 Ding dong, dong,  
 Ding dong.

## CCCLII

*A CHRISTMAS CAROL \**

God bless the master of this house,  
 The mistress, also,  
 And all the little children  
 That round the table go :  
 And all your kin and kinsfolk,  
 That dwell both far and near ;  
 I wish you a merry Christmas  
 And a happy new year.

## CCCLIII

*ON LADY KATHERINE PASTON, WHO  
 DIED MARCH 10, 1628*

Can man be silent and not praises find  
 For her who lived the praise of woman-kind,

Whose outward frame was lent the world to guess  
 What shapes our souls shall wear in happiness,  
 Whose virtue did all ill so oversway,  
 That her whole life was a communion day.

## CCCLIV

*THE SONG OF NIGHT \**

In wet and cloudy mists I slowly rise,  
     As with mine own dull weight opprest,  
 To close with sleep the jealous lover's eyes,  
     And give forsaken virgins rest.

Th' advent'rous merchant and the mariner,  
     Whom storms all day vex in the deep,  
 Begin to trust the winds when I appear,  
     And lose their dangers in their sleep.

The studious that consume their brains and sight  
     In search where doubtful knowledge lies,  
 Grow weary of their fruitless use of light,  
     And wish my shades to ease their eyes.

Th' ambitious toiling statesman that prepares  
     Great mischiefs ere the day begins,  
 Not measures days by hours but by his cares ;  
     And night must intermit his sins.

Then why, when my slow chariot used to climb,  
     Did old mistaking sages weep ?  
 As if my empire did usurp their time,  
     And hours were lost when spent in sleep ?

I come to ease their labours and prevent  
     That weariness which would destroy  
 The profit of their toils are still misspent  
     Till rest enables to enjoy.

## CCCLV

*DOWN IN A GARDEN*

Down in a garden sat my dearest love,  
 Her skin more soft than down of swan,  
 More tender-hearted than the turtle-dove,  
 And far more kind than bleeding pelican.  
 I courted her ; she rose and blushing said,  
 'Why was I born to live and die a maid ?'  
 With that I plucked a pretty marigold,  
 Whose dewy leaves shut up when day is done :  
 'Sweeting,' I said, 'arise, look and behold,  
 What riddle I'll to thee unfold :  
 These leaves shut in as close as cloistered nun,  
 Yet will they open when they see the sun.'  
 'What mean you by this riddle, sir,' she said ;  
 'I pray expound it.' Then I thus begun ;  
 'Are not men made for maids and maids for men ?  
 With that she changed her colour and grew wan.  
 'Since that this riddle you so well unfold,  
 Be you the sun, I'll be the marigold.'

## CCCLVI

*SONG \**

Tell me no more how fair she is ;  
 I have no mind to hear  
 The story of that distant bliss  
 I never shall come near ;  
 By sad experience I have found  
 That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am  
 To tempt my daring fate,  
 From whence no triumph ever came  
 But to repent too late ;  
 There is some hope ere long I may  
 In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,  
 Nor will thy justice blame ;  
 So that thou wilt not envy me  
 The glory of my flame,  
 Which crowns my heart where'er it dies,  
 In that it falls her sacrifice.

## CCCLVII

*LOVE'S DROLLERY \**

I love thee for thy fickleness,  
 And great inconstancy ;  
 For had'st thou been a constant lass,  
 Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.  
 I love thee for thy wantonness,  
 And for thy drollery,  
 For if thou had'st not loved to sport  
 Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.  
 I love thee for thy poverty,  
 And for thy want of coin ;  
 For if thou had'st been worth a groat,  
 Then thou had'st ne'er been mine.  
 I love thee for thy ugliness,  
 And for thy foolery ;  
 For if thou had'st been fair or wise,  
 Then thou had'st ne'er loved me.  
 Then let me have thy heart a while,  
 And thou shalt have my money ;  
 I'll part with all the wealth I have,  
 T'enjoy a lass so bonny.

## CCCLVIII

*SONG*

When thou didst think I did not love, then didst  
 thou fawn on me ;  
 Now that thou find'st, that I do prove as kind as  
 kind may be,  
 Love faints in thee.

What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill-fixèd  
mind,  
Methinks it were good policy for me to turn un-  
kind,

To make thee kind.

And though I might myself excuse with imitating  
thee,  
Yet will I no example seek that may bewray in me  
Lightness to be.

Nor will I yet good nature stain to buy at so  
great cost,  
The which before I did obtain, I make account  
almost

My labour lost.

But since I gave thee once my heart, my con-  
stancy shall show,  
That though thou play the woman's part and  
from a friend turn foe,  
Men do not so.

CCCLIX

SONG

Come, lusty ladies, come, come, come !  
With pensive thoughts you pine.  
Come, learn the galliard now of us,  
For we be masquers fine.  
We sing, we dance and we rejoice  
With mirth in modesty :  
Come, ladies, then and take a part,  
And, as we sing, dance ye !  
Tarranta ta-ta-ta-ta-tararantina, etc.

CCCLX

SONG

Let us in a lover's round  
Circle all this hallowed ground ;  
Softly, softly, trip and go.

The light-foot Fairies jet it so.  
 Forward then, and back again,  
 Here and there and everywhere,  
 Winding to and fro,  
 Skipping high and skipping low ;  
 And, like lovers, hand in hand,  
 March around and make a stand.

CCCLXI

SONG \*

Sweet, yet cruel unkind is she  
 To creep into my heart and murder me.  
 Yet those beams from her eyes  
 Dims Apollo at his rise ;  
 And all those purer graces,  
 All in their several places,  
 Begets a glory doth surprise  
 All hearts, all eyes,  
 For only she  
 Gives life eternity ;  
 And when her presence deigns but to appear,  
 Never wish greater bliss than shines from her  
 bright sphere :  
 Her absence wounds, strikes dead all hearts with  
 fear.

CCCLXII

SONG

' Art thou that she than whom no fairer is,  
 Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss ?'  
 ' Say I am : how then ?  
 Maids may not kiss  
 Such wanton-humoured men.'

' Art thou that she the world commends for wit ?  
 Art thou so wise and makest no use of it ?'  
 ' Say I am : how then ?  
 My wit doth teach me shun  
 Such foolish, foolish men.'

## CCCLXIII

*THE GHOST-SONG \**

'Tis late and cold, stir up the fire ;  
 Sit close and draw the table nigher ;  
 Be merry and drink wine that's old,  
 A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold ;  
 Your beds of wanton down the best,  
 Where you shall tumble to your rest :  
 I could wish you wenches too,  
 But I am dead and cannot do.  
 Call for the best the house may ring,  
 Sack, white, and claret let them bring,  
 And drink apace, whilst breath you have,  
 You'll find but cold drink in the grave ;  
 Plover, partridge, for your dinner,  
 And a capon for the sinner,  
 You shall find ready when you're up,  
 And your horse shall have his sup.  
 Welcome, welcome shall fly round,  
 And I shall smile, though under ground.

## CCCLXIV

*A CATCH \**

The Wisemen were but seven, ne'er more shall  
 be for me ;  
 The Muses were but nine, the Worthies three  
 times three ;  
 And three merry boys, and three merry boys are  
 we.  
 The virtues were but seven, and three the  
 greatest be ;  
 The Caesars they were twelve, and the fatal  
 Sisters three ;  
 And three merry girls, and three merry girls are  
 we.

## CCCLXV

*THE ANGLER'S SONG*

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain  
 And sorrow, and short as a bubble ;  
 'Tis a hodge-podge of business and money and  
 care,  
 And care and money and trouble.  
 But we'll take no care when the weather proves  
 fair.  
 Nor will we now vex though it rain ;  
 We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,  
 And angle and angle again.

## CCCLXVI

*CANTUS \**

Sing, fair Clarinda, whilst you move,  
 Those that attend the throne above,  
 To leave their holy business there,  
 Shall so much harmony attend  
 To think the spheres were made in vain ;  
 Since here's a voice quickens the sloth  
 Of nature's age : it comforts growth  
 In all her works, and can provoke  
 A lily to outlive an oak.

## CCCLXVII

*TO ROBIN REDBREAST \**

When I'm led out for dead, let thy last kindness be  
 With leaves and moss-work for to cover me :  
 And while the wood-nymphs my cold corse  
 inter,  
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet warbling chorister ;  
 For epitaph in foliage next write this—  
 Here, here, the tomb of William Redley is.

## CCCLXVIII

## TO HIS MISTRESS

Last when I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play  
 The gentle thief and stol'st my heart away ;  
 Render't again or else give me thine own  
 In change, for two for thee (when I have none)  
 Too many are, else I must say, thou art  
 A sweet faced creature with a double heart.

## CCCLXIX

## WALY, WALY \*

O waly, waly, up the bank,  
 And waly, waly, doun the brae,  
 And waly, waly, yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my Love went to gae !  
 I leaned my back unto an aik,  
 I thocht it was a trustie tree ;  
 But first it bowed and syne it brak—  
 Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie  
 A little time while it is new !  
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades awa' like morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk my heid,  
 O wherefore should I kame my hair ?  
 For my true Love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,  
 The sheets sall ne'er be 'filed by me ;  
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink ;  
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.  
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?  
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?  
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snow's inclemencie,  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry ;  
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we cam in by Glasgow toun,  
 We were a comely sicht to see ;  
 My Love was clad in the black velvèt,  
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I had locked my heart in a case o' gowd,  
 And pinned it wi' a siller pin.  
 And O ! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee ;  
 And I mysel were dead and gane,  
 And the green grass growing over me !

CCCLXX

*EPITAPH ON MISTRESS MARY  
 PRIDEAUX \**

Happy grave, thou dost enshrine  
 That which makes thee a rich mine,  
 Yet remember, 'tis but loan,  
 And we look for back our own.  
 The very same, mark me, the same,  
 Thou shalt not cheat us with a lame,  
 Deformèd carcasse ; this was fair,  
 Fresh as morning, soft as air ;  
 Purer than other flesh, as fair  
 As other souls than bodies are :  
 And that thou maist the better see  
 To find her out, two stars there be  
 Eclipsèd now ; uncloud but those,  
 And they will point thee to the rose  
 That dyed each cheek, now pale and wan,  
 But will be, when she wakes again,  
 Fresher than ever ; and how ere  
 Her long sheet may alter her,

Her soul will know her body straight,  
 'Twas made so fit for't, no deceit  
 Can suit another to it, none  
 Clothe it so neatly as its own.

CCCLXXI

*OBSEQUIES* \*

Draw not so near  
 Unless you shed a tear  
     On the stone,  
     Where I groan,  
     And will weep,  
     Until eternal sleep  
     Hath charmed my weary eyes.  
         Flora lies here,  
 Embalmed with many a tear,  
     Which the swains  
     From the plains  
         Here have paid.  
 And many a vestal maid  
 Hath mourned her obsequies :  
 Their snowy breasts they tear,  
 And rend their golden hair ;  
     Casting cries  
     To celestial deities,  
         To return  
     Her beauty from the urn,  
         To reign  
 Unparallel on earth again.  
     When strait a sound,  
     From the ground,  
     Piercing the air,  
     Cries, She's dead,  
     Her soul is fled  
     Unto a place more rare.

You spirits that do keep  
 The dust of those that sleep  
     Under the ground,  
     Hear the sound

Of a swain  
 That folds his arms in vain,  
 Unto the ashes he adores.  
 For pity, do not fright  
 Him wand'ring in the night :  
     Whilst he laves  
     Virgins' graves  
         With his eyes,  
     Unto their memories,  
         Contributing sad showers.  
 And when my name is read  
 In the number of the dead,  
     Some one may  
 In charity repay  
         My sad soul  
 The tribute which she gave,  
     And hand  
 Some requiem on my grave.  
     Then weep no more ;  
     Grief will not restore  
     Her freed from care:  
     Though she be dead,  
     Her soul is fled  
     Unto a place more rare.

## CCCLXXII

*A LOVER'S LEGACY\**

Fain would I, Chloris ! ere I die,  
 Bequeath you such a legacy,  
 As you might say, when I am gone,  
 ' None has the like ! ' My heart alone  
 Were the best gift I could bestow ;  
 But that's already yours, you know.  
  
 So that, till you my heart resign,  
 Or fill, with yours, the place of mine ;  
 And, by that grace, my store renew,  
 I shall have nought worth giving you !  
 Whose breast has all the wealth I have,  
 Save a faint carcase and a grave !

But had I as many hearts as hairs ;  
 As many loves as Love has fears ;  
 As many lives as years have hours :  
 They should be all, and only yours !

## CCCLXXIII

*ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY \**

Catch me a star that's falling from the sky,  
 Cause an immortal creature for to die ;  
 Stop with thy hand the current of the seas,  
 Pierce the earth's centre to th' Antipodes ;  
 Cause Time return and call back yesterday ;  
 Clothe January like the month of May ;  
 Weigh me an ounce of flame, blow back the wind :  
 Then hast thou found faith in a woman's mind.

## CCCLXXIV

*SONG*

He or she that hopes to gain  
 Love's best sweet without some pain  
 Hopes in vain.

Cupid's livery no one wears  
 But must put on hopes and fears,  
 Smiles and tears.

And, like to April weather,  
 Rain and shine both together,  
 Both or neither.

## CCCLXXV

*ON FRANCIS DRAKE*

Sir Drake, whom well the world's end knew,  
 Which thou didst compass round,  
 And whom both poles of heaven once saw,  
 Which north and south do bound :

The stars above would make thee known,  
 If men here silent were ;  
 The sun himself cannot forget  
 His fellow traveller.

## CCCLXXVI

*DEATH'S TRADE*

Death is a fisherman, the world we see  
 His fish-pond is, and we the fishes be.  
 He, sometimes, angler-like, doth with us play,  
 And sily takes us one by one away ;  
 Diseases are the murdering hooks, which he  
 Doth catch us with, the bait mortality,  
 Which we poor silly fish devour, till strook,  
 At last, too late, we feel the bitter hook.  
 At other times he brings his net, and then  
 At once sweeps up whole cities-full of men,  
 Drawing up thousands at a draught, and saves  
 Only some few, to make the others' graves,  
 His net some raging pestilence ; now he  
 Is not so kind as other fishers be ;  
 For if they take one of the smaller fry,  
 They throw him in again, he shall not die :  
     But death is sure to kill all he can get,  
     And all is fish with him that comes to net.

## CCCLXXVII

*EPITAPH ON AN ONLY CHILD*

Here lies the father's hope, the mother's joy,  
 Though they seem hapless, happy was the boy,  
 Who of this life the long and tedious race  
 Hath travelled out in less that two months'  
     space.  
 Oh ! happy soul, to whom such grace was given  
 To make so short a voyage back to Heaven,  
 As here a name and christendom t'obtain,  
 And to his Maker then return again.

## CCCLXXVIII

*ANOTHER ON A CHILD OF TWO YEARS' OLD, BEING BORN AND DYING IN JULY*

Here is laid a July flower  
 With surviving tears bedewed,  
 Not despairing of that hour  
 When her spring shall be renewed ;  
     Ere she had her summer seen,  
     She was gathered fresh and green.

## CCCLXXIX

*AN INCOMPARABLE KISS \**

Give me a kiss from those sweet lips of thine  
 And make it double by enjoining mine,  
 Another yet, nay yet another,  
 And let the first kiss be the second's brother.  
 Give me a thousand kisses and yet more ;  
 And then repeat those that have gone before ;  
 Let us begin while daylight springs in heav'n,  
 And kiss till night descends into the ev'n,  
 And when that modest secretary, night,  
 Discolours all but thy heav'n-beaming light,  
 We will begin revels of hidden love  
 In that sweet orb where silent pleasures move.  
 In high, new strains, unspeakable delight,  
 We'll vent the dull hours of the silent night :  
 Were the bright day no more to visit us,  
 O, then for ever would I hold thee thus,  
 Naked, enchained, empty of idle fear,  
 As the first lovers in the garden were.

Embrace me still, for time runs on before,  
 And being dead we shall embrace no more.  
 Let us kiss faster than the hours do fly,  
 Long live each kiss and never know to die.  
 Yet, if that fade and fly away too fast,  
 Impress another and renew the last ;

Let us vie kisses, till our eye-lids cover,  
 And if I sleep, count me an idle lover ;  
 Admit I sleep, I'll still pursue the theme,  
 And eagerly I'll kiss thee in a dream.  
 O give me way : grant love to me thy friend !  
 Did hundred thousand suitors all contend  
 For thy virginity, there's none shall woo  
 With heart so firm as mine ; none better do  
 Than I with your sweet sweetness ; if you doubt,  
 Pierce with your eyes my heart or pluck it out.

CCCLXXX

*EPITAPH \**

Our life is only death ! time that ensu'th  
 Is but the death of time that went before ;  
 Youth is the death of childhood, age of youth  
 Die once to God, and then thou diest no more.

CCCLXXXI

*CONFINEMENT \**

Beat on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow !  
     Swell, curlèd waves, high as Jove's roof !  
 Your incivility doth show  
     That innocence is tempest proof ;  
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are  
     calm ;  
 Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.  
  
 That which the world miscalls a gaol,  
     A private closet is to me :  
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
     And innocence my liberty :  
 Locks, bars and solitude together met,  
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorèt.  
  
 I, whilst I wished to be retired,  
     Into this private room was turned ;

As if their wisdoms had conspired  
 The salamander should be burned ;  
 Or, like those sophists, that would drown a fish,  
 I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty ;  
 The pelican her wilderness ;  
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
 Naked on frozen Caucasus :  
 Contentment cannot smart, stoics we see  
 Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm  
 I, as my mistress' favour, wear ;  
 And for to keep my ankles warm,  
 I have some iron shackles there :  
 The walls are but my garrison ; this cell  
 Which men call gaol, doth prove my citadel.

I am in the cabinet locked up,  
 Like some high-prizèd margarite,  
 Or like the great Mogul, or Pope,  
 Am cloistered up from public sight :  
 Retirement is a piece of majesty,  
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
 A prisoner kept, cooped in a cage,  
 How doth she chant her wontèd tale  
 In that her narrow hermitage ?  
 Even then her charming melody doth prove,  
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

## CCCLXXXII

*A PANEGYRICK ON THE BLESSED  
 VIRGIN MARY \**

I do not tremble, when I write  
 A Mistress' praise, but with delight  
 Can dive for pearls into the flood,  
 Fly through every garden, wood,

Stealing the choice of flow'rs and wind,  
 To dress her body or her mind ;  
 Nay the Saints and Angels are  
 Not safe in Heaven, till she be fair,  
 And rich as they ; nor will this do,  
 Until she be my idol too.  
 With this sacrilege I dispense,  
 No fright is in my conscience,  
 My hand starts not, nor do I then  
 Find any quakings in my pen ;  
 Whose every drop of ink within  
 Dwells, as in me my parent's sin,  
 And praises on the paper wrot  
 Have but conspired to make a blot :  
 Why should such fears invade me now  
 That writes on her ? to whom do bow  
 The souls of all the just, whose place  
 Is next to God's, and in his face  
 All creatures and delights doth see  
 As darling of the Trinity ;  
 To whom the Hierarchy doth throng,  
 And for whom Heaven is all one song.  
 Joys should possess my spirit here,  
 But pious joys are mixed with fear :  
 Put off thy shoe, 'tis holy ground,  
 For here the flaming Bush is found,  
 The mystic rose, the Ivory Tower,  
 The morning Star and David's bower,  
 The rod of Moses and of Jesse,  
 The fountain sealed, Gideon's fleece,  
 A woman clothèd with the Sun,  
 The beauteous throne of Salomon,  
 The garden shut, the living spring,  
 The Tabernacle of the King,  
 The Altar breathing sacred fume,  
 The Heaven distilling honeycomb,  
 The untouched lily, full of dew,  
 A Mother, yet a Virgin too,  
 Before and after she brought forth  
 (Our ransom of eternal worth)  
 Both God and man. What voice can sing

This mystery, or Cherub's wing  
 Lend from his golden stock a pen  
 To write, how Heaven came down to men ?  
 Here fear and wonder so advance  
 My soul, it must obey a trance.

## CCCLXXXIII

*OF TEARS \**

Who would have thought there could have bin  
 Such joy in tears wept for our sin ?  
 Mine eyes have seen, my heart hath proved  
 The most and best of earthly joys :  
 The sweets of love, and being loved,  
 Masks, feasts and plays, and such like toys.  
 Yet this one tear, which now doth fall,  
 In true delight exceeds them all.

## CCCLXXXIV

*THE MOUNTEBANK'S SONG \**

Is any deaf ? Is any blind ?  
 Is any bound or loose behind ?  
 Is any foul that would be fair ?  
 Would any lady change her hair ?  
 Does any dream ? Does any walk,  
 Or in his sleep affrighted talk ?  
 I come to cure whate'er you feel,  
 Within, without, from head to heel.

Be drums or rattles in thy head ?  
 Are not thy brains well-temperèd ?  
 Does Eolus thy stomach gnaw ?  
 Or breed there vermin in thy maw ?  
 Dost thou desire and cannot please ?  
 Lo, here the best cantharides !  
 I come to cure whate'er you feel,  
 Within, without, from head to heel.

Even all diseases that arise  
 From all disposèd crudities ;  
 From too much study, too much pain,  
 From laziness and from a strain ;  
 From any humour doing harm,  
 Be it dry, or moist, or cold or warm.

Then come to me, whate'er you feel,  
 Within, without, from head to heel.

Of lazy gout, I cure the rich,  
 I rid the beggar of the itch,  
 I fleam avoid both thick and thin,  
 I dislocated joints put in,  
 I can old age to youth restore  
 And do a thousand wonders more.

Then come to me whate'er you feel,  
 Within, without, from head to heel.

## CCCLXXXV

*ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW \**

From Oberon in fairyland,  
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,  
 Mad Robin I, at his command,  
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
 What revel rout  
 Is kept about,  
 In every corner where I go,  
 I will o'er see  
 And merry be  
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !  
 More swift than lightning can I fly  
 About the airy welkin soon,  
 And in a minute's space descry  
 Each thing that's done below the moon.  
 There's not a hag,  
 Or ghost shall wag,  
 Cry, ware goblins, where I go ;  
 But Robin, I  
 Their seats will spy,  
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho !

Where'er such wanderers I meet,  
 As from their night-sports they trudge home ;  
 With counterfeiting voice I greet  
 And call them on, with me to roam  
     Through woods, through lakes,  
     Through bogs, through brakes,  
 Or else unseen, with them I go,  
     And in the nick  
     To play some trick,  
 And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man ;  
 Sometimes an oxe, sometimes a hound ;  
 And to a horse I turn me can,  
 To trip and trot about them round.  
     But if to ride,  
     My back they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I go,  
     O'er hedge and lands,  
     Through pools and ponds  
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lazy queans have naught to do ;  
 But studdy how to cog and lie ;  
 To make debate and mischief too  
 'Twixt one another secretly :  
     I mark their glose  
     And it disclose  
 To them whom they have wrongèd so ;  
     When I have done,  
     I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set  
 In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,  
 Who from their folds and houses get  
 Their ducks and geese and lambs asleep :  
     I spy the gin,  
     And enter in,  
 And seem a vermin taken so.  
     But when they there  
     Approach me near,  
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills in meadows green,  
 We nightly dance our heydeguise,  
 And to our fairy king and queen  
 We chant our moonlight harmonies.  
 When larks gin sing,  
 Away we fling,  
 And babes new-born steal as we go;  
 An elf in bed  
 We leave instead,  
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !  
 From hag-bred Merlin's time have I  
 Thus nightly revelled to and fro,  
 And for my pranks men call me by  
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.  
 Fiends, ghosts and sprites,  
 Who haunt the nights,  
 The hags and goblins do me know ;  
 And beldames old  
 My feats have told,  
 So *vale, vale* ; ho, ho, ho !

CCCLXXXVI

## SONG \*

I'll go to my love where he lies in the deep,  
 And in my embraces my dearest shall sleep :  
 When we wake, the king dolphins about us shall  
 throng,  
 And in chariots of shell shall draw us along.  
 The orient pearl that the ocean bestows,  
 We'll mix with the coral, our crowns to compose.  
 Then the sea-nymphs shall grieve and envy our  
 bliss,  
 We'll teach them to love and the cockles to kiss.  
 For my love sleeps now in his watery grave,  
 Has nothing to show for his tomb but a wave,  
 I'll kiss his dear lips, than the coral more red,  
 That grows where he lies in his watery bed :  
 Ah ! ah ! ah ! my love is dead,

There was not a bell, but a tortoise-shell  
 To ring, to ring, to ring my love's knell.  
 Ah, my love's dead ! There was not a bell,  
 But a tortoise-shell to ring my love's knell.

## CCCLXXXVII

## SONG

Fondness of man to love a she,  
 Were beauty's image on her face  
 So carved by immortality  
 As envious time cannot disgrace.

Who shall weigh a lover's pain ?  
 Feigned smiles awhile his hopes may steer ;  
 But soon reduced by sad disdain  
 To the first principles of fear.

Then farewell, fairest, ne'er will I  
 Pursue uncertain blisses more :  
 Who sails by woman's constancy,  
 Shipwrecks his love on every shore.

## CCCLXXXVIII

## SONG \*

Robin is a lovely lad,  
 No lass a smoother ever had ;  
 Tommy hath a look as bright  
 As is the rosy morning light ;  
 Tib is dark and brown of hue,  
 But like her colour firm and true :  
 Jenny hath a lip to kiss  
 Wherein a spring of nectar is ;  
 Simkin well his mirth can place  
 And words to win a woman's grace ;  
 Sib is all in all to me,  
 There is no Queen of Love but she.

CCCLXXXIX

## SONG \*

When I behold my mistress' face  
 Where beauty hath her dwelling-place,  
 And see those seeing stars her eyes  
 In whom love's fire for ever lies,  
 And hear her witty charming words,  
 Her sweet tongue to mine ear affords,  
 Methinks he wants wit, ears and eyes  
 Whom love makes not idolatrise.

CCCXC

*IN SUMMER TIME \**

In summer-time, when birds do sing,  
 And country-maids are making hay,  
 As I went forth myself alone  
 To view the meadows fresh and gay,  
 The country maidens I espied  
 With fine lawn aprons white as snow,  
 And crimson ribands about their arms  
 Which made a pretty country show.  
 The young men fell a-prating,  
 And took the maidens from hay-making  
 To go and tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble  
 Up and down the green meadow.  
 The next day being holiday  
 And country maids they would be seen,  
 Each took his sweetheart by the hand  
 And went to dance upon the green :  
 The country maids incontinent  
 Unto the green assembled were,  
 Adorned with beauty's ornaments,  
 Their cheeks like roses and lilies fair :  
 The young men fell a-skipping,  
 The maidens nimbly fell a-tripping,  
 They could not dance, but tumble, tumble, tumble  
 Up and down the green meadow.

The old men that had livèd long  
 And viewed full many a summer's day,  
 Came gently walking by themselves  
 To see them keep their holiday ;  
 The married men of middle age  
 Brought forth their wives to see that sport,  
 And they put on their best array,  
 Unto the green they did resort ;  
 There music sweetly sounding,  
 The maidens' hearts with joys abounding,  
 They could not dance, but tumble, tumble, tumble  
 Up and down the green meadow.  
 When they with tumbling well had sweat,  
 And tumbling joys had lasted well,  
 And Phoebus almost lost his heat,  
 Each did return where they did dwell :  
 Their wives unto their husbands said,  
 The pretty sports which they had seen,  
 Wished them to teach them in their bed  
 As did the lovers on the green :  
 The young men joyful-hearted  
 Each took his lass, and so departed,  
 When they no more could tumble, tumble, tumble,  
 tumble, tumble  
 Up and down the green meadow.

## CCCXCI

*LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY \**

Over the mountains  
 And over the waves,  
 Under the fountains  
 And under the graves ;  
 Under floods that are deepest,  
 Which Neptune obey,  
 Over rocks that are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

When there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie,

When there is no space  
 For receipt of a fly ;  
 When the midge dares not venture  
 Lest herself fast she lay,  
 If Love come, he will enter  
 And will find out the way.

You may esteem him  
 A child for his might ;  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward for his flight ;  
 But if she whom Love doth honour  
 Be concealed from the day—  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
 By having him confined ;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor heart ! to be blind ;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that ye may,  
 Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist ;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The Phoenix of the east ;  
 The lioness, you may move her  
 To give over her prey ;  
 But you will ne'er stop a lover—  
 He will find out the way.

If the earth it should part him,  
 He would gallop it o'er ;  
 If the seas should o'erthwart him,  
 He would swim to the shore ;  
 Should his love become a swallow,  
 Through the air to stray,  
 Love will lend wings to follow,  
 And will find out the way.

There is no striving  
To cross his intent ;  
There is no contriving  
His plots to prevent ;  
But if once the message greet him  
That his True Love doth stay,  
If Death should come and meet him,  
Love will find out the way !

## CCCXCII

*A CHRISTMAS CAROL \**

Now thrice welcome, Christmas,  
Which brings us good cheer,  
Minced pies and plum porridge,  
Good ale and strong beer ;  
With pig, goose and capon,  
The best that may be,  
So well doth the weather  
And our stomachs agree.

Observe how the chimneys  
Do smoke all about,  
The cooks are providing  
For dinner, no doubt ;  
But those on whose tables  
No victuals appear,  
O may they keep Lent  
All the rest of the year.

With holly and ivy,  
So green and so gay,  
We deck up our houses  
As fresh as the day ;  
With bay and rosemary  
And laurel complete ;  
And every one now  
Is a king in conceit.

CCCXCHH

*EPITAPH* \*

He whom Heaven did call away  
 Out of this hermitage of clay,  
 Has left some reliques in this urn  
 As a pledge of his return.  
 Meanwhile the Muses do deplore  
 The loss of this their paramour ;  
 With whom he sported ere the day  
 Budded forth its tender ray.  
 And now Apollo leaves his lays,  
 And puts on cypress for his bays ;  
 The sacred Sisters tune their quills  
 Only to the blubbering rills,  
 And while his doom they think upon,  
 Make their own tears their Helicon ;  
 Leaving the two-topt mount divine  
 To turn votàries to his shrine.

Think not, reader, me less blest,  
 Sleeping in this narrow chest,  
 Than if my ashes did lie hid  
 Under some stately pyramid.  
 If a rich tomb makes happy, then  
 That bee was happier far than men,  
 Who, busy in the thymy wood,  
 Was fettered by the golden flood,  
 Which from the amber-weeping tree  
 Distilled down so plenteously ;  
 For so this little wanton elf  
 Most gloriously enshrined itself ;  
 A tomb whose beauty might compare  
 With Cleopatra's sepulchre.  
 In this little bed my dust  
 Incurtained round I here intrust ;  
 While my more pure and nobler part  
 Lies entombed in every heart.  
 Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,  
 Touch not this mine hallowed urn ;

These ashes which do here remain  
 A vital tincture still retain ;  
 A seminal form within the deeps  
 Of this little chaos sleeps ;  
 The thread of life untwisted is  
 Into its first consistencies ;  
 Infant nature cradled here  
 In its principles appear ;  
 This plant, thus calcined into dust  
 In its ashes rest it must,  
 Until sweet Psyche shall inspire  
 A softening and prolific fire,  
 And in her fostering arms infold  
 This heavy and this earthy mould.  
 Then as I am I'll be no more,  
 But bloom and blossom as before,  
 When this cold numbness shall retreat  
 By a more than chymick heat.

## CCCXCIV

*COME, SHEPHERDS, DECK YOUR  
 HEADS \**

Come, Shepherds, deck your heads  
 No more with bays but willows,  
 Forsake your downy beds  
 And make the downs your pillows,  
 And mourn with me, since most  
 As never yet was no man,  
 For shepherd never lost  
 So plain a dealing woman.

All ye forsaken wooers  
 That ever were distressed,  
 And all ye lusty doers  
 That ever wenches pressed,  
 That losses can condole  
 And altogether summon  
 To mourn for the lost soul  
 Of my plain-dealing woman.

Fair Venus made her chaste  
 And Ceres beauty gave her,  
 Pan wept when she was lost,  
 The Satyrs strove to have her ;  
 Yet seemed she to their view  
 So coy, so nice, that no man  
 Could judge but that he knew  
 She was plain-dealing woman.

At all her pretty parts  
 I ne'er enough can wonder ;  
 She overcame all hearts,  
 Yet she all hearts came under :  
 Her inward parts were sweet,  
 Yet not so sweet as common,  
 Shepherd shall never meet  
 So plain a dealing woman.

CCCXCV

*JOHN SHORTHOSE \**

Hic jacet John Shorthose,  
 Sine hose, sine shoes, sine breeches ;  
 Qui fuit, dum vixit,  
 Sine goods, sine lands, sine riches.

CCCXCVI

*HELEN OF KIRCONNELL \**

I wish I were where Helen lies,  
 Night and day on me she cries ;  
 O that I were where Helen lies,  
 On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
 When in my arms burd Hélen dropt,  
 And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
 When my Love dropped and spak nae mair !

There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !  
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, ' Haste and come to me ! '

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !  
If I were with thee, I'd be blest,  
Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries ;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me.

CCCXCVII

*TO CHLORIS AT PARTING \**

Fain would I, Chloris, whom my heart adores,  
Longer awhile between thine arms remain,

But lo, the jealous morn her rosy doors,  
 To spite me, opes and brings the day again,  
 Farewell, farewell, Chloris, 'tis time I died :  
 The night departs, yet still my woes abide.

Hence, saucy, fleering candle of the skies,  
 Let us alone, we have no need of thee :  
 Our eyes are ever day, where Chloris' eyes  
 Shine that a pair of brighter tapers be.  
 Farewell, etc.

O night, whose sable veil was wont to be  
 More friends to lovers than the noisefull day :  
 Wherefore, O wherefore dost thou fly from me,  
 And carry with thee all my joys away ?  
 Farewell, etc.

## CCCXCVIII

*ON A SHEPHERD LOSING HIS  
 MISTRESS \**

Stay, shepherd, prithee shepherd stay !  
 Didst thou not see her run this way ?  
 Where may she be, must thou not guess ?  
 Alas ! I've lost my shepherdess.

I fear some Satyr has betrayed  
 My pretty lamb unto the shade :  
 Then, woe is me, for I'm undone,  
 For in the shade she was my sun.

In summer heat were she not seen,  
 No solitary vale was green :  
 The blooming hills, the downy meads,  
 Bear not a flower but when she treads.

Hushed were the senseless trees when she  
 Sat but to keep them company :  
 The silver streams were swelled with pride,  
 When she sat singing by their side.

The pink, the cowslip and the rose  
 Strive to salute her where she goes ;  
 And then contend to kiss her shoe,  
 The pansy and the daisy too.

But now I wander on the plains,  
 Forsake my home and fellow-swains,  
 And must for want of her, I see,  
 Resolve to die in misery.

## CCCXCIX

*IN THE PRAISE OF TOBACCO \**

Tobacco I love and tobacco I'll take,  
 And hope good tobacco I ne'er shall forsake  
 'Tis drinking and wenching destroys still the  
 creature ;

But this noble fume does dry up ill nature :  
 Then those that despise it shall never be strong ;  
 But those that admire it will ever look young.

With pipe after pipe, we still keep in motion,  
 In puffing and smoking, like guns on the ocean,  
 And when they are out, we charge 'em and then  
 We stop 'em and ram 'em and re-charge again :  
 Since we on tobacco can keep ourselves sound,  
 Let Bacchus or Venus in Lethe be drowned.



NOTES  
LIST OF AUTHORS  
AND  
INDEX OF FIRST LINES



## NOTES

PAGE NO.

- 1 1 From *Lyric Poems*, 1687. Most of Ayres's work—a quiet man, a friend of Dryden and a tutor for the greater part of his life in Buckinghamshire—is in translations. It is practised work, but out of routine only in passages. In spite of the date of his poems, he belongs to the Caroline group and has no correspondencies (except by a neat technique) with the Restoration. One cannot imagine Dryden, writing as Ayres did, a book of Emblems. His original verse is rather negative—his Muse is spoon fed on a low diet. Still he is a likeable poet, and *On a Fair Beggar*, is a sensuous and beautiful impression finely captured.
- 2 2 Mr. Warwick Bond collected the works of William Basse into one handsome and well-edited volume in 1893. Part of them is in an MS. volume dated 1653. The close structure and economy of this fine poem are so unlike the rest of Basse's work—which is diluted William Browne—that I have my suspicions of its authorship. But as there is no positive evidence against Basse, he should have the benefit of the doubt.
- 3 l. 4 Mr. Warwick Bond's note:—"The outside of the world"—the inside being that part successively turned towards, and lighted by the sun.'
- — l. 8 Compare Marvell's:  
     'I am the mower, Damon, known  
     By all the meadows I have mown.'
- 3 4 These verses, which so attractively combine sententiousness and naïveté, are to be found in *The Complete Angler*. In the first edition only, they are signed 'W. B.' and it is fairly certain that they are the initials of William Basse. William Basse, the friend of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, William Browne and Davenant, and the 'Willie' of Wither's fourth eclogue in *The*

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- Shepherd's Hunting*, was born at Northampton, but lived most of his life at Thame in Oxfordshire as a 'retainer' (in other words the librarian with plenty of time to stroll, ruminate and write pastorals) of the Lord Wenman of Thame Park. As a pastoralist in the mode of Phineas Fletcher's *Piscatorial Eclogues*, he belongs to the semi-rural, semi-Arcadian community of Browne, Wither and the Fletchers, which owned Spenser as their pastor. His verse lacks force and character as obviously as it is free from the eccentric or the perverse. But he is an easy and welcome poet to read, chiefly because of his sweetness of temper, contempt of the world and melancholy regard for the pleasures of retirement and solitude.
- 4 5 From 'Bosworth Field, with a Variety of Other Poems,' 1629, printed posthumously and reprinted in the *Fuller's Worthies Library*, 1869. Sir John Beaumont was Francis's cousin and a Leicestershire man, who lived a retired life on his estate studying poetry (besides making a little of it) in the earlier portion of his life and 'more serious and beneficial' subjects in the latter. He elaborated a theory of poetic style, which Waller developed later. Possibly, on this account, Beaumont's poetry is apt to be flat and prosaic. The pieces here chosen on the other hand represent him when his muse was out of school; when he was anxious to give expression not to some rule or other, but to the material of poetry and the substance of his feeling.
- 5 6 2nd, 5th and 6th stanzas omitted. *Idem*.
- 6 7 *Idem*.
- 7 8 This poem has been amply amended by Beaumont in the unique quarto manuscript (*Poems*, 1643) in the possession of Professor Palmer of Harvard University. Joseph Beaumont was Master of Jesus and Peterhouse, and was ejected from Cambridge for his Royalist sympathies. One of the most prolific writers of his time, he devoted the greater part of his mental energies to Scriptural annotation and commentary, finding time, however, to write a great deal of verse, indistinguishable, most of it, except by the rhymes, from the commentary. Besides manuscript poems, a long theologico-philosophic poem of his was published in 1648—*Psyche or Love's Mystery*. It is curious to notice the violent contrast between these little bud-like, tremulous emanations of a tender soul and the sententious absurdities of the rest.

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Beaumont's imitations of Donne, Milton, Crashaw, and Herbert are all terminology. His rather arid mind was attracted to the externals of religious speculation and his borrowings are close and verbal. He is a poet only in the personal and intimate, in the tender confidences of *The Little School*. But, as he thought it rather below his visionary duties to relax, his charming humilities are rare.

His garrulity and lack of sustained imagination make it almost impossible to select whole poems from him. The ones I have selected are from his MS. volume, reprinted in Miss Elise Robinson's excellent edition.

9 14 This triplet of Benlowes, which he uses almost exclusively through nearly three hundred pages of folio is a metrical abomination.

— 15 l. 7 elision for 'who on.'

l. 11 A Shelleyan phrase.

All from *Theophila*, 1652, a tremendously voluble epic of the soul. This is part of what Anthony Wood has to say of Benlowes:—'The anagram of his surname is Benevolus, given to him by Flatterers and Pretenders to poetry, for his Benevolence to them.' After the grand tour—'being a very imprudent Man in matters of worldly concern, and ignorant as to the value or want of money . . . he did squander it (his estate and £700 a year) mostly away on Poets, Flatterers which he loved' (Wood has his touches of malice) 'in buying of Curiosities (which some call Baubles), on Musicians, Buffoons etc. . . . He also very imprudently entered himself into Bonds for the payment of other men's debts; which, he being not able to do, he was committed to Prison in Oxford. . . . After he had been courted and admired for his ancient Extraction, Education and Parts by Great Men of this Nation, who had been a Patron to several ingenious Men in their necessities . . . did spend his last days at Oxon: but little better than in obscure condition: in which, for want of conveniences required for old age, as Clothes, Fuel and warm things to refresh the Body, he marched off in a cold season, on the 18th of Dec., at eight of the clock at night, Ann. 1676, aged 73 years or more.' An extract which reveals an exceedingly attractive character.

Benlowes spent his life in digging his grave of oblivion. He had the distinction of being strung on three separate gallows—on one by Butler, another by Pope and a third by War-

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burton. But really, by making his own hemp, he goes halfway to meet them. He is even more lavish with abbreviations than his fellows. They who contracted worlds into a line, were also apt to contract words into a stutter. But it is easy to pillory Benlowes, and for Pope to write 'Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows.' Such conceits as these (on drunkenness):—

\* Each gallon breeds a ruby :  
 Drawer ! six score 'um  
 Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th' quorum  
 When our nose-carbuncles, like link-boys,  
 Blaze before 'um.'

Or : ' War hath our lukewarm claret broached with spears '—are fuel for satiric fire. Purpureate and an astronomical whirligig as *Theophilus* is, and a Phaethon as Benlowes is, crazy among imaged planets, yet, in passages he has a rare mystical glow and transport stopping short only by singularity of the sublime. The soul of poetry was in him—and through this obscure and faulty poet we see how passionately these 'Metaphysicals' interpreted that soul.

10 16 One stanza omitted.

A great deal of Alexander Brome's verse is swashbuckling political satire. Yet this verse journalist, living up to his 'roaring boy' part, wrote the song, 'Tell me not of a face that's fair, with the mixture of poetic truth, human tenderness and careless hail-fellow manner, so delightfully characteristic of this lyrical form. Brome was an attorney-cum-man-of-letters-cum-controversialist of the Royalist persuasion. He edited a translation of *Horace*, wrote occasional verse and boisterous comedies, and published a collection of poems and epigrams in 1661.

13 20 From *The Northern Lasse, a Comedie*, 1632. The *Beggar's Song*, from *A Joviall Crew*: or, *The Merry beggars*, 1652.

Richard Brome was a servant of Ben Jonson, and the relationship between them seems to have been a cordial one. Brome after his master's death, always stoutly defended him. He wrote fifteen Comedies, which Mr. Saintsbury describes as 'a cross between the style of Jonson and the style of Fletcher.' *The Northern Lasse* and *A Joviall Crew* are undoubtedly the best of them; brisk, fresh and readable plays. I prefer him to Alexander, who was less of a poet and of a harder and more stereotyped mind. Without Alexander's exuberance Richard is

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- often boisterous, but he is sympathetic, and has an original vein in his lyrics, especially in the beautiful second poem.
- 14 21 A poem that seems to me to betray, by inner testimony, the hand of a writer of prose. But, in spite of an over-cautious inspiration (as of a half-poet moving about in worlds not realised) and occasional roughnesses, it is surely more acceptable to the anthologist than the shop-window verse of Jeremy Taylor, with its none too judicious display of jewellery.
- — l. 17 Compare Thompson's *Mistress of Vision*:  
 'Learn to sleep when thou dost wake,  
 Learn to dream when thou dost sleep.'  
 I quote sparingly from Bunyan's by no means scanty verse, for most of it answers to what a foolish critic said of his prose—that it was 'mean, jejune and wearisome.'
- 16 24 Burton's life is in his work:—  
 'Now these, the songs, remain to eternity,  
 Those, only those, the bountiful choristers,  
 Gone—those are gone, those unremembered  
 Sleep and are silent in earth for ever.'
- and his external career was exactly what it should have been, and what we expect it to be. Burton sat at his boke and his devocioun almost without moving, but all the time he was travelling round this world of plants, beasts and men with the sails that he made out of the leaves of his books. Like the great figure in Dürer, he stared out in awful immobility at the landscape of futility.
- The *Abstract* first appears in the third edition of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1628). It should be more frequently reprinted in modern anthologies, if only for the debt Milton so obviously owed it in the *Penseroso*. But cut loose and allowed to drift, it is the life and soul of the 'fantastick great old man,' as it is the appropriate comment upon his wonderful book. This poem indeed is Burton's confession; for his 'horrid disorder of Melancholy,' in the words of Anthony Wood, contrasted and tallied with his 'very merry, facete and juvenile company.' Burton loved literature as perhaps the only valid cure (as he knows it may well be the cause) of the heart sickness of Ecclesiastes. And all readers who love him must have a softness for this singular poem of his.
- 18 25 There is nothing to rival this magnificent invocation from one great poet to another in all our

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- early poetry—not even Ben Jonson's lines to Shakespeare in the first folio. That a poet of such strong-winged intellectual passion should have possessed the reputation of a sweeter Austin Dobson is a paradox of letters.
- 24 31 This poem also emphasises a neglected side of Carew.
- l. 34 'One thorn from the leafless trunk of Golgotha,' says Clarendon of Carew, 'did prove to him more precious than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureates worn.'
- 26 33 This poem deserves more prominence than it has received from anthologies.
- I have omitted, '*Ask me no more where Jove bestows,*' '*He that loves a rosy cheek,*' '*Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,*' and '*Give me more love or more disdain.*'
- Carew's poems were first published posthumously in 1640.

Carew has been derided by Hazlitt as 'an elegant Court trifler,' by Suckling in *Session of the Poets*, and by modern opinion contemptuously approved for his poetic *beaux yeux*. The Cambridge History censures his weak imaginative power, lack of freshness, conventionalism and timidity. The answer to these partial judgments is Carew's poems—especially the Donne and Sandys addresses and *The Rapture*. Carew is indeed a towny poet and but little of a poetic traveller. But he lets his material have its own way, he tempts it easily into expression with a knowledge of lyrical form, both cultivated and intuitive. He was first of all a devoted artist and the artist is more independent of his theme than professors would seem to allow him. Without being so fine-minded as Marvell, or so quintessentially lovely as Campion, or so personable as Herrick, he is yet of their rank. His spirit, not his talent, failed in *poetic* ambition. Yet a mind so searching as his could not always be content with the merely sweet. Let the reader observe how often a rough word or image sends the wind through his most ambrosial bowers; how often a curious metaphysical touch informs his most sensuous and dexterous melodies:—

'For in your beauty's orient deep  
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.'

Carew was not only a poet of an impeccable skill in metre and of a sure touch in making the most of a delicate fancy.

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- 28 36 First four lines omitted.  
 — 37 Last four stanzas omitted.  
 29 38 I have added another stanza to the two given in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Two stanzas omitted.  
 30 39 The last six lines, which drop a little and swerve from the meaning, are omitted.  
 — 40 A rare instance of an early 'Pacifist' poem. Another is Vaughan's *Abel's Blood*.  
 31 41 A paraphrase of the famous song of Catullus.  
 — 1. 32 Compare Collins :—

The Red-breast oft at evening hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid  
 With hoary moss and gathered flowers,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.'

- 32 42 This lullaby, which has so charmingly realized and expressed the substance of the theme, appears in *The Siege*, or, *Love's Convert* (1651). Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, said of Cartwright : 'Cartwright is the utmost man can come to'; Anthony Wood says : 'That which is most remarkable is, that these his high parts and abilities were accompanied with so much sweetness and candour, that they made him equally beloved and admired by all persons, especially those of the gown and the court; who esteemed also his life a fair copy of practic piety, a rare example of heroic worth, and in whom arts, learning and language made up the true complement of perfection'; he was acclaimed, 'a most florid and seraphical preacher in the university' (Oxford); the king wore mourning for his early death; and there are more than fifty dedicatory poems to the collected edition of his works in 1651. Such a surfeit of popularity may account in some measure for the neglect of posterity.  
 The biography of a poet who was more of a convention than a man ('my son Cartwright writes all like a man' is one of the less happy criticisms of the penetrating Ben) is as it should be, a catalogue of appointments. A brilliant classical scholar, he took his B.A. at Christ Church in 1632 (he was twenty) and was carried off when a Doctor of his college by 'a callenture, being a burning fever.' There he stands *totus teres atque rotundus*, a firm Royalist, a witty but not acid contemner of the Puritans, a vivacious churchman (in the most cultured and speculative days of the Anglican Church—some of Donne's marvellous sermons would give an

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average modern Bishop a fit), a smooth, gracious, subtle lecturer in the metaphysical style, an exhilarating scholar 'who made philosophy as melting as his plays' and an agreeable personality in the days when Oxford was a kind of salon of the learned wits, and the churchman, the poet, and the courtier were of literary accomplishments all compact. Cartwright's poetry was conditioned by the atmosphere and associations of his career. Donne indeed was an influence but one of obligation, one feels, rather than of sympathetic qualities of mind. Cartwright was at his nadir in imitating Donne. Not again does he owe much to Jonson, though professedly of the 'tribe of Ben.' He had nothing of Jonson's structural capacity, either in the drama or the lyric, nothing indeed resembling him at all, unless a labour of idiom can be said to match a labour of idea. For Cartwright has the doubtful honour of being a poetic attitude rather than a poet. He was throughout a charming fashion, a fashion that was the more fragrant because so fugitive—a mannerism rather than a man. It is indeed easy to be offhand with him. His cynicism was carefully theatrical: his plays were all second-hand and derivative; the love-poems (as he himself acknowledges) are a market place for sophisticated kisses and tutored protestations, 'learned sighs' and 'figured vows.' The frequently accentual beat of his lines makes for a harsh, monotonous scansion. As in Shakespeare's verse, one simile generates another, but unfortunately their movement is centrifugal. Cartwright, in short, was the mirror of a society and satisfied, even obliged, to reflect its externals good and bad.

Yet there are from a dozen to a score of workmanlike poems, whose delicacy, fancy (the 'matchless Orinda' called him 'Prince of Phansie'), sprightliness, with here and there a fling into the deeper waters of poetic gravity entitle him to a not too hasty modern regard. It is perhaps as a fanciful elegiac writer (particularly in such tender pieces as *To Chloe* and *On the Death of a Virtuous Young Gentlewoman*) that Cartwright best finds himself.

32 43 Two much poorer stanzas are omitted. The lovers of birds, of flowers and of poetry should be glad to read this gracious poem.

Patrick Cary, the younger brother of Lord Falkland, never published the 'Trivial Poems and

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Triolets' he wrote in 1651, 'in obedience to Mrs. Tomkin's Commands.' They were ferreted out and published by Scott in 1819. About a third of them are 'Rump' songs, with a strong Royalist bias, the rest slight and playful amatory pieces and religious poems. They have been reprinted by Mr. Saintsbury, who has a much higher opinion of Cary than I have. Cary never uses his tripping measures really well. He is even more lavish with elisions before consonants than the other poets of the period (and much less excusably, with such very fugitive matter to back his language). He is full too of very wry transpositions in syntax and contortions of grammar and is always throwing in 'indeeds,' 'stills,' etc. to blow out his metre. Mr. Saintsbury talks of Vaughan and Crashaw in the same breath with Cary's religious 'Triolets.' There I cannot but disagree with him. With the exception of the 'Hymn' quoted, his religious thought seems to me as infantile as its metres are sham-sprightly. Nor have his political songs anything like the virility of Alexander Brome's.

33 44

From *Poems*, 1653. If this poem were not short, the idea would be elaborated until it was worn as threadbare as the fleshy garments. The Duchess of Newcastle never lets well alone in her verse. She likes to think of a number, double, treble, quadruple it and conclude that the poetic vision is captured by the big battalions. As it is, it is a fine success.

The Duchess of Newcastle's biography of her husband is of course an English classic, even though Pepys called her 'a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman' and the Duke 'an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him.' Lamb's criticism is well known—'No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep such a jewel.' She wrote thirteen volumes, all her works are in folio, and she left a mass of manuscript. The reason why so much of it is unreadable is given in her own words—'That little wit I have, it delights me to scribble it out and to disperse it about,'—for the vanity and lax expansiveness of the self-exploiting amateur are what posterity condemns in her. Nevertheless, if one has the patience to wade through the lake-like sweep of shallow water to its brook-source, there is much homely wit and sensible, housewifely counsel on life. The 'Life' is a work of noble

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- quality and naive charm. But on the whole, this famous Duchess was a blue-stocking who not only made the most, but a success of it.
- 34 45 Last stanza of this delightfully Waltonesque poem omitted.  
Only one other lyric poem of Chalkhill's has survived. Both are published in his friend and kinsman's *The Complete Angler*. Walton also published Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*, a kind of heroic pastoral in decasyllabic couplets (with the fewest end-stops of almost any poet who has ever used them) in 1683. I suppose the evidence that Chalkhill lived is fairly substantial. But it is pleasant to cherish the fancy that he was an ingenuity of Walton's. Why have only two songs of his survived? Why are they so like Walton's own poem? Why was there ever a mystery about him? Why was he called Chalkhill when chalk this and chalk that has constant Waltonisms? The historical John Chalkhill was a Middlesex Coroner at the beginning of the century and he, or another, was grandfather to Walton's wife.
- 35 46 From *Nocturnall Lubucations*, 1638, a moral confection in prose, with epigrams and epitaphs at the end. The little conceit of the mountain periwigged with snow can be ludicrous enough. But it is neither that nor disagreeable here.
- — l. 4 Cf. Keats's 'Sweet peas . . . on tiptoe for a flight.' Also 'Jocund day stands tiptoe' (*Romeo and Juliet*).
- — l. 6 Possibly pronounced (in Midland dialect) as we do 'blood.'  
Chamberlain was a Lancashire man and clerk to Peter Ball, the Solicitor-general, who had him sent to Exeter College. He also wrote a comedy.
- 36 47 From *Pharonnida*, 1659.  
Chamberlayne was a Shaftesbury doctor, who took fifteen years to write *Pharonnida*. The poem was broken in half (by the second battle of Newbury, in which apparently he took part). *Pharonnida*, like its inferior, Davenant's *Gondibert*, is a romantic-heroic epic, of an incredible incoherence in narrative. But as nobody reads the untidy novels in verse of the seventeenth century, that matters very little. What does matter are the wayward constellations of poetry set in the obscure and not-to-be-charted firmament of *Pharonnida*. Mr. Saintsbury, who has reprinted the poem, says well of it that it is 'a Sinbad's valley of poetic jewels.' But as Chamberlayne does his best to hide them in the

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- wizard caves of bad grammar, guarded by the Genii of Inversion and Convolution, sentinels upon vast battlements of Wool, it needs a man of endurance, like Ulysses, rather than a fairy prince to get at them. It is hardly possible to quote any of these passages of pre-Keatsian beauty, not because they cannot be released from the context, but because they are 'fallings from us, vanishings' rather than concrete poetic results. The passage quoted, so full of magnificent suggestion and a fine example of blended descriptive and philosophic verse, shows at least that Chamberlayne was not content with the six lower heavens. It would be nearer our earth-bound speech, if its creator had consented to the gyves of punctuation.
- 37 48 Cleveland's 'high panegyrics and smart Satyres' have too much of the 'Predicamental Individuum' for modern taste. His outlandish similitudes spoil practically all his work—though it has a kind of rough barbaric pedantism that is sometimes intriguing. I have not quoted the fairly well known *On Phyllis walking before Sunrise*. It is pretty, but a tissue of fanciful ingenuities is not a poem.
- 'What Ben Jonson did for Shakespeare,' says Archbishop Trench, 'Cartwright . . . or more briefly Cleveland here, have done in turn for Jonson; Denham for Cowley; Cowley for Crashaw; Carew for Donne; Marvell for Milton; Dryden for Oldham. . . . Certainly Cleveland must be allowed very happily to have seized here some of the main excellencies of Jonson.'
- 37 49 Though this poem (with its delicate piracy of cosmic fancies) is printed among Cleveland's poems, it was actually written, it has been suggested, by John Hall of Durham.
- Cleveland was an Oxford man, of vehement Royalist sympathies. As Judge Advocate of Newark, he was, it is said, in danger of being executed, when the place was surrendered, and he was actually imprisoned at Yarmouth in 1655. Cromwell released him, upon his petition, written in 'towering language' and 'gallant reason,' but he died soon after, probably from broken health. Wood calls him 'an exquisite orator and pure satirist,' (an adjective that cannot be applied to his English). His 'high panegyrics and smart satyres' were much appreciated 'by the then wits remaining among the affrighted and distressed Muses.' His *Poems* were published in 1647 and went through many editions up to

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- the completest in 1687, and his reputation flourished right on through the revolution in poetry—the grave of so many other poets. He owed it no doubt partly to his wild unconscious parodies of the 'Metaphysicals'; partly to his bludgeoning satires and partly to his bold experiments in anapaestic measures. He was, in fact, what Mr. Saintsbury calls 'a poetical leader-writer.' But it is all so embedded in local allusion and reference that Cleveland can scarcely be read nowadays without a history manual beside one. He has hardly done himself justice, for he was a man of striking character and a writer of a strong and pungent, if coarse, mind.
- 38 50 From *Poems of Divers Sorts*, 1658. Sir Aston Cokaine is called 'a good poet, and a great lover of learning; yet by others, a perfect boon fellow, by which means he wasted all he had.' He devoted much industry to discovering the respective shares of Beaumont and Fletcher in their collaborate plays, and revealed the fact that Massinger collaborated with Fletcher. He ought, of course, with his tastes and opportunities to have done a great deal of valuable historical and biographical work. These verses, however artificial, supply a kind of inner criticism upon the worse Cavalier love-poems. But their charm is a conscious and deliberate insincerity. With Cokaine it is pure *tour de force* and mannerism; but with better poets the same air and attitude are frequently the means to releasing a very real irony and bitterness of soul. Cokaine is a disappointing poet. But his book is the mirror of a friendly countenance and reflects his genial relations with the poets and dramatists. He was a Derbyshire man and devoted nearly all his long life to second-hand social-literary activities. He was in fact an earnest dilettante and would probably never have written a line of a play or a poem, had not literature in those days been as much the province of a gentleman as finance is now.
- 39 51 From a little volume *Divine Songs and Meditations*, 1653, 'said to be unique.' It is not in the British Museum.
- 42 55 Nothing is known of Anne Collins. A fine piece of rich embroidery, possibly Herrick's. Richard Corbet, Bishop of Oxford in 1629, of Norwich in 1632 and 'a most quaint Preacher,' was one of the most famous of the 'University Wits.' I suppose that the reason that he does not push his way into anthologies is that his

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- verse is mainly either excellent journalism or what we should call nowadays 'pastiche.' But he is a genuine droll and the joyous felicity of *The Fairies Farewel* is worthy of the most austere anthology. His book of verse is *Certain Elegant Poems*, 1647. Coleridge desired to have his poems reprinted, at which Corbet himself would have demurred, since his work, actually and by intention, is nearly all occasional verse. But it makes grateful reading, for he had a sly, dry, demure spirit of humour which is varied by pieces of quiet and sensuously decorative beauty.
- 43 56 The few lines referring to Crashaw's creed, omitted.
- It is entertaining to find this woman-hating in a poem addressed to so feminine a poet as Crashaw. Crashaw was a canon of Loretto and died there.
- 45 57 I have followed Archbishop Trench's wise guidance in omitting nine stanzas from this Ode. It is certainly the most imaginative thing that Cowley ever wrote.
- Speaking of his use of the alexandrine in this exalted poem, Mrs. Meynell remarks upon his ability to write it without 'even an accidental pause, making the middle of his line fall upon the middle of some word that is rapid in the speaking and therefore indivisible by pause or even by any lingering.' It would be going out of one's way to comment on this strange error, had not Mrs. Meynell concluded from it that English prosody should have followed this example. But a pause is as indispensable to the alexandrine as a caesura to the hexameter and practically all the alexandrines in the *Hymn to Light* have this pause sharp and distinct in the middle of the line. An alexandrine running through without pause is not only shapeless and all huddled together, but is exhausted before it can reach the twelfth syllable. Cowley's own use of it is sufficient evidence.
- 47 58 Two stanzas omitted. From *The Mistress*. If this agreeable poem does not exhibit Cowley at his best (as it very nearly does), it is exceedingly characteristic of his amiable temper, easy fancy and argumentative turn. The last can be prosaic enough, but it is enjoyable in such poems as this, where it makes for a certain plainness and solidity.
- 48 59 Four stanzas omitted. The poem comes at the end of the charming essay '*Of Solitude*' in 'Several Discourses by way of Essays, In Verse and Prose.'

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Compare Marvell's :—

' Fair trees, where soe'er your barks I wound,  
None but your own name shall be found.'

- 49 60 From *The Mistress*. The theme (originally derived from Donne and a symptom of the reaction against the neo-Platonism of the Elizabethan sonneteers) is an exceedingly common one in the period.

I have omitted *The Wish*, the *Harvey Ode* and the *Anacreonticks*.

Cowley's bad fault is to pile up damp verbal brushwood to light a naturally phlegmatic temper. By himself, he is an easy, talkative, inventive poet, but in the platform manner, he is rather tiresome. He can never forget he has to live up to himself—and, most unhappily, to Donne. He is no hand at metaphysical subtleties and a good deal of his mystical verse reminds one of a glass chandelier—his profuse words tinkling together like the crystals. At his best, he is fresh, comely and witty—as engaging as his name. For all these obvious criticisms, the *Hymn to Light*, in spite of some giddiness in flight, is magnificent.

*The Mistress* appeared in 1647, containing lyrics of great metrical variety, Pindaric odes (Pindaric, only because they strive to emulate the 'enthusiastical manner' of Pindar) and the diffuse, ill made, but cleverish sacred poem *Dauides*. Cowley also wrote some satires on the Puritans, some charmingly reflective and intimate essays and the attractive *Cutler of Coleman Street*, which, very undeservedly, was a failure on the stage.

- 50 61 From *The Delights of the Muses*.

53 63

l, 8 You will hear no nightingales to-day by the banks of Tiber, and I doubt whether Crashaw did. An occasional tired migrant warbler you may see—in a dish of *Polenta* or on anchovy and toast.

Crashaw is as liable to lapses into 'slippery blisses,' as Keats is. The foreign, Southern, voluptuous element in him (he owed as much to Renaissance Spain and Italy as Jonson to the classics) is totally unlike the Elizabethan and Caroline temper, masculine (except in the pastoral) at its best and worst. I hesitated to quote all of *Music's Duel*, but I found its felicities too entangled among its rather tedious languors, for selection.

57 64

From *The Delights of the Muses*. It is to be noted how few of Crashaw's best poems are

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- short ones. His 'ardorous' (as Francis Thompson called it) temperament liked plenty of room. But the sweet gravity of this makes it practically impeccable in form.
- 58 65 From *Steps to the Temple*. Eleven stanzas omitted. I have followed 'The Oxford Book' readings.
- — 1. 18 I can find no objection to a line at which so many critics have cavilled. 'Breakfast,' on the contrary, seems to me to give a bewitching touch of sharpness to the sensuous imagery of the stanzas. Crashaw is not prosaic and sententious, as Vaughan sometimes is. His faults are a gawdy colouring, an indirect over-consciousness of sex and teasing out an idea until it crumbles to dust. The fine thing about his poetry is the soft haze which he can lay upon it. He has nothing of Vaughan's still, white radiance; his own peculiar light (a light almost to be touched like velvet) seems to be at once diffused and intense with an unearthly glow. Colour and heat are the twin glories of Crashaw. I have kept to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's choice of stanzas, to my mind the best of any. But I have omitted stanza 10—which he includes—and included stanza 15, 'well does the May . . .' which he excludes.
- 60 66 From *The Delights of the Muses*.
- 61 67 From *Steps to the Temple*. I have followed Sir A. Quiller-Couch's omissions (lines 29-42; 69-96).
- 65 68 From *Steps to the Temple*. Seven stanzas omitted. 'The Oxford Book' omits five, and I have a stanza (6th) there left out. This is perhaps the most attractive of Crashaw's poems, because it is the most tender. Crashaw is rarely tender (there are many more passages of tenderness in Donne than in him), not because he is too harsh, but too soft and rich. Compare this poem with Southwell's equally tender and, to my mind, equally beautiful hymn on the same theme.
- 67 69 From *The Delights of the Muses*.
- 68 70 From *Carmen Deo Nostro*. Two stanzas omitted. It is odd that this poem which comes nearest to the solemn radiance of Vaughan at his best, is not quoted in every anthology. Perhaps our ineffable human conceit gets in the way. The poem is quite free from his mannerisms (which 'Music's Duel,' for all its rosy iridescence, certainly is not); its simple majesty is all pure light. One can grow tired of Crashaw, simply because he is always letting one down. His journeys

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- between heaven and earth are too rapid. It is as difficult as it can be to divide his poems into cherubs and imps—because the execrable and the divine are contiguous not only in stanzas but in lines. I am not at all satisfied with my selection of him as a whole, and, if readers agree with me, let them give nine-tenths of the blame to me, but one-tenth to Crashaw's singular lack of self-criticism and indifference to the homely needs of revision. I have omitted '*Wishes to His supposed Mistress*,' '*To thy lover, dear, discover*' as universally known among readers of poetry. *Steps to the Temple* was first published in 1646; *Carmen Deo Nostro* (with plates which have been sometimes attributed to Crashaw himself) in Paris in 1652. The most complete seventeenth century collection was in 1670. On the whole Crashaw has been over-praised in modern days.
- 69 71 From *Sacred Poems*, 1664. Crossman was ejected from his rectory in Essex for nonconformity. He returned to the Church and was Dean of Bristol at his death.
- 72 75 From *The Law against Lovers*, 1673. Second and much inferior stanza omitted. Davenant, when roistering, leaves me cold. But this song has genuine spirit and a certain concreteness and particularity which carry it, almost against my will, into this volume.
- I have omitted *Prayer and Praise*, not because it is too well known, but as lacking in that melody both of meaning and rhythm, conspicuous in *Morn, Life and Death*, *To a Mistress Dying* and *To the Queen*. This last is one of the most eloquent complimentary poems of the age. Davenant's occasionally true and firm imagination does not appear in *Gondibert*, which is more exciting to read about than to read. The first two books were written in Paris, and his devotion to his task (see Aubrey) was the mock of Denham and others, who followed the silly fashion of Suckling in pretending that poetry was the recreation not the vocation of a gallant life. He completed the first two books in 1650, under Hobbes's encouragement. Then he set out for Virginia and was taken on ship-board by the Parliamentarians. Six cantos of the third book were written in prison at Cowes, but his melancholy circumstances made him abandon the poem and add only a fragment during the remaining eighteen years of his life. Poor Davenant indeed was too much in love

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with his 'moral poem,' and he spent literally years of thought in making it as plain, moral and technically expert as he could. His introduction of the quatrain into the epic form was adopted by Dryden in *Annus Mirabilis* and was of use in the development of the heroic couplet, a matter of interest to historians, not poets or lovers of poetry. And, alas, the epic itself is too virtuous for anything. It was a great pity that Davenant did not bring his personality to bear more fully upon his shorter poems. We see in him as we do in all the Carolines—the mystery of the poetic spirit breaking in upon artificial and gracious trifling.

73 77 From *King John and Matilda*, 1655. Note by Mr. Bullen, 'Written before 1639.' A lovely song. Warburton attributed the unpublished play 'The History of Henry I.' to Davenport and Shakespeare, whereupon it was destroyed by his cook, zealous, no doubt, for Shakespeare's fame. But Shepherd the pamphleteer wrote of him:—'Thou rival'st Shakespeare though thy glory's less,' so perhaps this notorious cook was not justified of her purism.

— 78 These masculine lines were all that Denham yielded me, though elsewhere he has a sound piece of versified criticism.

Charles I. in prison advised Denham to write no more, as verses were all very well in their way (true enough of Denham's) but stood in the way 'of more serious employments.' Accordingly he devoted himself to transmitting the ciphered correspondence between Charles and his followers, was discovered, fled to France and, returning to England in 1652 was made surveyor-general of the royal works at the Restoration. His play, 'The Sophy,' in which occurs a passable song, was first published in 1642 and *Cooper's Hill*, with its lines about the Thames, in 1643. The lines 'O could I flow like thee' are not found in the first edition.

Denham was not a poet but a talker in rhyme. For unlike Waller, who was incapable of it, he does make something of the spirit of the heroic couplet—antithesis, epigram, generalization (that bane of the true poetic spirit), clever pointedness and description, with plenty of false sentiment as seasoning. Fortunately Denham's strong personality suited with the experimental stage of the couplet; so that reading him we are still free from the mixture of the prosaic and the pretentious which distinguished the couplet's prime.

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- 73 79 John Digby was one of James I.'s knights, a dignity no less distinguished than it is to-day. He was Spanish Ambassador to arrange a marriage between Prince Henry and Anne, the daughter of Philip III. He did not become Earl of Bristol until 1622. One of his plays is in Dodsley. A member of the Long Parliament, he was, with Sir Edward Deering, expelled for taking notes of speeches: a rather different attitude from to-day's, when members of parliament speak and vote as the note-takers direct. By the tender fancy of this single lyric, with its purity of form, written by a public man with affairs and interests far removed from poetry, we may receive some impression of the wide fertility of the poetic spirit among our forefathers.
- 74 80 Mrs. Meynell, in spite of her extraordinary exclusion of Donne's secular poems from *The Flower of the Mind*, says well of him that he was a poet 'of fine onsets.' One of the symptoms of the reaction against the Petrarchan convention of submissive and sentimental love is an attempt to grasp reality by the use of swift, electric colloquialisms. With some of the Cavalier lyricists, this became a pose of cynicism and indifference. With Donne, it is psychological. So that to compare his opening phrases with a lightning stroke, if commonplace, is true, because his down-cleaving sword of intense expression, while darting cleanly through its object, at the same time illumines with mysterious splendour a world instantaneously stripped of darkness.
- 75 82 Not the most obscure anthologies or those designed for a limited audience venture to print this poem. The consequence is that the public, owing not to its prudery, but to the hypothesis of it, is deprived of reading and judging one of the most remarkable poems in the language. Presumably, if the poem is accessible in the expensive collected edition of Donne by Mr. Grierson, it may be allowed to be in a selection. Morals are not graduated on the income-tax scale. And in the sheer terror of cumulative hate, I know nothing like it. Here in this poem, it is possible to understand how words can become racks, screws and firebrands. Donne's deliberate attack upon the superfluities and diffuseness of the pastoral and sonnet convention is here fiercely visible in action. So condensed and economical is his language, that his words (to

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- paraphrase Lamb) become almost resolved into their very elements.
- 77 84 l. 20 Donne, critics say, cared more for what he said than the way he said it. But if his technique is wayward and casual, his higher command of form shows us what power the poet might have to contain what thoughts! Imaginative form is a metaphysic, as technique is not. One sees something of it in a flash like — 'All women shall adore us and some men.' Donne's form is in fact exactly suited to the substance of his thought. It is impossible to conceive those tremendous adventures of soul, mind and sense expressed by dainty, tripping lines, by smooth, ambling lines or even by the majestic sounding-board line of Milton, which expresses the reposeful sweep of the mind rather than its dramatic stress and conflict.
- 78 85 First printed in *The Grove*, 1721. It is of slighter texture than Donne's other verse and has been ascribed, I think wrongly, to John Hoskins.
- 80 87 Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch only quotes the first twenty lines of this poem. I quote it in full, in spite of the slight dominance of philosophy over poetry in the middle. For the whole seems to me one single breaking wave of connected thought—at once intense and rarified. No other poet in the language (except Browning) could combine such refined Platonism with so passionate a consciousness of the senses. I might add here that Donne's pilgrimages after learned or abstruse comparison are almost always justified in poetic logic. Passion is as much his dowry as intellect and faculty for speculation. If, that is to say, his intellect equips him for these spiritual voyages, it is emotion, at once contemplative and anguished, that pilots his ship and brings his freight safely home.
- 82 88 Donne's sense of reality is so acute, that he is always jostling the consciousness. 'Whoever comes to shroud me—' it tumbles one into an alert sympathy at once.
- 89 Last stanza omitted.
- 85 93 Donne's introspectiveness and highly charged subtlety have here moved outwards into universal, impersonal beauty and so produced the rhythmic felicity of this incomparable sonnet.
- 87 95 Ben Jonson found this tremendous panegyric 'profane and full of blasphemies.' But Donne, to whom the representation of abstractions by

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- far-sought simile and analogy, was second nature, no doubt intended Elizabeth Drury as the type and symbol of virtue.
- 87 96 From *Songs and Sonnets*. Donne can adapt the Petrarchan mood, without losing any of his intense, erudite and complex force. The extraordinary thing about Donne is that he denies the axiom that passion burns away into simplicity. He is often most elaborate when he is most passionate.
- Mr. Saintsbury says he should be regarded by every catholic student of English literature with a respect 'only this side idolatry,' and justly sums up the verdict—'Donne is surpassed by no poet of any language and equalled by few.' What Carew wrote :
- ' A king who ruled as he thought fit  
The universal monarchy of wit,'
- and Ben Jonson, soundest of critics, that he was 'the first poet of the world in some things' have been finally endorsed by modern criticism. I should add that he was nearly the first prose-writer of the age, since there are passages in the 'Sermons' which, outside the Authorized Version, cannot be surpassed for intensity of feeling, depth of thought and majesty of utterance.
- The Poems were published posthumously (1633) and Bishop King was Donne's literary executor. With doubtful and conflicting readings, I have, in these selections, followed Mr. Grierson's great edition of Donne.
- 89 98 I. 2 From *Dia Poemata—Poetick Feet Standing Upon Holy Ground*, 1655. This poet only once abases himself to this simple and delicate feeling. Ellis or Elys was a Devonshire man and fellow of Balliol. He was deprived of his living of East Allington for refusing the oath to William III. He was a prolific writer in Latin.
- 90 93 Last twenty lines omitted.
- From *Otia Sacra*, 1648. It is full of the most abominable stuff, and the noble lord had more acquaintance with sailing than metre or the logical continuity of ideas. But I confess I like this poem, without being anything of a seaman. Fane was one of the nondescript influential courtiers and amateur poets, to whom Herrick, as he says, owed 'the oil of maintenance.' Like Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Lord Falkland, he presided over a circle of men of letters—an ornamental bridge between literature and fashionable society.

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- 91 100 Compare with Randolph's *Ode to Master Anthony Stafford*. Fanshawe, the translator of Guarini's *Il Pastor Fido* (1647), Camoens' *Lusiad* (1655), some Spanish sonnets and parts of Virgil and Horace, was, like Wotton, an ambassador (in Spain). His poems were first printed at the end of the second edition of *Pastor Fido*. Fanshawe is the fine gentleman of the muse and can command at times not only poetic courtesy, but poetic taste.
- 93 103 From *Lusoria*. Last two stanzas omitted. It is a pity that these stanzas drop from this beautiful one—besides only paraphrasing the same idea.
- 94 104 From *Lusoria*. Six stanzas omitted. There is a certain gentle wisdom as well as shrewdness even in Feltham's verse that is very pleasing. Cf. Blake's
- 'Joy and grief are woven fine  
A garment for the soul divine,  
And when this we truly know,  
Safely through the world we go.'
- 95 105 From a rare little book, *The Sinners Tears in Meditations and Prayers*, 1659. I hesitated whether to include it or not, for it lay on the borderland between heads I do and tails I don't. I leave it to the less dubious judgment of the reader. It is after all simple, clear and unpretentious.
- 106 A Morisco is a dancer in a Morris-dance and is used loosely for the dance itself. 'Your wit skips a Morisco'—Marston's *What You Will*.
- 96 107 Both from *Fuimus Troes*, 1633. Dr. Jasper Fisher was a Bedfordshire man, and entered a Commoner at Magdalen Hall in 1607. Oldys calls him blind. Steevens claimed him as the author of *Lochrine*, but that is too bad. Cf. Blake's
- 'Sound the flute,  
Now it's mute!'
- 97 108 From *Miscellania*, 1653. The last couplet particularly strikes out the true poetic spark. I naturally had good expectations when this was the first poem in the book. They failed. There was nothing else except a pretty but pointless poem called *The Ant*. Poor Flecknoe the priest was not Irish as he is commonly called, but a native of Oxford. The name is sometimes spelt Flexney (see Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary*), in which form it survives at Oxford to this day. He owes a name bequeathed to posterity through Marvell's



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- found and powerful imagination or bathos, dullness, stolidity and rankness. So his songs, though without passion and of rather slight texture, possess an aerial grace and buoyancy which suit both their material and Fletcher's casual genius. They lack the Elizabethan spontaneity.
- 110 — Fletcher's poetical works are *The Locustae*, a satire against the Jesuits, 1627; *The Purple Island or the Isle of Man*: together with *Piscatorie Ecloges* (1633), *Sicelides*, a pastoral play, 1614, and 1631, and *Sylva Poetica*, 1633. Mr. Bullen says of him:—'His out-of-door poetry is his best, and frequently recalls the sweetness and luxuriance of Spenser, and of his own namesake and cousin the dramatic poet.' Phineas was what Walton would have called 'a true brother of the nangel' and his master-passion betrays itself in the most unexpected places. He was the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, the author of *Licia*. Milton undoubtedly read him closely. Quarles called him the 'Spenser of this Age' and such discipleship is not good for any poet. It compels him, as it did Phineas, to lack of point and unity, to an overdose of 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' to pictorial detail in excess and the treatment of the subject as an end rather than a means. His virtue is not only sensuous opulence, but a certain tender, receptive graciousness of poetic temper.
- 111 130 From *Martiall his Epigrams translated. With sundry Poems and Fancies*, 1656. Fletcher was a student at Merton who was turned out of his fellowship for some escapade. He became a schoolmaster and, afterwards, a parson.
- 131 From *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629.
- 112 132 From *The Broken Heart*, 1633. It is one of the very few plays which Lamb overpraised. Swinburne took much the same line, but Swinburne was apt to judge a thing by the froth of his own eloquence upon it. Hazlitt and Hartley Coleridge were of the other opinion, but then Hazlitt is as unreliable by his metallic intelligence as Swinburne by his exuberance. Ford is always liable to the failures of brilliance, and *The Broken Heart* in spite of the diamond-like lustre of the blank verse has always seemed to me violent not only in subject (which does not matter) but in the treatment of the material. It is a very dashing *tour de force*. Ford was a Devon man and a member of the Middle Temple. He collaborated with Dekker, Rowley and Webster. These two fine songs

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- (especially the second, no less noble in thought than measured in rhythm and resonant in language) are much the best of Ford's lyrics. The pretty lyrics in the masque *The Sun's Darling* are almost certainly by Dekker.
- 112 133 From *Love's Labyrinth*, 1660.
- — This Forde (about whom practically nothing is known) is not to be confused with the Thomas Forde who was expelled from the University for Presbyterian leanings and became a preacher for the Commonwealth, as well as a vigorous writer of character studies on the Theophrastian model. Our Forde was a miscellaneous author of verse (*Fragmenta Poetica*, 1660), apothegms and familiar letters.
- 113 134 A translation from the *Church History* (1655).
- 135 Translation from *The Holy State* (1641). Most of Fuller's very numerous translations and epigrams are of an engaging doggerel; which one is delighted to read but diffident to quote.
- 136 From *Poems*, 1639. The writer of this brave and comely poem, friend of hearty, cheerful Master Cotton and Lovelace, was the author of *Argalus* and *Parthenia* (1639), (for which he was indebted to Quarles's dramatic version of the incident in Sidney's *Arcadia* ten years earlier) and *Wit in a Constable*, 1640. 'The house was exceeding full,' Pepys remarked after seeing *Argalus and Parthenia*, 'and indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations as all things else.' A year later (1662), he and his wife 'slunk away to the opera, where we saw *Wit in a Constable*, the first time that it is acted, but so silly a play I never saw I think in my life.' Glapthorne's plays have been reprinted in Pearson's series of the dramatists and were vastly overpraised (thus earning Mr. Bullen's disparagement) in the middle of last century. Mr. Saintsbury speaks quite well of him and sees in him 'the last *not* sprightly runnings of a generous liquor.' He is indeed a prolix and negative writer, a straggler in the great procession gone by, without a swing in his gait to show (to himself rather than to us) that he belonged to it.
- 114 137 Before Mr. Saintsbury collected his poems in 1906, Godolphin had not only never been reprinted, but except in morsels, even printed. He was a partisan of Strafford's, Member for Helston in 1628 and killed at Chagford in a brush with the Puritans. 'Little Sid' as Suckling called him, received high commendation

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from Clarendon—'Though everybody loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to Melancholy and to retirement among his books; and was so far from being active that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness, and was of so nice and tender a composition that a little rain or wind would disorder him and divert him from any short journey.'

He was one of the earliest in the field with the Commission of the Donne-Spenser-Jonson tradition. His poems are very few (outside a translation with Waller of the fourth book of the Aeneid) and rather touch an uncommon excellence by the finger-tips than wholly grasp it. Some of his work is obscure and elliptical, with a metre occasionally grating but boldly experimental. Had he lived he might have achieved a greater mastery of form and so expressed an already subtle and nearly profound 'metaphysical' thought. In Godolphin's work particularly, we are struck by the fact that the division between the secular, amorous Cavalier lyric and the 'metaphysical' lyric is an arbitrary one.

- 115 138 l. 10 *less*: The reading in Mr. Saintsbury's edition of *Godolphin* (Caroline Poets) is 'Life.' It should surely be 'less.'
- — i. 16 *Wise men . . . at last*: This couplet in so true, profound and luminous a poem was, though neither author nor poem was mentioned, made the subject some months ago (1918) of an article in a newspaper upon the nature of art. All fine poems are modern in the sense that they are timeless, and this one is the casket of so precious a wisdom and so sure an eloquence that I feel it to be as much a guide to reality in art and social life as it is an ornament to this collection.
- 116 139 From *The Courageous Turk*, 1632. Like everything of Goffe's (he never became his own master), it is 'prentice work. But it is rather an effective gesture and has one beautiful line in it. Thomas Goffe was of Essex, Westminster School and Christ Church, where he became a bachelor of divinity. He was renowned as a woman-hater, and, marrying the widow of his predecessor, of the royal line of Xanthippe, never had cause to regret the conviction of youth. He wrote four plays and there are a number of songs in them, all indifferent.
- 140 First 12 lines omitted. From *Poems*, 1633, (with

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- the tragedy of Sforza and 'The Levite's Revenge—containing Poetical Meditations upon the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Judges.' In spite of the promise of this curious poem, I could find nothing else in Gomersal. Gomersal, a Londoner, 'applied his Muse to Academical Literature in Christ Church, aged 14, and afterwards became a very florid preacher in the University.'
- 118 141 The third stanza, which adds nothing, I have omitted. It is a clever and gallant poem and has acquired a measure of modern reputation. But it is, after all, only a formal catch, and not in the least quickened by that singular commingling of body and soul, that passion for seeing Love *sub specie aeternitatis*, through the acute and transitory love of women, which give the amorous lyrics of this period a mystery and reality combined never achieved before or (except in Shelley and Christina Rossetti) again. Montrose was a St. Andrews student who joined the Covenanters and two years later deserted to the Royalists, winning some showy victories for them in his native land. He was defeated by Leslie at Philiphaugh and fled abroad. On his return, the Puritans caught, hanged and quartered him at Edinburgh. His poems remained in manuscript during his lifetime.
- 119 142 This poem (in which the poetic atmosphere contains and illumines the strength of intellect and nobility of temper, common to all Brooke's work), is the one quoted in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The fourth stanza is there omitted, and I venture, in very diffident disagreement with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, to restore it, as not falling pointedly short of the other four. In *The Oxford Book*, the last two words of the second line in the fifth stanza are printed 'beauty's white.' I have retained the original reading of the posthumous folio (*Certain Learned and Elegant Workies*, 1633), as being, though strained in sense, in my judgment more in conformity with the quality of Brooke's thought. His meaning I take to be—washing the water white with her beauties—a frigid and tasteless conceit, but characteristic of the poet's lapses.
- 120 144 The last chorus in the "closet drama," *Mustapha*. It is not included in the selections from Brooke in Lamb's *Specimens*. I quote it not only for its lofty phrase and fine metrical effects, but as an example in some degree modifying Lamb's judgment of Brooke's lack of feeling.

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- 122 146 I. 11 *lets* : Lets—obstacles, hindrances.
- — Though all the poems in *Caelica*, (109 poems published at the end of the 1633 folio), are called 'Sonnets,' they very seldom bear any resemblance to the regular Shakespearian form of the sonnet or the compound Petrarchan form. The device here of four quatrains of alternate rhymes followed by a rhymed couplet is a favourite one of Brooke's. It is the Shakespearian sonnet with a quatrain too many. Some of the 'Sonnets' in *Caelica* are purely songs.
- 147 Fulke Greville, the devoted friend, kinsman and biographer of Sir Philip Sidney, was a Warwickshire and Cambridge man and a chief courtier of Elizabeth's. He was chancellor of the exchequer in 1614, and, it is said, was stabbed to death by his servant Haywood in 1628, for omitting him from his will. The *Life of Sidney*, a stately eulogy, was printed in 1652. 'His life,' says Wood, 'was always simple, and though he lived and died a constant courtier of the ladies, yet he prosecuted his studies in history and poetry . . . in which he was most excellent in his time.' His letters, of which there are a few extant, are remarkable documents (documents they are: there was nothing of the colloquial and undress style in Greville) of a noble, melancholy and philosophic cast. A volume of *Remains* was published in 1670, containing some weighty ethical and political treatises in verse.
- Fulke Greville is all bristles to the anthologist. His flat endings, tortuous inversions, convulsive phrasing, and stiff gait, his way of clothing the muse in cap and gown; his fondness for personifying and for abstract terms; his arbitrary tricks with grammar, and of leaving to our understanding what did not appear obscure to his own—all these, and a certain uncouthness of manner, have undone him for posterity. But he is a true poet-philosopher, of sombre imagination and of mounting thought. Facility of expression avoided him, but profound thinking was his familiar. I have tried to pick out his more compact and simple poems. To paraphrase Lamb's saying of Dekker, he had intellect enough for anything.
- Robert Greville, his cousin and adopted son, was the forerunner of the Cambridge Platonists and his twin convictions were God's immanence in all things and the unity of reality. 'All being is but one emanation from above, diversified only in our apprehension'; 'what good we know

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- we are : our act of understanding being an act of union'; 'what is true philosophy but divinity, and if it be not true, it is not philosophy' are three of the sayings of a thinker who, like Fulke, was a visionary rather than a professional philosopher.
- Lord Brooke's poems were no doubt written before 1616, 'in my familiar exercise with Sir Philip Sidney.' But his thought is not Neo-Platonist like Sidney's and Spenser's but the seventeenth century's development of it. Myra is not the centre of the universe, as the Elizabethans submissively and sometimes grovellingly made their ladies, but an emblem of life's mystery.
- 123 148 l. 4 *So rich . . . appear*: No doubt borrowed from Shakespeare—*Romeo and Juliet*, act i., sc. 5.
- 'Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'
- 125 150 l. 2 Compare Herrick: (see Elton's edition of Habington).
- 'And snugging there they seem to be  
As in a flowery nunnery'  
and Lovelace:
- 'Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind;  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast—'
- — l. 5 Compare Carew:
- 'Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that  
hand  
That did transplant thee to that sacred land;  
O happy thou that in that garden rests,  
That paradise between that lady's breasts.'
- — l. 14 Compare Herrick:
- 'Thrice happy roses! so much graced to have  
Within the bosom of my love your grave;  
Die when you will, your sepulchre is known,  
Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.'
- 126 152 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th stanzas omitted.  
The poet Flatman has written an Ode, lugubrious both in art and feeling, on the same subject.
- 127 153 Last 18 lines omitted. In spite of some inequalities and a certain frigidity, inseparable from Habington, this elegy has a lofty diction, redeemed from modish ceremony. Habington's edifying precepts can certainly be very irritating. As a moralist he is often what his contemporaries would have called 'a formal ape.'

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Some critics dismiss him as a Malvolio. But I cannot quite endorse the verdict. Habington was an Anglican Puritan both in verse and in life—but he is stately, his lungs are deep-toned, he has the grand manner. He, too, is penetrated by Raleigh's invocation: 'O eloquent, just and mighty Death . . .' in great part the sombre inspiration of the Carolines.

Habington was a Worcestershire county gentleman of Hindlip Hall. The gunpowder plot was discovered, it is said, on the very day he was born, on account of his mother's letter to Lord Mounteagle. His father wrote a history of Edward IV., which was completed and edited by the son in 1640. After an education at St. Omer and Paris for the priesthood, he returned to England and married Lucy Herbert (Castara). His chief faults as a poet are a certain technical incompetence, egregious vanity, lack of passion and a luxuriously self-conscious morbidity to make up for it. Also, we do feel that *Incastita* would be a much prettier name and pleasanter person than *Castara*. These faults are bad enough, but modern critics have not perhaps granted him enough escapes from them. For there are touches of rare and even sublime quality in him.

The first edition of *Castara* was published in 1634, and Habington's other work was a play, *The Queen of Aragon*.

128 154 Part of a chorus from *Thyestes*. Cowley and Marvell have also paraphrased it. Sir Matthew Hale's version, which is much the best, was published in his *Contemplations, Moral and Divine* (1676). He was the first judge to refuse a conviction for witchcraft. Like other learned men of the period he was a voracious student, working during long years, it is said, for sixteen hours a day.

128 — l. 18 Slightly repetitive (like most of Seneca) and no more than vigorously competent as the poem is, its firm and masculine handling and (not least) this delightful line tempt me to lay hands on it.

129 155 Last stanza (an insipidity after so flushed a phrase as "we'll talk Narcissus to a flower again") omitted. Neither are the first and second stanzas more than a shaking of the reins before the good running of the third and fourth. The *Poems* were published in 1646. Besides his verse, Hall wrote a volume of essays and another of *Paradoxes*.

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130 157 Though it has buried much of this age's literature in obscurity, and has begotten much wanton violence with language and metre, there is something tremendous in the passion of the 'Metaphysical' poetry to search out the deepest secrets of sense, to draw into the motion of its lines suns and worlds which are the more majestic originals of our sun and our world. Much of the work of this 'school' is the mere gargoyle or misshapen toy of poetry; it can be trivial, pretentious, chilly and tasteless. But its destination is always translunary things—a destination sought by a good deal not only of religious but of amorous verse.

Hall's first volume *Horæ Vacivæ*, was published when he was nineteen, and he was treated by his contemporaries with a seriousness and interest which were to be expected of an age which took poetry as importantly as we do business, and acknowledged a common poetic purpose and atmosphere. For all these poets have both an individual and a common appeal.

Very little of John Hall, 'that great prodigy of early parts,' is known, except that he was a strong Cromwellian and was the subject of one of Howell's letters. His crabbed, recondite Satires had a great vogue, and the poets at the beginning of his volume address him as 'fierce Scythian brat,' 'Young Tamerlane,' 'the God's great scourge,' 'John o' the Wilderness,' and 'the hispid Thisbite,' are suggested as possible fathers.

Mr. Saintsbury, who has reissued his poems, says he had 'the poetic measles,' at a time when poetry was an epidemic. But he finds 'his serious things very different.' With all his respect for him, he is inclined to be apologetic. His poems are obviously experiments of youth—of flattered youth—and are rather foppish in language. But he has fine makings in him.

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It is scarcely necessary to mention that this is not a Sonnet. The word 'serious' is a stroke of great beauty in a beauty less.

Appended with elegies on Queen Anne to *The Happy Husband*, all 1622. Of the earlier and separate edition, only six copies are known. The 1622 edition of *Philomela* has been reprinted entire by Mr. Saintsbury in *Caroline Poets*. Practically nothing is known of Hannay except that he was acquainted with the Jacobean court poets and was Master in Chancery in Ireland in 1627. He was one of the Spenserian legatees,

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- with a curious throwback (in the use of Alexandrine and fourteeners in a quatrain and in a more than Spenserian fondness for alliteration) to our earlier poets.
- 131 159 These bitter lines are from *Sicily and Naples, Or the Fatal Union. A Tragedy*, 1640.  
Harding was an Ipswich man who 'became a sojourner of Exeter Coll. An., 1634, aged sixteen or thereabouts, took one degree in Arts four years after and wrote.'
- 132 160 This poem, so excellently stage-managed, is from *The Rival Ladies*, 1632, and is reprinted in Henley's *English Lyrics*. Hausted also wrote a volume of sermons and a pamphlet against Separatism. According to Wood, he was born at Oundle, went to Cambridge, was rector of Hadham, in Hertfordshire, secretary to Spencer, Earl of Northampton, and was besieged with the latter in Banbury Castle by the Parliamentarians. He wrote a Latin play called *Senile Odium*.  
From the same. A poem both adroit and sincere.
- 133 162 1st stanza omitted. From *Clarastella*, 1650.
- — l. 21 'Tis the caress of every thing!': Compare Shelley's *Love's Philosophy*, elaborating the thought of this line. Heath's poem touches a genuine exaltation.  
'One Rob. Heath,' which is all Antony Wood has to say about him, is not to be confused with Sir Robert Heath, the Royalist Lord Chief Justice.
- 134 163 Set to music in Dr. John Wilson's *Cheerful Airs or Ballads*, 1660.
- 135 165 l. 23 *camomile*: It is odd to find this reminiscence of *Euphues* so late in the day as this. How delicious is the garden sense of our old poets! The nineteenth century made flowers divine and mysterious; the sixteenth and seventeenth—human and companionable. Compare this poem with the more extravagant one of Hookes.  
l. 29 *turnsole* = sunflower.
- 136 166 It is surprising that this noble and spirited poem with its deep feeling and fine dramatic change of mood at the close appears rarely, if at all, in anthologies. Thinking that a straight run through best suited its impetuous motion, I have not attempted to divide it up into stanzas.
- 137 167 Several stanzas omitted as in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.
- 168 This collection of similes is of course very characteristic of Herbert and of Vaughan, who no doubt took the habit over from him.  
Here surely they well suit Herbert's gentle

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- mysticism and the last line is a triumph of suggestion. If Donne be called the poet of fine onsets, Herbert must surely be called the poet of fine endings.
- 141 174 This poem is, as it happens, a faithful confession of Herbert's own method of composition. Compare at the end Sidney's 'Fool, said my Muse, look in thy heart and write.'  
In order to know about Herbert as a man, we should go to Walton's choice biography. Herbert was the most popular poet of his age, more so than Donne, whose actual influence was immeasurably greater. Crashaw had a select following, but Vaughan's obscurity of fame equalled that of his life. Herbert has had fully thirty editions to every one of Vaughan's. 'Herbert,' says Mr. Saintsbury, 'is not prodigal of the finest strokes of poetry,' and has been a favourite with readers rather than with critics. Herbert, in fact, in spirit and temper, in range and depth, and in his quaint materialisms of conceit, allusion and metaphor, is a domestic poet. He literally carries out Wordsworth's theory of poetic language and brings the fire-irons as well as the fire to the altar. His common-sense simplicity therefore is nearly always given a twist of character by his odd ingenuities with the familiar. Abolish the different formulas of expression; give Herbert irony, humour, playfulness and a neater dexterity of thought and he is not at all unlike Cowper. His lasting virtues are poetic gravity and piety (in its secular sense—not pietism) of character. Reading Herbert indeed one seems to find a distinction between commonplace and truism. To compare him with Vaughan (who imitated his phraseology) is preposterous.  
*Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,* Herbert's best known poem, is omitted.
- 142 175 This matchless poem has been reprinted in *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrists*. Lord Herbert was the elder brother of George the poet; but not quite, it is to be feared, the desperately fine fellow of the 'Autobiography' (first printed by Horace Walpole at the Strawberry Hill Press in 1764). Perhaps, on that account, it would be only fair to be reticent upon a singularly inglorious career.  
His book is *Occasional Verses*, 1665. Scores of these half-amorous, half-mystical poems of the period achieve, as in the third stanza of the *Elegy*, a superb freedom of imagination. Lord

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Herbert's poetry is a curious heritage of Drummond's neo-Platonism, which he in turn handed down from Sidney—mingled with the potent influence of Donne, whose poems he probably saw when they were circulated in manuscript before printing. His book of verse betrays the author of *De Veritate* rather than of the autobiography.

Stuffed full of speculative thought, it is frequently harsh and obscure, not because his intellect follows difficult and ambitious paths, but because its windings are inconsequential.

Herbert only thinks in jerks. His poems show an occasional power of intellectual rather than emotional insight which finds a noble, melodious and appropriate form.

- 144 179 From *Amanda*, 1653. I confess I put this poem in for fun and I can imagine what the poetic pedagogue would have to say about it,—the modesty of the virgin walls hiding their nakedness with 'blossomed tapestry' from the prying eye, the tulip, adding an inch to its stature from sheer craning to catch a glimpse of *Amanda*—and so forth. But Milton has *Silence was pleased*, a conceit which throws all reticence to the winds. Keats has sweet-peas 'on tiptoe for a flight' and similar instances could be multiplied. Read Marvell's poem on *Appleton House*. At any rate this waif smells sweet and mirthful for me and I have the temerity to hope that it will for others.
- 145 180 John Hoskins was the wit and lawyer who used to attend the meetings of the famous antiquarian society of which Camden, Selden, Savile, Raleigh, Bacon and others were members. He is said to have revised the poems of Ben Jonson and Raleigh's *History of the World*. The poem is to be found in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*. Professor Grierson, in his edition of Donne, assigns to Hoskins the song *Absence, hear thou my protestation*. It seems to me that his ear is perhaps a little too fine, his perception of style a little too acute for us to accept this disfranchisement of Donne's poem.
- Nor is the external evidence conclusive. Hoskins' poems were never printed and a number of them were lost. He is Wotton's *Serjeant Hoskins*, in the poetic dialogue between them in the *Reliquiae*.
- 146 181 James Howell, who according to Wood had a 'paraboli- cal and allusive fancy,' after adventures abroad, became secretary to Lord Scrope

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- and was Member for Richmond, Yorks, in 1627. Unlike many of the poets of the age, he was a public man, not a scholar and a recluse. Until the Restoration, when he was appointed the first King's Historiographer, he had nothing but 'a small spot upon Parnassus.' His poems were collected and published in 1663, by Payne Fisher, ex-poet-laureate to Cromwell. His agreeable and loquacious *Epistolæ Hoelianeæ* are his best claim upon posterity. But there is plenty of readable and engaging work in the poems, and the man who could both leap so nimbly from Herndon-Hill to Mount Sion and pay rent for an allotment on Parnassus deserves to have the weeds cleared away from it.
- 146 182 I quote from Archbishop Trench:—'The writer of these lines commanded a vessel sent out in 1631 by some Bristol merchants for the discovery of the North-West passage. Frozen up in the ice, he passed a winter of frightful sufferings on those inhospitable shores; many of his company sinking beneath the hardships of the time. The simple and noble manner in which these sufferings were borne he has himself left on record (Harris's *Voyages*, vol. i., pp. 600-606). . . but he shall speak his own words: "and now the sun was set, and the boat came ashore for us, whereupon after evening prayer we assembled and went up to take a last view of our dead; where, leaning upon my arm on one of their tombs I uttered these lines; which, though perhaps they may procure laughter in the wiser sort, they yet moved my young and tender-hearted companions at that time to some compassion."' James's book is *Voyage for Discovering the North-West Passage to the South Sea*, 1633. This sailor's masterly use of the heroic couplet in this moving poem is a lively comment upon the contempt which the writers of it in a later age professed towards this age of barbarism in letters.
- 147 183 From *Amorea—The Lost Lover*, 1661. Jenkyn is only a poet of graceful turns and this is the best of them.
- 149 185 From *Poetical Varieties: or Varieties of Fancies* (1637). Jordan, poor fellow, cannot be expected to yield more than this pretty epitaph, and the glorious drinking song on the preceding page, since he was the professional pageant-writer and poet laureate for the City of London. He also wrote some plays and other volumes of verse, with such titles as *A Royal Arbour of Loyal*

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- Poesy* (1663), and *Wit in a Wilderness of promiscuous Poesie*.
- 156 192 First 38 lines omitted. One cannot read Bishop King without reflecting upon the preoccupation of the later Renaissance with death. Life is the passion of the age of Elizabeth; death, as a more mysterious life, the passion of the age of the first Stuarts. The pulse no longer bounds; it beats warningly and solemnly, like 'a soft drum' and a tolling bell, as King in two touches of exquisite poetry expresses it. Out of this brotherhood with death come that fiery speculation and tranquil intensity of meditation which we call 'metaphysical' and whence has arisen all the talk about 'conceits.' Historically, this philosophy of the soul is a tremendous development of the Sidney-Spenser Platonism imported from Italy. But death, as the stern Caryatid, upholding the never dimming lamp, is the inspiration of our period. Donne, of course, who went on Essex's expedition and hardly belongs in date to the age at all, is the first seaman in these unmapped seas, and from him too are derived some of the cats'-cradle abstractions which have kept the seventeenth century still the obscurest period of our literature. On the whole, this new exploration of the foreign wonders of the soul (the foreign wonders of the world being the privilege of the Elizabethans) takes two forms. With Donne and Crashaw the intensity of the idea is active: with Vaughan and King, it is passive. With all, it is a national glory.
- 193 This exquisite fragment is sometimes attributed to Simon Wastell, since stanzas similar to it occur in an appendix to his *Microbiblion*. The whole poem is as likely to be King's as Wastell's. The separation of the parts is possibly due to the carelessness of the printing and book-trade. It is also possible that this poem is King's and Wastell imitated him. The sentiment is common to the age.
- 157 194 In *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes and Sonnets*, 1657, from which all these beautiful poems are taken, *The Pink* is said to be not by the author. As the book was published without the author's consent (and ingeniously dedicated to the author), it is possible that some illicit poems have crept into the text. But King elegiac could also be King courtly, and the perfectly adapted taste in expression is all his. I have therefore included it among the others.

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- 157 194 1. 19 *give* : viz. Whatever she give, he can give nothing.
- Henry King, to quote the Cambridge History of English literature, was 'a Westminster boy and Christ Church man, who successively held all the lesser dignities of the Anglican Church as prebendary of St. Paul's, archdeacon of Colchester, canon of Christ Church and dean of Rochester, before his elevation to the bench.' It is easy to see how a man of such quiet beauty of temper came to have so many friends among the poets. King is a kind of resigned, subdued and melancholy Donne without the greater poet's fine madness on the one hand or his abstruseness on the other. He was a quietist of the deepest feeling, who knew how to express it in a grave diction (he uses the octosyllabic almost as well as Marvell could) and a soberly rich imagery to which it is exquisitely appropriate. That, we say, is how the ideal bishop ought to write, expressing in its poetic form the mysterious light, the lofty confidence, the free compass and the tranquillizing apartness of the cathedral wherein he ministers. Perhaps that is to claim too much for him, for his elegiac reflectiveness does not quite approach majesty.
- But the cathedral element is in King : his poems read as though they should be chanted, rather than sung or spoken. King differs from his contemporaries in his finer purity of form and ease of rhythm. They again bring him near to Marvell.
- His poems, following the usual practice, were circulated in manuscript, but their career has been more luckless than most. Mr. Hannah collected the waifs and strays and issued an edition of King, with a long and interesting memoir, in the early nineteenth century, but he only completed the first volume.
- 158 195 Says Anthony Wood of Kynaston :—'This is the person also who by experience falsified the alchemists' report, that a hen being fed for certain days with gold, beginning when Sol was in Leo, should be converted into gold, and should lay golden eggs ; but indeed became very fat.' He was the first regent of the Academy known as 'Musaeum Minervae,' in 1635. The verses are from *Cynthiades*, 1642, reprinted entire by Mr. Saintsbury. With Kynaston the fine frenzy of convention has a freedom and poignancy beyond convention.
- In no other age could an obscure poet have

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- been so sensuous, orthodox and mysterious in beauty.
- 159 196 Last 7 stanzas (most dreary) omitted.
- 197 Last 3 stanzas (wretched stuff) omitted.
- 160 198 2 stanzas omitted.
- 199 Several stanzas omitted.

*To Althea, from Prison, To Lucasta, going to the Wars,* and *To Lucasta, going beyond the Seas*, omitted. Lovelace's books are *Lucasta, Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc.* *To which is added Amarantha, A Pastoral*, 1649, and *Lucasta: Posthume Poems*, 1659, collected by his brother, Dudley. Many of the poems were set to music by Henry Lawes. The text is vilely corrupt. He also, according to Wood, wrote two plays, *The Scholar* (when he was sixteen) and *The Soldier*—neither published. Wood has an admirable and pitiful account of poor Lovelace (who, like Suckling, was fame and fortune's darling, *ut lapsu graviore ruat*), and I need but 'epitomise' it. He was the son of a knight of Kent, and was educated at Charterhouse and Gloucester Hall, 'being then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him . . . much admired and adored by the female sex.' Later on 'his generous soul discovered,' he became 'as much admired by the male, as before by the female, sex.' In the first Scottish expedition (1639), he was ensign; in the second captain, afterwards living on his estate. For delivering the Kentish petition 'for the restoring the King to his rights,' he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he wrote, *To Althea from Prison*. In 1646, he was colonel of a regiment got together to serve that punctilious mediocrity, Louis XIV., and on his return to England (1648) was again imprisoned, where he prepared the *Lucasta* poems for the press (*Lux Casta*—Lucy Sacheverell, who married upon a report that he had been killed at Dunkirk). After Charles's execution, he was released, but, having consumed his estates for the King's cause, his brothers and needy men of letters, he was reduced to rags and beggary, and died of consumption 'in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane.'

It is possible that this romantic, gallant and unhappy man held the same gentlemanly theory about verse as Suckling did. At any rate outside seven poems (including the much overpraised

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- Tell me not, Sweet*) he wrote nothing but sheer balderdash—toilsome, tasteless, cold, fantastic stuff, without a spark and rioting in the extravagant figures of what should be called, through him, the bathetic fallacy. Yet one can read behind his worst poems a certain naïveté and delicate beauty of spirit which lift his so few good lyrics from the amenities of the orthodox love-song into a more spiritual air.
- 161 200 This cheerful poem seems to me to have caught the very accents of a relief and discharge from anxiety and should be compared with the contrary spirit of uneasiness sometimes beautifully caught in *Kynaston*.
- 201 The frank simplicity of this well-rounded song is very pleasing. Both are from *Celestina*, 1631. All Mabbe's work, little verse and much prose, bears the same mark of honesty, the honesty of a clear, well-tempered spirit. Mabbe was one of the most robust of the old translators. He translated from the Spanish Fonseca's *Devout Contemplations*, the *Celestina* and the rogue-novel *Guzman d'Alfarache*. The initials 'J.M.' in the prefatory poem to the first folio Shakespeare are possibly his.
- 202 From *Cupid and Psyche*, 1637, Marmion's only non-dramatic piece, reprinted by Mr. Saintsbury. This 'goodly proper gentleman,' as Anthony Wood calls him, and one of the 'sons' of Ben, 'had once in his possession seven hundred pounds per annum at least.' This fortune he dissipated; went to the Low Countries like Jonson, stabbed somebody and fell sick and died in Suckling's troop for the war with Scotland. The grace of *Cupid and Psyche* is somewhat spoiled by Marmion's perfunctory way of narrative. But his gliding, sinuous couplets are not unpleasing, and he is nothing like so anarchic with his run-on lines as others of the contemporary heroic-pastoralists. This piece strikes me particularly as a well-conceived, well-knit and firmly coloured tapestry.
- 163 204 A perfect example of Marvell's 'witty delicacy.' Being a beautiful composite of various emotions all playing into one another's hands, it is more. Perfect gallantry, pathos, irony, reflective melancholy, reverence, buoyancy, passion, tact are all contained in a style of matchless purity and fitness. Wonderful too is the way the slight playful tone of the poem, like the plashing of a stream, expands into a river of full harmony!
- ' My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than empires, and more slow.'

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- Marvell, like Vaughan, is unique. They both have a special and precious note among our poets.
- 165 206 l. 118. *themselves engraving there*: One cannot speak of such a poem as this without officious interference—so familiar, so divinely fresh. But it may be noticed how this conceit, the very intonation of the age, might in lesser hands have read wilfully fantastic and yet in Marvell's is all truth. The poem's mystical feeling for the rights of animals is very rare in any age. In our age it is only expressed by three great poets,—Thomas Hardy, W. H. Davies and Ralph Hodgson.
- 169 208 I wish I could have quoted the whole poem, but with ninety-seven stanzas in the 1681 edition, its length is obviously prohibitive. This dewy patch is manifestly the best, but the poem as a whole is full of those felicities of expression, the stamp of a noble insight, which are Marvell's own. From poems like this, we can understand why this lofty and fiery spirit, though a partisan of the Commonwealth, said: 'I think the cause was too good to have been fought for.'
- 170 209 How English Marvell is! It comes out best perhaps in the combination of poetic seriousness and sensibility which marks the finest type of Englishman, now unhappily much rarer than it used to be.
- But Marvell's seriousness is not, it need hardly be said, the Philistine sternness of the Puritan. His tenderness, sweetness and intense love of beauty are completely anti-Puritan. The metrical form of this lyric is the common triumph of the period. Its poetic secret has never been fully rediscovered, except in Christina Rossetti.
- 171 210 This is just idle singing, but what mastery of form!
- 211 l. 26. *And there most sweetly thine ear*: A syllable has obviously dropped from the line, but it is difficult to conjecture what it could have been. This little pastoral is hardly great poetry, but it has a pleasing freshness and naiveté. The poverty of the Christian and pagan notions of heaven is due to the fact that they aim at beauty without use. There would be nothing to do in heaven and we should be bored to wishing for hell.
- 173 212 l. 44. *tears of light*: In a dull poem, this stanza would be like a moon among the lesser lights; as it is, it overtops its fellows, full of tender beauty as they are.
- Marvell's career is so well known as to need

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little mention here. The Latin secretary of Cromwell, in association with Milton, the Member for Hull and tutor in Fairfax's family, might have been expected to have written the satires, pamphlets and the *Rehearsal Transposed*, rather than *Miscellaneous Poems*.

Nor, if we took him for the politician rather than the poet, should we have expected to see a prefatory poem of his to his friend, Lovelace's *Poems*, published in 1649. Marvell, in fact, was a Cavalier poet with a Puritan conscience, if indeed his disinterested passion for truth—political and poetic truth, between which he, like other rare minds, could see no division—his high tolerance, based upon a profound reverence for life, can be called anything so narrow. Marvell indeed combines in his strong and refined personality the very best qualities of the Puritan and the Cavalier, as he does of the poet and the public man, as he does of intellect and sensitiveness. His most incisive satires are no more all controversial (though he did almost alone topple Clarendon off his seat on English shoulders) than his most flowery poems are all sweet.

The very familiar poems—*The Horatian Ode*, *The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers*, *The Bermudas*, and *The Garden*—omitted.

175 214

From *The Emperor of the East*, 1632.

The sturdy and workmanlike Massinger was no warbler and this dignified invocation is his only good song. Elsewhere he romps, struts or waddles in rhyme. Massinger was the son of a 'servant' (something between 'superior housekeeper' and tutor) in the Pembroke family. He left Oxford in 1609 and seems to have flown straight into Henslowe's parlour, strewn with the fortunes of so many playwrights. It is not surprising that the famous entry in the parish register of St. Saviour's, Southwark—'Philip Massinger—a stranger,' should have been the result of nearly thirty years' exploited wage-slavery under one of the earliest and most astute of the profiteers. I have excluded the songs of Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Marston and Ben Jonson (though some of their plays were produced after 1616), from this volume since they belong for the most part externally and almost wholly in spirit to the earlier dramatic period.

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Both from *The Old Couple—A Comedy*, 1658. I was glad to disinter something of May's, whom the ferocious wit of Marvell, the just strictures of Clarendon (he seems to have joined the

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- Puritans, only out of pique from the King refusing him a small pension), his own egregious vanity and his rather tepid works have buried too deep for us moderns to uncover. He was an industrious fellow—writing five plays, and three histories, and translating Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Virgil's *Georgics*, Martial's *Epigrams* and Barclay's *Icon Animorum*. Dodsley has this account of his death:—'He died suddenly on the night of the 13th of November, 1650, after having drank his cheerful bottle as usual. The cause of his death is said to have arisen from the tying of his night-cap too close under his chin, which occasioned a suffocation when he turned himself about.'
- 177 217 From *The Amorous Warre—A Tragi-Comedy*, 1648. Like Corbet, Mayne was a 'University Wit,' held two livings of the University, and was expelled from a living in Oxford by the Commonwealth. At the Restoration, he was restored to his offices and in addition was made chaplain-in-ordinary to the King and archdeacon of Chichester. His great work is a translation of Lucian's dialogues (1663). His euphonious name is a romance in itself, like Michael Drayton's.
- 178 218 From *Philosophical Poems*, 1647. We ought not to let More's intellectual mannerisms deflect us from appreciating his real power.
- — l. 4 *kned* : knit.
- — l. 7 *eye* : the Sun.
- — l. 21 *Jove* : i.e. Jehovah.
- — l. 50 *won* : of course . . dwell.
- 180 219 The last few lines of the poem printed at the end of *The Song of the Soul* (1642). I hoped to find two stanzas or even one in this philosophical Metempsychosis of the Cambridge Platonist. If I cannot find it in *Psychozoia*, I thought, surely I may in *Psychathanasia*; if not in *Anti-psycho-pannychia*, a few lines may be in at the death in *Antimonopsychia*. But all in vain. I could not discover a single stanza of this devoted disciple of Spenser in a long poem written in the Spenserian metre and carrying over numerous of the Spenserian archaisms—which was not defaced by some ponderous eccentricity. I was disappointed.
- Coleridge and Lamb have left a good word for More's verse and there are a large number of lines, couplets, even quatrains just short of sublimity. But complete normality for nine successive lines was a little too much for More's 'balbutient muse.'

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- Philosophicall Poems* is rather different and a little less formidable. Something of the amiable personality of the writer, of his deep sincerity and passionate desire for imaginative truth, succeeds in tearing a way through the thickets of his idiom into the light. A few poems in this volume are clearings, about whose hardly won spaces presses the impenetrable virgin forest.
- More came of a well connected family, but, in the true spirit of the seeker after truth, passed a long, retired and devotedly contemplative life in his fellowship of Christ's College, Cambridge.
- 180 220 Compare with Wither's lines quoted by Lamb from the *Mistress of Phil' Arete*, (p. 253).
- 182 222 From *Tottenham Court, A Pleasant Comedy*, 1638. The others from *The Spring's Glory—A Masque. Together with sundry Poems, Epigrams, Elegies and Epithalamiums*, 1638. Nabbes's comedies, like those of his master Ben Jonson, are full of excellent songs. They are full of variety—more so than is the inflexibly junketing mood of Alexander Brome.
- Mr. Bullen has reissued the works of Nabbes, who is to my mind a superior and gentler Randolph, since possessing similar powers of mind, he adapted them more easily to his poetic need. Nothing of particular interest is known of him.
- 223 Written in the Tower a short while before his death (he was probably poisoned by the secret order of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset and his paramour Lady Francis Howard, for having reproached them with their intrigue). The beautiful self-epitaphs of Sir Walter Raleigh and Chideock Tychborne (executed for complicity in Babington's conspiracy—see D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*) have a tragic kinship with this of Sir Thomas Overbury. All three are perfect in poetic seriousness, calm and beauty, and all three have that peculiar gift of the spirit without which poetry is only a pleasing exercise. I retain the poem, three years premature in date, as an introduction in form, material and spirit to the period.
- 183 224 Printed 1660. Pestel has a prefatory poem to Benlowes' *Theophila*. Very little of this odd and charming poet, Charles I.'s chaplain, survives, and there is practically nothing to be recorded of his career.
- — 1. 4. *relief* Old English term, with accent on the first syllable. It means time for harts to quench their thirst. As a rule, these blood-lapping poems are crude and vulgar. But this one is

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strangely not so. It possesses a secrecy and shadowiness that makes its hart as ghostly a thing as Wordsworth's *Cuckoo*. It is a very different thing from a poem of Montrose I have seen quoted in anthologies—*The Vigil of Death* :

' Then open all my veins, that I may swim  
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake :  
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—.'

Pestel has refined all that worse than dross away. The poem has been reprinted in Linton's *Rare Poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries*.

184 226 l. 5 part: . . . depart.  
3 stanzas left out.

Pestel's phrase, never obtrusive and extremely delicate and true, carries its meaning to the finest shades. How expressive for instance is that line in the *Psalm for Christmas Day*—' Then down in troops they came.' A thronged, busy, delighted heaven! Pestal has that poetic seriousness (comprehending so much and own brother to naïveté) which made manifest in fine workmanship, can and does beget a union of simplicity and mystery—a union touching hands with the sublime mystical serenity of the finest poetry.

185 227 Last 32 lines omitted.

l. 22 *prospect* : of course, landscape.

From *Poems* by Thomas Philipott, Master of Arts of Clare Hall in Cambridge, 1646.

I wish I had been able to bring this fine rhetorical opening through to the end, but the poet is suddenly reminded by the devil (that prosaic bourgeois!) of his sins, and proceeds to rehearse them mercilessly one by one. Nor are they even sins of commission.

Thomas Philipott's father was a Kentish man and Herald of Arms. At Clare College, Cambridge, he was esteemed a tolerable poet when young, but in riper years versed in 'Divinity, History and Antiquities.'

186 228 Two stanzas omitted. I personally prefer this poem to the one given in the 'Oxford Book,' which seems to me prosaic and artificial. Mr. Saintsbury, speaking of this stanza, peculiar to this age, says:—"How did Donne or Jonson . . . discover this ineffable cadence? How did they manage to teach it to (all but) all and sundry for half a century? How did it get utterly lost? And how has it been only occasionally and uncertainly recovered? But these are questions, themselves 'begotten of Despair upon Impossibility.'"

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- The 'Sapphic-Platonics' of the 'matchless Orinda,' as Vaughan called her in a dedicatory poem to her volume (piratically published in 1664, and posthumously in an authorized edition in 1667) are the last of the age to retain that atmospheric magic to which in her we bid hail and farewell.
- In *Poems*, as in the garden of another poet who survived into the era of pavements, insolence and wine, the angels (in the shape of devoted lady-friends) have come to forget heaven in sententious debate upon it. Orinda has a matchless memory for the metres, themes and phrases of that wonderful poetry, but she walks, stirring a faint odour of it by the trail of her studious skirts, with her face towards the Mall. The age of prose is upon us.
- 'Orinda' married a Welshman at sixteen and was in great repute among the elect for her verse and translations of Corneille.
- 186 229 From *Hippolytus*, translated out of Seneca. Together with divers other Poems, 1651. Any poetic comparison may be extravagant. Phoebus was not really put out by the competition of Edmund Prestwich's fair. But he was if the vision of the poet felt it, and poetically declared it. For this charming poem, if it is not correct, is true. Certainly, poetry should square with the facts of life. But our poet means that he saw in her a spiritual universe. Nothing is known of this very rare poet.
- 188 231 The best known of Quarles's poems. Last 4 stanzas omitted.
- 232 From *The Virgin Widow*. I omit *False World, thou liest*, as, to my mind, containing precisely the same thought as this poem, only expressed more diffusely, flatly and rhetorically.
- 189 235 A few lines from one of the *Emblems*, 1635. If the reader does not think too well of these poems of 'old Quarles,' let him reflect that when one has been reading 'the sad tautologies of lavish passion' over and over again, it is almost pardonable even in an anthologist to put a silvery shine upon what is perhaps no more than honest copper. Personally, they greatly charm me, as Quarles does charm, when he ceases to pretend his cottage Muse lives in a villa.
- 'When Phillips,' writes Archbishop Trench in his excellent anthology, 'writing in 1675, styles Quarles 'the darling of our plebeian judgments,' he intimates the circle in which his popularity was highest and helps us to understand the

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extreme contempt into which he afterwards fell, so that he who had a little earlier been hailed as 'that sweet seraph of our nation, Quarles' became a byword for all that was absurdest and worse in poetry.'

Quarles was born near Romford in Essex, went abroad as cupbearer to the Princess Elizabeth—lucky man!—when she married the Elector Palatine, and in 1639 became chronologer to the City of London. His misfortunes in loss of position and property during the Commonwealth are said to have brought him to his death. His works in prose and verse were very numerous.

Quarles is best described as a rough, prosaic, popular journalist, who gave a semi-pious, semi-literary flavour to the fashionable average of thought and phraseology in his time. Poetry and melody came to him by accident and took the pen from him to write. He is rather like the wren who climbed to heaven on the eagle's back, for Quarles, a pleasant, busy, earthly, sober man is extremely fond of audacious fancies and coloured imagery.

- 190 236 'A person,' according to Anthony Wood, 'adorned with all kind of literature.'
- 192 237 From *A Platonick Elegy*.
- 193 238 From *The Jealous Lovers*.
- 239 A paraphrase of the forty-seventh (10th book) epigram of Martial. Fanshawe has another and inferior version from the same original.
- 194 240 Randolph is a thorn in the side of the pious anthologist. There are at least a dozen of his poems that hover outside the church-door. But apart from the Stafford Ode and the piece from *A Platonick Elegy*, he might almost as well come in or stay outside. Intense feeling, strong imagination, poetic unity and anything beyond a rather shallow technique, he certainly is without. Yet he is a spirited, manly and sensitive poet, well-salted and full of good phrasing, and his work has poetic gallantry and freedom. But it is never quite good enough. His product has nearly all an untimely look, as though he were too anxious to bear. That may partly be due to living up to being a 'son of Ben Jonson.' Perhaps he had a sub-conscious premonition of his early death.
- Randolph's father was steward to Lord Zouch. He was at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was made a fellow. He died, after riotous living (a tale possibly as

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- well founded as most of its kind—it is difficult to imagine a hail Fellow well met) in his thirtieth year. In so short a life he wrote a number of plays (the best of which are *Amyntas*, a pretty pastoral, and *The Muses' Looking Glass*, a lively apology for the drama) and poems. The first edition of his book was in 1638.
- 194 241 According to Mr. Bullen, Samuel Rowley was in the establishment of the Prince of Wales and is included in the list of Henslowe's authors—in fact, but another victim of that wily usurer. M. Creizenach, speaking of Henslowe's quite modern business methods, says:—'Samuel Rowley sends him the beginning of a piece on the conquest of India. Henslowe is to advance him forty shillings in respect of the completed play, but may retain the beginning as a pledge.' This Rowley (not to be confused with William, the wholesale furnisher of comic underplots) wrote a play on Katherine Parr, now lost, made additions to Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, collaborated in many plays and himself wrote *When you See me you know Me*, and *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634, from which this song, with its skilful verbal and metrical effects is taken.
- -- l. 16 Compare Lear's infinitely terrible and desolate :
- 'Thou'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never!'
- 195 242 From *The Spanish Gipsy*, 1653 (by Rowley and Middleton and according to Mr. Bullen, written not later than 1623). The Songs in this and *The World Tost at Tennis*, are, Mr. Bullen conjectures, probably by Rowley—one of the sturdiest of old English blackbirds. There are other gipsy songs in *The Spanish Gipsy*, as quick with stamping feet and tossing arms as this one.
- -- l. 3 *threading-needles* : An old pastime.
- -- l. 25 *ging* : Company.
- -- l. 29 *Peter-see-me* : A corruption of Pedro Ximenes, a delicate Spanish wine.
- -- l. 29 *nowl* : noddle.
- -- l. 30 *fox* : intoxicate (Mr. Bullen's Notes).
- 196 243 From *The Thracian Wonder*, 1661. Webster, though on the title-page, had nothing to do with it. The metre of this curiously unearthly song is nearly that of *Phillada flouts me*. *The Thracian Wonder* is full of lyric plums, but there is nothing else like this. It is not included in *Lyrics from the Dramatists*.
- 244 From Fletcher and Rowley's *The Maid in the*

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- 197 245 *Mill* (1647), acted in 1623. Mr. Bullen prints this as by Fletcher, but suspects it is Rowley's. From *The World Tost at Tennis*, 1620 (by Rowley and Middleton).  
Practically nothing is known of Rowley. All Wood has to say is that 'he was the once ornament for wit and ingenuity of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge.' That does not sound like Rowley at all—a working London dramatist and wage-slave of the theatres, who patched, tagged and was grafted on to other men's plays.
- 246 From *The Shepherd's Holyday, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy*, by J. R., 1635. Reprinted in the first, but not the second, edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.  
Among the armies of Epithalamia (at once too free and too stilted in their language) which deck the period, it chimes both true and dignified. Donne has 'To-day put on perfection and a woman's name,' in *Epithalamium made at Lincoln's Inn*.
- 198 247 Observe the change in metre, Horehound, according to Parkinson (*Theatre of Plants*, 1640), cleanses ulcers, stays bleeding and heals dog-bites. Polypode 'is much commended for the Quartaine Ague . . . as also against Melancholy and fearfull or troublesome sleepes and dreames.' From *Herod and Antipater* (1622), in which the author collaborated with Gervase Markham. Nothing is known of him. Compare this song with the *Mountebank's Song*, in *Overbury*.
- 199 248 I have omitted the last five stanzas. Sandys' chief book of verse is *A Paraphrase of the Psalms of David*, 1636.  
The simple beauty of this paraphrase of Psalm xc., appeals to me more than all the rest of his experiments in language and versification put together.  
His use of the heroic couplet in *Deo Optimo Maximo*, was a passport to the indulgence of the eighteenth century, who remembered him while they ignored Carew, Vaughan, Crashaw, Herrick and Donne. Because that more famous poem merely antedates the Age of Rage and Reason in poetry, I have left it out.  
In addition Sandys was one of those dull people—a literal translator (Ovid). He is sometimes as direct and colloquial as Cowper who made a much better job of Homer than he did of Ovid.  
Sandys came back from Virginia in 1626, when the first complete edition of his *Ovid* was

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- published. He became a gentleman of the privy chamber to Charles I., and was of the circle of poets presided over by Lord Falkland. Sandys, though he is a fair journeyman-poet, is most engaging as a traveller.
- 200 249 Fourth and fifth stanzas omitted. From *Penitential Cries*, appended to the 1692 edition of John Mason's *Songs of Praise*. It is worth more than all Mason's works put together. Strictly speaking, I had no right to go trespassing so far afield out of my period. But the spirit of this poem looks back forty or fifty years (as in all probability does its date), and one indication is its curiously tangible, factual method. Until we see the object clearly as object, and reverence it as something distinct from ourselves and definite in itself, we can never discover the mystery in it. The delight of our old religious poetry is precisely this concrete sense of detail, and the fatal loss of the eighteenth century and the forty years before it, is its separation of the abstract from the concrete. In poetry they should be inseparable; everything depends upon the way the concrete interprets the abstract. The spirit of life finds expression through the concrete forms of life and generalization is the enemy both of the abstract and the concrete. The eighteenth century did not indeed ignore the importance of the abstract. But they felt it must be expressed by the vehicle of generalization. So the Muse, who finds no security for her feet upon painted clouds, departed from them.
- 250 Nothing is known of Shepherd. From *The Loves of Amandus and Sophronia . . . 'a Rare Contexture Inriched with many pleasing Odes and Sonnets, occasioned by the Jocular or Tragical Occurrences, hapning in the progress of the Historie,'* 1650. It is a prose romance, sprinkled with a few lyrics, none of which approach this one in the sombre dignity of elegiac meditation so characteristic of the period. Sheppard and Cleveland were the moving spirits of the Royalist Press between 1647 and 1650. Sheppard was in fact one of our earliest regular journalists, and he turned out sheet after sheet of passing controversial stuff, a good deal of it ribald and scurrilous, some merely skittish. The idiom of the day called these sheets *Mercuries*, and Sheppard was the author of *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, a lampoon of Pride, Cromwell, Marten, etc.; part author of *Mercurius Elencticus*

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- (biography of the rebels) and others (*Mercurius Dogmaticus* and *Scommaticus*).
- 200 250 l. 12 *durst not look him in the face*: a fine Shakespearian line.
- 201 251 From '*Salmacis, Lyrian* and *Sylvia* . . . with several other Poems and Translations,' 1651. Mr. Saintsbury justly calls Sherborne, 'a very inferior Carew.' He does little more than twirl an elegant cane in his Celia's drawing-room. What largely rescues this little poem from the snows of yesteryear is Father Thames. He instantly waters the arid waste where the Arcadians dwell in merited solitude. He has received much more attention from the anthologist than his friend Stanley, both a truer and more musical poet. But I could not find anything so good as the above. His work is practically all exercise—shallow and pedantic stuff. Sherborne was a Roman Catholic who lived a busy and adventurous public life. As a Royalist, his goods were confiscated and his body imprisoned, after the fall of Oxford in 1646. He lived to a great age and after one more tumble, managed to ride the breakers of a stormy period to his death. He had a high post in the ordnance.
- 252 and 254, p. 202 Both from *The Imposture*, 1652.
- 203 255 Last three stanzas omitted. ll. 19-20 ('f. Keats's 'Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.')
- 204 256 From *Cupid and Death*, 1653.
- 257 From *The Triumph of Peace*, 1633. *The glories of our blood and state*, . . . being so familiar, omitted.
- Except where indicated, all the poems here quoted are from *Poems*, 1646.
- Shirley is the stylist among his fellows. Whatever the subject, whatever even the particular convention he obeys, the pride of language is his. Some of his lines are like a gesture of nobility. It would have been impossible for Shirley, for instance, (in his inspired moments) to have said (see *To*, last stanza) 'Whilst we *these* or *fair* or *fresh* groves of laurel bring.' No, he must say grandly—'Whilst we *whole* groves of laurel bring.' When this generosity of style is united to a universal, deeply felt idea, we get such poetry as *Death the Leveller*. Yet it is odd to notice how often he matches a tenuous theme to a full, broad, clear and at the same time elegant expression of it. That partly means that he was the last of the dramatists and caught their dying accents rather than the brooding upon life they represented; partly that he did

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- not feel these things to be trivial or unworthy to be clothed in the best poetry of which he was capable. The consequence is that he is often decorative and picturesque rather than true. But he has a very taking and handsome way with him. He was educated at Merchant Tailors' School and was a member of both universities. He changed his religion and gave up a living on its account. For a time he was a schoolmaster, took to the stage in the first years of Charles I. and returned to it from pedagogy again when the theatres were reopened after the Commonwealth. His dramas (there are about forty of them) are carefully modelled upon those of his predecessors, whose disciple he always was, and show a readable standard of general proficiency and excellence. Shirley, in fact, is neither small nor great and can be relied upon to write a semi-romantic comedy, good of its kind and a precise reflection of the transition.
- 205 258 1. 10 *more* : In *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrists*, this is printed 'less'—*i.e.* Celia snored.
- 206 260 Stanley's poetic ceremony is strangely impressive. Though he is a formal poet, he is the better for the use of a spruce and nice poetic diction. That is not altogether to commit him to Anthony Wood's 'smooth and genteel.' Hardly one of the Caroline poets (I except Waller) was able to walk the Muses' city in conventional dress. An obstinate poetic nebula seems to cling about them. So with Stanley, one of the most orthodox of them and with none of Herrick's 'wild civility.' The *Exequies*, with all its proprieties, reveals a faint stirring of the 'ditties of no tone.' Perhaps the captivation of Stanley is precisely because this divine music is so barely audible, just as light seen through a chink may set the emotions vibrating more than the whole visible day. For, though hardly an original poet, there is a subtle kind of delicacy and penetrating though volatile grace in Stanley which leads us to say of him, 'Manners makyth poet.'
- Stanley, the translator of Aeschylus, Bion, Moschus, Anacreon, Marino, Gongora and others and the author of the first English authoritative history of philosophy, is remarkable in another way. He took no part either in politics or the civil war. His book of shorter verse was published in 1647. He was reprinted in the nineteenth century by Sir Egerton Brydges. He led a quiet and retired life.
- 207 282 Composed in reply to John Fletcher's famous

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- 'Hence, all you vain delights' in *The Nice Valour*. Dobell assigns this song to Strode on rather inconclusive evidence.
- 208 263 This is far and away Strode's best and metaphysico-lyrical interpretation of 'That stram, again, it had a dying fall'—and, too, the willow warbler's song. The end of Shelley's 'Music, when soft voices die,' ('And so thy thoughts when thou art gone, Love itself shall slumber on') has exactly the seventeenth-century touch of suddenly embodying the abstract in the concrete. The last line here is the same method reversed. The song also appears in *Wit Restored*, 1658.
- 209 264 Second and third stanzas (spoiled by strained and pointless similes) omitted. A remarkable 'Nature poem' for the period. Strode's poems were collected from manuscripts and anthologies of the period and published, by Bertram Dobell in 1907, with *The Floating Island*, a poorish allegorical play which had been printed in 1655. Strode was Corbet's chaplain, when that worthy was Bishop of Oxford and as 'a pious and sententious Preacher, an exquisite Orator and eminent Poet,' is to be reckoned among the 'University Wits.' He was a Devonshire man, and has written some excellent sly verses in the dialect. Dobell, to my mind, thought (as was perhaps natural) far too well of him. He lacks strong individuality and receives the impress of his age, rather than stamps his own upon it. He possesses that mixture of facility, erudition and graceful, ironical, subdued familiarity with the Muse, which was common to the University Wits. He would, let us say, have been an excellent back bencher in a genuine and extremely distinguished poetic Parliament. I do not think that Dobell's evidence for the authenticity of many of Strode's poems at all substantial.
- 265 From *The Sad One*, 1646.
- 210 266 From *Aglaura*, 1638.
- 267 An amusing and ingenious parody, either of Lucrece, or of the Imogen bedroom scene. It is one of the first English parodies, but I believe very little known.
- 211 268 Like a good deal of Suckling's work, this poem owes much to Donne. Suckling is no intellectual, but the repose and sincerity of this poem are, to my mind, an agreeable change from an elegant trifling, that sometimes becomes an irritating mannerism.

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- The fine gentleman, who deliberately places his stage laced hat on one side of his head, thrusts his hands deep into velvet breeches and prances to and fro, declaiming 'Out upon it' can be very tedious. Too much of Suckling makes us think like this of him: a little and we are well pleased.
- 213 269 Obviously reminiscent of Donne's:  
 'I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,  
 Who died before the god of love was born.'
- 214 270 A few stanzas omitted.
- — l. 63 *The brides*: Toasts from the loving-cup.
- 217 271 *Out upon it*, and *Why so pale and wan*, omitted. The poems (except where indicated) are from *Fragmenta Aurea* (1646). As a biographer of Suckling expresses it, his literary work is 'the product of certain hours of leisure snatched from a life of tempestuous mirth, or from the nobler activities of a soldier's career.' Suckling's attitude to art, that is to say, was that of the average Philistine and business man who treat art like a mistress—an agreeable indulgence for hours of relaxation, but to be put aside when it comes to what is naively called 'the serious business of life.'
- For that reason, one is not inclined to waste many words on Suckling—a poet of great natural parts who neglected and dissipated them out of a lazy coxcombry which he thought it fine to theorise. The consequence is that half a dozen splendid songs are embedded in a slime of doggerel and obscenity. But it would be a mistake to assume that the spirit of Suckling's thought in these songs is akin to and results from his attitude to poetry itself. Their pose of inconstancy, their gay, bantering mockery at the solemn conventions of love-making, their silvery irreverence and delicate movement are the result of the most devoted craftsmanship. Suckling was born at Twickenham and at the age of twenty-one became a military adventurer serving in the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus. Courtier, gambler, dilettante and spendthrift at Charles's court, he then equipped a body of horse for the Scottish campaign in 1639 and was defeated. Discovered in a plot in 1640, he fled to France and two years later brought a spectacular career to a miserable end by suicide.
- 272 From *The Works* (folio, 1630) of John Taylor, the water poet of scurrilous fame.

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- Taylor left the Navy (with a lame leg) to become a Thames waterman and a tavern-keeper in Long Acre. To rhyme he turned to make more money and satisfy his spleen ; and succeeded in both, for he made many enemies and published his numerous works at his own expense. Ben Jonson was his chief patron and he had the distinction of arranging the water pageant for Princess Elizabeth's marriage. Towards the end of an ill-favoured career (he had a harsh and rather brutal disposition), he kept a tavern at Oxford and spent his leisure hours in penning lampoons against the Parliamentarians. 'Stout Thames, run brusquely till I end my song,' may serve for the epitaph of a man whose romantic associations are such a contrast to his person and character. His works, however, are valuable and diverting as a study of manners. This epigram has been reprinted in Miss Eleanor Brougham's *Corn from Olde Fieldes*.
- 218 273 From *Albion's Triumph*, 1631. One is inclined to think that classicism exercised a wholly pernicious influence upon the seventeenth century, as it did upon the eighteenth, but here the native Muse wears her outlandish garments so well as not to conceal the gracious lines of her figure. Townshend was one of the typical courtiers of the time, wrote various scattered poems and was a friend of Ben Jonson, Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Carew, on whom he urged a panegyric of Gustavus Adolphus, which Carew had the good sense to decline.
- 219 275 Second stanza omitted.
- 220 276 From *A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation of the Mercies of God*. The feeling for Nature in this noble poem is delightful. The poet does not say that he 'esteems' the sun more than crowns and thrones, but more than kings esteem crowns and thrones.
- 221 277 From *A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation of the Mercies of God*. The extraordinary resemblance of this poem to Whitman's works, both in spirit and metre, is sufficiently obvious.
- 223 279 In his adoration of childhood, his mystical revelations of Nature and the human body, and his conception of life as a variation played upon the single theme of joy and acceptance, Traherne is allied both to Whitman and to Blake. With Traherne, poetry and religion were positives—their purpose, to testify to the spirit of life. His work, therefore, is of acute interest, but the flower of it is in his prose ; his verse is prolix and was not his natural medium,

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I had indeed some difficulty in selecting these poems from Traherne. His poems are all extraordinarily equal and none of them of the highest. Just as Wither had a tender and contemplative, so Traherne had a rapturous pleasure in concrete life—expressed rhythmically in his prose and tumultuously, in throbs, in his verse. Strict numbers confined him, which is not surprising when we see that for transport of feeling, he is a David leaping before the ark.

Traherne was the son of a Hereford shoemaker, a Brasenose man and the rector for some ten years of Credenhill, near his native place. Subsequently he was for seven years chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper in the Cabal Ministry. He died at Teddington, was simple in nature as true mystics are, poor in worldly goods, and bequeathed his old hat in his will.

For the text both of Strode and Traherne, beside the original editions, I relied upon those of Bertram Dobell, to whose executors I desire to make acknowledgment. I have, however, made a few changes in punctuation.

- 226 282 l. 20 *kissed*: A wonderfully kindling touch.
- 227 283 We are sometimes prone to think that our old poets are very comfortable and choice to the eclectic ear, but that they do not bear upon us, living this very day of the week. Possibly the accusing voice of this noble poem may dispel the illusion.
- 228 284 This little morning carol was, I believe, entirely unknown until it was reprinted in Mr. Francis Meynell's delightful little anthology, *The Best of Both Worlds*.
- 230 286 I imagine that Vaughan might not have written this anthology of simile had he not read Herbert very attentively. But the likeness between the two are only verbal and the poem is, as it stands, a true fingerpost to his mind. To Vaughan, the creative spirit of life is 'always breaking in' through the actual forms of life on the one hand—the bird, the tree, the sun and the grass—and paling the business and ambitions of men's lives to ineffectual fires, on the other.
- 231 287 l. 12 *tined*: 'tine,' *i.e.* close. A word which survived in the North up to a few years ago, in rural dialect.
- 233 289 l. 31 *night*: Night and light are the peculiar emblems of Vaughan. He seemed to see in the one the hushed expectancy of the spirit awaiting 'some sudden matter'; and in the other the very

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- clothing of mystery. So his poems are like bright night and dusky light, whispered and sometimes of unearthly beauty and yet candid (in the Latin and English sense) and radiant. At times, Vaughan seems to approach the very core of speech, a speech in which speech itself begins to be unnecessary, so close it is to the hidden, magic sources of life. So, whatever faults we may find in him—and perhaps a falling away from sustained inspiration is the worst—he never writes poetic diction, much less rhetoric. Shelley's music is like his own skylark's, Keats's like his nightingale's, but Vaughan's is the music of unheard sounds, the ditties of no tone. He of all our poets seems to catch in murmurs the stray voices of the divine choir. The moving finger seems to write his numbers as it has those of Blake and Shelley. Thus he was the first of our poets to read fully the biography of God in Nature's visible symbols of it.
- 235 291 Second stanza omitted.
- — l. 21 *but ordained no rest*: Compare with Herbert's *The Pulley*. Second stanza omitted.
- 236 292 Last nine stanzas (a mist upon this clear and tranquil meditation) omitted. A beautiful example of Vaughan's peculiar animism—that of endowing the very stones and logs with the sacred heat of life.
- 237 293 Many anthologists only give the first seven lines of this famous poem. That does not seem to me justifiable. There may be a slight slackening of imaginative power, but possibly the reason for the omission is the rather abrupt change from the general to the particular. Thus I have not omitted this poem, though it is familiar to all readers of poetry.
- 238 294 5th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th, and 15th stanzas omitted. Like *Abel's Blood*, *The Constellation* places Vaughan as the fellow of Blake and Shelley and all three of them as poetic statesmen, the 'unacknowledged legislators' whose direct and intense insight into politics is the commentary of truth upon the disorders of nations. They and their fellows are the practical visionaries without whom the blind world falls into the ditch. Compare this poem with Arnold's invocation to the stars.
- 239 295 Here for the first time in our poetry, a bird is seen independently of man and of music, and for its own sake. Last ten (rather incoherent) lines omitted.
- 241 297 First three stanzas and the last one (different

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- verse and metre, as so frequently occurs with Vaughan) omitted.
- 242 298 Except for those in Mr. Meynell's recent anthology of Vaughan and Marvell, few of these poems I have chosen have appeared in previous anthologies. This one is an exception and appeared in Trench's *Household Book of English Poetry*. Last 24 lines (as in Trench) omitted.
- 244 300 This poem, quicker in movement and more elated in spirit than Vaughan usually is, is curiously like Traherne's work.
- 245 301 From *Thalia Rediviva*. The rest are from *Silex Scintillans*.

I have taken liberally from Vaughan for the following reasons. He is economically spent by the anthologist, who draws perfunctorily upon the stock two or three poems and leaves the rest. Again, the impression of him that commonly exists is that he wrote a few unforgettable lines (cf. *Cambridge History of English literature*) and passed the rest of his poetic time in one of heaven's committee rooms. Next, I believe him to be one of our great poets. Then, though ignored by his contemporaries, he appears to me to be the finest flower (as Milton and Crashaw were not) of the peculiar seventeenth century way of mystical thinking, which, difficult and even repellent to the week-end visitor, becomes a loved inheritance, a 'Howards End' so to speak, to them who make a longer stay. For the stock of Vaughan does indeed break forth into 'bright shoots of everlastingness.' Lastly, he is the first of our poets to reveal the unseen and the eternal in the physical loveliness of Nature and childhood, and one of the first to bring the light of imaginative truth to bear upon the cold facts of life, authority and the deeds of men. He seems, too, to do it all by conversation. No poet is freer of the poetic properties. Some readers may still strongly disagree with me, but though in other portions of this volume, their judgment will be better than mine, I believe that in selecting thus copiously from Vaughan, I am right.

I must too, just note the absence of the picturesque in his work. His language has faults, but they are not literary faults, the faults of expression unrelated either to life seen or life unseen.

Vaughan took no part in the Civil War, possibly for the reason expressed in *Abel's Blood*. *Silex Scintillans* appeared in two parts in 1650, an enlarged edition in 1655, and the next edition in 1847!

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His other poems, appear in *Olor Iscanus*, 1651, and *Thalia Rediviva*, 1678.

I have omitted *The Retreat*, *Peace*, and *They are all gone into the World of light*.

245 302 Except for *Go, Lovely Rose* (omitted), *Old Age*, and possibly one other poem, there is nothing else worth inclusion in all Waller's work. To such a skeleton has declined 'the parent of English verse and the first that showed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it.'

246 303 The best of Waller—one feels, rather too good for his best.

Waller was an Eton and King's College man, and an M.P. In his poems (the first edition was published in 1645) his lament upon the death of the Lord Protector occurs next to his panegyric, 'upon His Majesty's Happy Return,' and his career is an entertaining record of adjustments to the numerous and disconcerting changes of government.

Such dexterous methods of avoiding unfavourable notice have been called by his biographer 'constitutional liberalism' and being 'a party to the *via media*.' He married well too—a daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester—the 'Sacharissa' of so many poems of politic affection. For his literary product is no less contemptible than his public career. A great number of his poems are commendations to successful personages, and Waller does not allow his 'purity of diction' to interfere with fervour of protestation. He was, with Denham, as is well known, 'one of the first refiners of our language and poetry'; in other words, he fathered Sir John Beaumont's plea for simplicity of language and the smooth heroic couplet. The verse of so thoroughly cold-blooded and cold-hearted a man is in consequence as clear as it is trivial and as transparent as it is shallow. If an emotion does appear through all this tiresome technique (it is not form), it is an exploited one. He was a nought of a man and deserves only a fraction of his fame.

246 304 An anthology should surely find room not only for poems of achieved beauty, but of fine and tranquil personality received for a moment into lines of worthy verse. This example of such a kind is almost unquestionably by Walton himself. It occurs for the first time in the third edition of *The Complete Angler*. Kenna is an allusion to his wife, whose name was Anne Ken. In the third and fourth editions Chlora is substituted

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- for Kenna—a disguised reference to his first wife's Christian name Rachel (Floud). The song she sung is 'Like Hermit Poor,' a popular ballad printed in *A Phoenix Nest* in 1593. Bryan was Walton's dog and Shawfordbrook is that part of the river Sow which flows through the land Walton bequeathed to the corporation of Stafford, to find coals for the poor. Walton's life is so completely identified with his *Lives* of others and *The Complete Angler*, and the facts of his biography are so uneventful and unobtrusive, that I shall say nothing more than that he was born in Stafford, lived in London and Winchester, and though he has stopped writing seems likely to keep on living for ever.
- 246 304 l. 13 *leverock*: I am not so sure that the *laverock* here is a lark. In Walton's famous prose passage on the songs of birds, 'laverock' and 'lark' occur together. I am inclined to think he means the meadow pipit, which only of late years has been taken from the larks and placed among the wagtails.
- 247 305 From *Divine Poems*, 1654. Except for some charming fancies, here and there, Washbourne is a poor poet. He is too ratiocinative with heaven. This was the best in his book, though two others came near it. Washbourne was a native of Worcestershire and a commoner of Balliol, 'being esteemed a tolerable poet.' At the time of the Rebellion, he was a Prebend 'in the Catholic Church of Gloster' and was turned out of it by the Puritans. Charles II. restored him and 'actually,' says Wood, actually created him a Doctor of Divinity!
- — l. 21 *ears*: 'All ears' had a much stronger meaning than it has now.
- 248 306 The fact that there is a parody of this song at the end of the fashionable miscellany *Wit Restored*, gives some measure of its popularity. It is (see p. 156) likely that this charming sorrowful-gay little poem (pre-eminent even among the hundreds that have pastured so thrivingly on the same common) is by Bishop King. It is to be found in an appendix to the second edition of Wastell's *Microbiblion, or the Bible Epitome, in Verse, digested according to the Alphabet, that the Scriptures we read may more happily be remembered and Things forgotten more easily recalled*—London, 1629. The rest, but for the poem to follow, of Wastell's verse is most happily forgotten and never to be recalled.

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- 249 307 The second poem at the end of the *Micro-biblion*. Simon was of Wastellhead in Westmoreland, of Queen's College and of 'great proficiency in classical learning and poetry.' He became a master of the 'free-school' at Northampton.
- 250 308 From *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1623.
- 251 309 From *The Devil's Law Case*, 1623.
- Of our greatest tragic dramatist, next to, if a long way off Shakespeare, literally nothing certain is known. His editor, Dyce (1859), ransacked every available source of information without success, and all that there is of it is that he may have been parish clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and a member of the Merchants' Tailors Company. He certainly was yet another of Henslowe's victims and a sort of odd-job man in adapting and tinkering up plays. 'I never saw anything like it,' said Lamb of Cornelia's dirge. There is a kind of terrible ceremoniousness in his three fine songs, which contributes to a verisimilitude both awful and sublime. It is as if we saw as in the famous and matchless dirge 'Call for the robin redbreast and the wren' (omitted), the wolf, the owl, the shroud, the mourners and the grave-side, all taking their due part both in an actual rite and in the symbolism of defeated life. Such visual and abstracted effects are produced only by the greatest poetry, of which Webster, though in snatches, gives us copiously.
- 310 From *Iter Boreale*, 1660.
- 252 311 Wilde's verse is a kind of battlefield for the combat of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In him the extraordinary imagination of the seventeenth century to which audacities of thought were daily bread, submits very ill to a hard technical discipline; the preciseness of the eighteenth is unbalanced by the anarchic ideas of its forerunner. The lack of simplicity of seventeenth-century verse, its very passion and longing for perfection, frustrated in actual expression, prepare for the well-bred generalities of the age to come. The love of abstract thought, incompletely made flesh, brings upon itself the nemesis of general terms, as an uninspired habit, from which the concrete and the particular have finally disappeared.
- Robert Wilde was a Covenanter and ejected at the Restoration from his rectory in Northampton-

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- shire. He was one of the principal journalist-poets for the Presbyterians, as Cleveland for the King's party. In later years he seems to have made his peace with Government and even descended to Royalist 'Panegyricks.' Wood calls him 'a fat, jolly and born Presbyterian.'
- 252 312 From *Halleluiah*, 1641.
- 253 313 From *The Mistress of Phil 'Arte*. These lines in it are with some others selected by Lamb in his short essay on Wither. In the wide pasturage of Wither's very numerous works, it is pleasant to have Lamb to point out the greenest fields.
- 255 315 From *Phil 'Arte*.
- 316 The opening of the first Canticle. Its orchestral voice is sufficient answer to the still-surviving reputation of Wither as a babler in unpremeditated numbers.
- 317 From *Halleluiah*. A poem that stamps Lamb's profound criticism of Wither:—'Before Wither no one ever celebrated its power (poetry) *at home*, the wealth and strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. . . . It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession as well as a rich reversion.'
- 257 318 From *The Shepherd's Hunting*, commemorating Wither's inner escape from the Marshalsea, where he was imprisoned by James I. for his first book of satires, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*. His poems are often personal and his mind the lamp of a peculiar moral grace.
- 319 From *Emblems*, 1635. A remarkable burst of pure beauty and passion from so mechanical a method as fashionable emblem-writing.
- 258 320 Commented upon by Lamb.
- 259 321 From *The Shepherd's Hunting*.
- 322 From *Halleluiah*, 1641. I have omitted stanzas 3 and 11. I dislike extremely the lines about the baby's 'conception in sin' and 'unclean birth' and the stanza about Christ's torments is quite inappropriate to the serene and tender mildness of the whole—a lullaby.
- When the Royalists captured Wither in 1642, he only escaped hanging by a jest of the ambiguously gallant Denham, who declared that as long as Wither lived, he, Denham, could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Many poets would have preferred the rope to the jest. At any rate, Wither has never quite escaped the onus of that jest, even though Lamb might have been imagined to have removed Christian's burden from his shoulders. His works have been collected by the Spenser Society, and like Waller

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and Suckling (flickering lights to his steady, cheerful poetic beams) he is still but the author of one poem (*Shall I wasting in despair*—omitted) to the majority of readers.

Mr. Saintsbury is struck by the inequality of his work: but that is no deterrent, because Wither never writes delights and doggerel all in a breath. His *Juvenilia* are very very good, his *Divine Poems* horrid. He is a well-conditioned poet and 'I have true rest and peace and joy within' is his pleasant thanksgiving—in all the *Juvenilia*, in a good portion of *Halleluiahs*, in *The Motto*, and even in not a few pieces of a set theme like the *Emblems*. One can understand why Donne is unread but a good name: why Wither is unread but a bad one is less intelligible. He is a pastoralist without pose or dullness or stiffness or extravagance or staleness; his muse is intimate, individual and braced by the moral excellence of a strong, sweet and tranquil character. He was a kind of secular Puritan of convictions which were not arbitrary and of mental independence which did not make him arrogant. His self-esteem, as Lamb feels, is only an enlarged and more generous self-respect. Strict criticism may find him too easy, talkative, sentimental and expansive, and too free in his poetic dress.

So he would be, but for the inner spiritual light which keeps his numbers clear and dignified. For Wither above all things was the servant of the impersonal poetic vision itself: no prattler. This deep consciousness of his preserved his verse from being merely gracious on the one hand and his keen interest in himself from vanity on the other.

His early verse just slips out of my period. But Wither was hardly Elizabethan in temper at all: he lived until late into the century; a very large portion of his verse was written after 1620.

But my principal reason for including him (apart from my desire to give a representative showing to so genial a poet and one who deserves better of us) is because he, like Marvell, Fulke Greville, the earlier Milton and a few others, illustrates an alliance between the moral and the sensuous attitudes of the century. Wither inherits the Spenser tradition, only to pass it on in a different form to those more native poets of the age, who endowed it with a different spirit. More narrowly, Wither is seventeenth century, because

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- he is one of those rare hybrids, a Poet-Puritan. With the Elizabethans you had to be one or the other externally or more one than the other internally. Wither, in fact as Drummond, Drayton and Daniel were not (though they too overlapped beyond 1616), was a poet of the transition.
- 261 323 This pleasingly sententious poem (in the gravely-sweet avuncular way, before the eighteenth century had dressed it up into the gentlemanly) occurs both in *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (1651), and *The Complete Angler*. I have copied it with the variations in the latter.
- 262 325 One could scarcely imagine a gentler, more dignified and effective rebuke to the adventurer Robert Carr, who murdered or helped to murder, or allowed to be murdered a man of like character with Wotton, Sir Thomas Overbury. Arnold said of Gray that he 'never spoke out,' and Wotton, who wrote so few poems, so few 'characters' (of Essex and Buckingham), a page of a projected *History of Venice* (where he was ambassador), a little packet of engaging letters, a small biography and a diminutive and admirably terse and pointed treatise on architecture and some miscellaneous papers, cannot be said to have unrolled his personality to tedious length. He did everything by halves and nothing long, which is not always an offence. Not that one could not have borne with a good deal more Wotton, but the scantiness of his literary harvest seems to fit well with the modesty and unpretentiousness of his amiable character. Anthony Wood, after describing the career of this 'singularly accomplished' public servant, says that 'about 1623, he had the Provostship of Eton College conferred upon him, which he kept to his dying day, being all the reward he had for the great services he had done the Crown,' and we do not feel displeased that the man of letters who wrote such excellent good sense, the official who retained his humanity and served disinterested ends, the poet who combined literary with spiritual grace and the mortal who had inscribed on his tomb 'Nomen alias quaere'—should not have been heaped with vulgar rewards. I have omitted *The Character of A Happy Life*, and *On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*.
- 263 326 From the miscellany *Wit Restored*, 1658. Mentioned by the milkwomen in the third day of *The Complete Angler*. It has been suggested that *Phillada* is by Wither. I have a very soft

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- place for Wither, but no, he could never have done anything like this.  
The readings of this poem are very various and confusing, since, being so popular, it was copied everywhere. Luckily, they do not materially affect the sense of music or humour. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's version in the *Oxford Book* is quite different from mine, and the better. Before, I was not sure, now, when it is too late, I am.
- 263 326 l. 35 *guedes* : *i.e.* goods.
- 265 327 One stanza omitted.  
From E. P.'s *Mysteries of Love*, 1658.  
Compare with Corbet's *Farewell to Fairies*.  
l. 24 *tester* : 'Tester' is a sixpenny piece.  
l. 28 *manchet* : 'Manchet,' according to Nares, is 'the finest white rolls,' Drayton's *Polyolbion* :—  
    ' No manchet can so well the courtly palate  
      please  
    As that made of the meal fetch'd from my  
      fertile lease.'
- l. 42 *glow-worm* : Compare Marvell :  
    ' Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame  
      To wandring mowers shows the way,  
      That in the night have lost their way  
      And after foolish fires do stray.'
- 267 328 Ten stanzas omitted.  
This poem appears in *The Meditations, Soliloquies and Manual of the Glorious Doctour St. Augustine*, (1631)—one of the many spurious works assigned to him. It is an anonymous translation of Saint Peter Damiani's hymn, *Ad Perennis Vitae Fontem*.  
An abridged version of the poem appears in Traherne's manuscript volume of *Meditations and Devotions*. In the first, second, fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth and tenth stanzas, which occur in both versions I have followed Traherne's minor but superior emendations upon the original.  
Compare this poem with *Hierusalem, my happy home*, which is not included in this volume, being of earlier date. Garbled versions appear in the miscellanies.
- l. 33. *The Lamp* : Both Traherne's abridgment and the anonymous version read 'Lamb'. I have ventured to write 'Lamp,' as a clear gain in the meaning. On the other hand there is a passage in *Revelations* (xxi. 3: "The Lamb is the Light thereof") which sanctions the reading of 'Lamb.'
- 268 329 From Christ Church MS. K. 3, 43-5 (set to Music by Thomas Ford). This remarkable poem was

- PAGE NO. discovered by Mr. Bullen in Christ Church Library. He conjectures it to be Vaughan's.
- 269 330 *The Melancholy Lover* has been attributed in a different and shorter version and metre, wrongly, I think, to Waller.
- 270 331 Found in an MS. volume, among some poems of William Strode. There is no shadow of evidence that he wrote it, and even Dobell does not positively attribute it to him.
- 271 332 *Idem.* These two poems are printed in a supplement to Dobell's edition of Strode.
- 333 From *Wit's Recreations*, 2nd Edition, 1641. One hardly knows which quality of the writer's to admire the most—his blushing, shrinking, deprecating modesty, or paternal indulgence—a thousand only for himself, but a million for each of his sons!
- It is difficult to believe that Oliver Wendell Holmes had not darkly tracked this poem down, before he wrote his famous one upon a similar theme.
- 272 334 This exquisite and curiously modern poem is quoted by Mr. Abbey as an anonymous poem of the seventeenth century (middle) from Emily Taylor's *Flowers and Fruits from Old English Gardens*. Reprinted in Canon Beeching's *Lyra Sacra*. It is curiously like John Clare at his best.
- 273 335 From Samuel Speed's *Prison Piety, or Meditations Divine and Moral*, 1677. It is part selection, part original work. This poem is far too enchanting to have been written by the earthworm Speed and is of obviously earlier date.
- Herbert's *Peace*, begins with the ninth line—*Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell?*
- 336 Published in 1640 and to be found in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, as well as in *Wit's Recreations*. Nobody knows who wrote this incomparable song, but I am very sure that the author's great-great-great-great-grandson was Edward Lear.
- 274 337 Signed *Ignoto* among Sir Henry Wotton's papers and printed in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*.
- 338 From *Wit's Recreations*, 1645 edition, and repeated in *Witt's Interpreter*, 1655, 1671. Set to music by Purcell. The poem is of such finished and decorative workmanship and at the same time so light and flakey (for all the complicated metamorphoses of the flake itself) that it has become one of the very few anonymous poems of this age at all well known.

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- 275 339 From a manuscript of miscellaneous sacred poems of about 1620; reprinted in Rev. R. Catermole's *Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*. The essence of this poem is the 'familiar' in the third line of the first stanza. It is impossible for us moderns to recapture that sense of the heavenly-concrete that some of our old poets—like the child of *Intimations of Immortality*—had. We can only be happy in being thrilled by it, as by a sudden, green, forgotten memory.
- 276 340 From *Wit Restored*, 1658. A queer, savoury thing.
- 341 From Locker Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*. It obviously belongs to the period.
- 342 From Miss Eleanor Brougham's *Corn from Olde Fieldes*.
- 343 From the church of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, and printed in Headley's *Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*, 1787.
- 277 344 I have been unable to trace the source of this sly epigram. It occurs in Locker Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*, and certainly belongs to the middle of the century.
- 345 Discovered by Mr. Bullen in Christ Church library and reprinted in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Golden Pomp*. The lines are ascribed to Nathaniel Giles, a chorister at Magdalen, master of the choristers at St. George's, Windsor, and master of the Children of the Chapel Royal. He died in 1633. The happy abandon of the song is, of course, Elizabethan in spirit.
- 346 Henry Lawes's *Book of Ayres*, 1650. I had to be very chary of plucking from Lawes's Song-books, because so large a portion of his songs are simply the poems of the more famous Cavalier poets set to music. The skylark to-day is known as 'farm-vermin.'
- 278 347 From *Select Ayres*, printed for J. Playford, 1659. Compare Crashaw's paraphrase of the first Idyll of Moschus, *Cupid's Cryer*; Ben Jonson's *Hue and Cry after Cupid*, in his *Masque on the marriage of Lord Haddington*; Shirley's *Love's Hue and Cry*, in *The Witty Fair One*, 1628, and Carew's *The Hue and Cry*.
- 348 From Henry Lawes's *Select Ayres and Dialogues to sing to the Theorbo, Lute or Bass-Viol* (book ii.), 1659. Milton, Waller and others have poems to Harry Lawes.
- 279 349 Prefatory poem to Anthony Stafford's *Femall Glory, or the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady*, 1635. Randolph has a poem to him (p. 190).

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- A garland is a flowery device in letters. I was greatly puzzled whether to admit such an oddity. But behind its obscurity and crippled metre (I suspect the text is corrupt), there is so pure a spirit and refined a feeling that I could not reject it—perhaps in favour of some facile lyric with a shine on it.
- 280 350 From *Westminster Drollery*, ii., 1672. Obviously of an earlier date. We had to wait for Wordsworth to advertise the lesser celandine, but to find puns in herbs and a whimsy of poetry within the petals of heartsease was reserved for an unknown poet of the seventeenth century.
- 351 From the Play *Swetnam, the Woman-Hater, arraigned by Women* (1620). Note by Mr. Bullen: 'A certain Joseph Swetnam (Phoebus, what a name!) published in 1615 a work entitled *The arraignment of lewd, idle, froward and unconstant women*, which passed through several editions. In the play he is held up to well-merited execration.'
- — l. 19 *then*: i.e. than.
- — l. 20 *unrelenting hearts of men*: It is a pity there is not more of this sentiment among our old poets. The song is in Fletcher's style and manner.
- 281 352 From the collection, *New Christmas Carols: Being fit also to be sung at Easter, Whitsuntide, and other Festival days in the year*. N. D. Black Letter, formerly in the library of Anthony Wood and now in the Ashmolean. Ritson, who printed it in *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ascribes it to the Charles I. period. The thing I regret about the seventeenth century is not its 'conceits,' but the dearth of popular poetry. For in this age is widened that separation between art and the people which has had consequences so incalculably disastrous in the history of Europe.
- 353 From the Church of Paston, Norfolk. Reprinted in Miss Brougham's *Corn from Olde Fieldes*.
- 282 354 A dignified song, of an unusual intellectual seriousness considering its source, from *Luminalia, or the Festival of light. Personated in a Masque at Court, 1637*. It is to be found in Mr. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Dramatists*.
- 283 355 l. 4 *pelican*: The pelican was said to pick the down from its breast to feed its young. From John Cotgrave's *Wit's Interpreter*, 1655. Reprinted in Mr. Bullen's *Speculum Amantis*.
- 356 This song with its felicity of temper and phrase

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- is sometimes ascribed to Bishop King. But it is true neither to his manner nor his mood, and suggests him only in its calm excellence of form. I have therefore no hesitation in making, for the purposes of this collection, a doubt a certainty.
- 284 357 From *Windsor Drollery*. The last stanza loses rather abruptly the tone of whimsical pathos which endears one to the others. But to omit it is to mutilate the unity of the poem.
- 358 From John Playford's *Select Musickall Ayres and Dialogues—for the Theorbo or Bass Viol*, 1653. Being a song set to music, it may of course be written with double the number of lines.
- 285 359 From Christ Church MS., 1, 5, 49. First printed by Mr. Bullen.
- 360 From George Mason's and John Camden's *Airs that were sung and played at Brougham Castle*, 1618, and probably written in the same year.
- 286 361 This song, with its delicately responsive and varied metre, is from Christ Church MS., K. 3, 43-5—the manuscripts discovered by Mr. Bullen. Among them he found a number of Vaughan's poems, and it is probable that most of them belong to this period.
- 362 From Christ Church MS., 1, 5, 49. Found by Mr. Bullen.
- 287 363 From *Choice Drollery*, 1656. Mr. Bullen includes this as Fletcher's in his unrivalled anthology, *Songs from the Dramatists*. But as the play was left unfinished by Fletcher and completed by a dramatist unknown (possibly Shirley or Massinger), I may, as it occurs late in the play, be allowed to call it anonymous.
- 364 From *Musick's Delight on the Cithern by John Playford, Philo-Musicae*, 1666. I hope this catch, which I believe has never been dug out of the original, will go to other people's heads as it has gone to mine.
- — 1. 3 *three merry boys are we* : Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother* :
- ' Three merry boys and three merry boys,  
And three merry boys are we,  
As ever did sing in a hempen string  
Under the gallows tree.'
- 288 365 Also from *Musick's Delight* . . . .
- 366 From John Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, 1659. The mystical feeling in this more than ditty is more than graceful. I suppose that my political temper would urge me to declare for the Parliament in the Civil War. But what a bruising dualism of feeling would arise were such

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- a choice forced upon one. Before the Civil War, the middle and upper classes in England were highly educated and passionately drawn to music. Turning over these old Song-books, printed fifty years after their Elizabethan prototypes, one feels a horror at the men who violated the temples of song and learning. For the Puritans killed the musical soul of England and paved the way for our doom—the triumph of the business sense.
- 288 367 From *Wit a Sporting in a pleasant Grove of New Fancies*, 1657. Henry Bold was the collector or author. Proper collation, without a standard version, is impossible. Not only is the text of these miscellanies corrupt, the proof-reading shoddy and the print often illegible, but different versions of the same poem appear over and over again. I have found five several ones of *Phillada flouts me*.
- 289 368 From *Wit Restored*, 1658.  
— 369 From the Percy MS., folio (1650)—reprinted in the *Reliques*. There are some poems which seem to charm into presence the ghostly spirit of poetry itself.
- 290 370 Daughter of the Bishop of Worcester. From *Musarum Deliciae*, second edition, 1656, by James Smith and Sir John Mennis, a friend of Pepys. This was the only poem worth including in a miscellany a good deal less interesting than *Wit Restored* and *Witt's Recreations*. Denham has a poem to Sir John Mennis. Dobell, upon unconvincing evidence, assigns this poem to William Strode. Strode has one (in fact two) on Mary Prideaux, of much less contestable authorship. But the death of a daughter of a dignitary so dull and respectable as Bishop Prideaux does not entitle Strode to a monopoly in epitaphs upon her. Nor does this one seem to me particularly characteristic of his style. My version differs materially both in language and punctuation from Dobell's.
- 291 371 From the Supplement to *Wit Restored*, 1658. It is not fair to condemn this poem because of its conventionalism. That would be to confuse means with end. We do not reject a decorative pattern because it is conventionalised. It seems to me that this blend of quaintness, formal utterance and poetic custom is yet good in itself and that the quality and appealing beauty of the poem find due expression through the formula employed.
- 292 372 From *Select Ayres*, by John Playford, 1659. Compare with Benlowes', p. 8. How happy

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- the time is in a kind of bantering pathos! I expected to find this by Carew; but luckily it was not so.
- 293 373 From Henry Lawes's *The Treasury of Musick, containing Ayres and Dialogues*, 1669. This vein of expression occurs again and again in the song-books and miscellanies of the period. Carew and indeed all this group of poets make a point of it. This was the best (and most sincere) example of the kind I happened upon. Nor by any means are they all exercises.
- 374 From Harleian MS., No. 6917, folio 86. It has been reprinted in *Corn from Olde Fieldes*.
- 375 Poems 375 to 379 all from *Witt's Recreations*, 1640.
- 295 379 The fire of true passion keeps this poem well on this side sensuality. The first few lines are obviously from Catullus, but the poem soon shakes loose from translation or paraphrase. To find poems of such accomplished design and true feeling (as at least some of these from *Witt's Recreations* are), it is worth while turning up one's text, transcribing poems from it, returning home, consulting Carew, Suckling, Herrick, Campion, John Fletcher, Ben Jonson, etc., and then crossing the poems out.
- 296 381 Here indeed is 'man's unconquerable mind'! The poem (I have omitted a few stanzas) occurs in David Lloyd's *Memoirs of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I.*, 1668. It was reprinted in *Westminster Drollery* (1671), and in Percy's *Reliques*.
- — A *Margarite* is a pearl. Drummond uses the word in a punning epitaph on one Margaret.
- 297 382 One of the prefatory poems to Antony Stafford's *The Femall Glory or the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady*, 1635. It was looked upon as 'egregiously scandalous' by the Puritans, but its author was vindicated by the controversialist Dr. Heylin. Who wrote the highly embroidered, melancholy-mystical, otiose poems prefixed to the *Life* is not known. Stafford wrote no verse, and the man who wrote these was something of a poet, if he fumbled with dusky fancies.
- 299 383 The first stanza (the other five pursue a conceit like a bottle of *Lacrima Christi* floating on a waste of ocean) of this poem is attributed to *Doctour B.* in *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (1651).
- 384 This salty old ditty with two others of like kidney is published in all the later editions of Sir Thomas Overbury's miscellany of 'The Wife with Additions of New Characters, and many other Wittie Conceits never before Printed.' The

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- first edition of the *Wife* (with twenty-one characters) was published in 1614. Nine impressions had appeared by 1616, and the sixteenth was in 1638.
- 300 385 Four stanzas omitted.
- — l. 62 *Heydeguyse* variously spelt, and of uncertain etymology, was a country dance. Drayton's *Polyolbion* :—
- ‘ While some the ring of bells, and some the bagpipe ply,  
Dance many a merry round and many a *heydeguy*.’
- Nares suggests that the dance ‘hay’ or ‘hey’ is an abbreviation.
- The song was attributed wrongly to Ben Jonson. Percy, who prints it in his *Reliques*, suggests it was intended for a Masque. I should guess its date to be in the late teens of the century and it is similar in brisk temper both to Corbet's *The Fairies' Farewell*, and *Come, follow, follow me*.
- The seventeenth century fairies were a materialist society. It was no period for folk-lore.
- 302 386 From *Windsor Drollery*, 1672.
- The poem is better than its metre.
- 303 387 From Dr. John Wilson's *Cheerful Airs or Ballads*, 1660.
- 388 From *Airs sung and played at Brougham Castle*, 1618, by George Mason and John Earsdon. Probably written in the same year or the one before. The Elizabethan spirit still retains its hold upon it.
- 304 389 From Dr. John Wilson's *Cheerful Airs or Ballads*, 1660.
- Mr. Bullen includes two poems from Wilson's book in his *Lyrics from the Song-Books*. But it may be considered unlikely that a book published so late as this contains many songs written before 1616.
- 390 From Harl. MS., 7332, folio 47; printed in Mr. Bullen's *Speculum Amantis*. It is, of course, Elizabethan in spirit. That spirit, however, before the Civil War, survived in the country, when it had disappeared from court and town.
- 305 391 Printed in Percy's *Reliques*. The date of this rare and well-known poem is conjectural, but belongs, I think, to my period.
- 307 392 From Poor Robin's *Almanac*, 1695; reprinted in Mr. Bullen's *A Christmas Garland*. The date is certainly pre-Restoration, as anybody with half an ear can tell.

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- 308 393 Henry Morley first discovered this poem written in a copy of Milton's *English and Latin Poems* (1645). He ascribes its authorship (not very convincingly) to Milton in *The King and the Commons*.  
Miltonic reminiscences there are, but the quality of expression, the metre and the vein of metaphysical speculation are more the common stock of the period than peculiar to Milton.  
l. 20 Compare Milton's *An Epitaph to the Admirable dramatick poet, W. Shakespeare* (his first published poem and prefixed to the second folio Shakespeare—1632):—  
‘Or that his hallowed relics should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid.’
- 309 394 Nothing is known of the date or authorship of the song, but it is one of those mentioned by the milkwoman in *The Complete Angler*. Its date is not far distant from that of *Phillada flouts me*.
- 310 395 From *Westminster Drollery*, 1671, but probably of earlier date. How poor stark-naked Poverty stands up shivering before us!
- 396 From Herd's Collection; Chambers's *Scottish Songs* and Scott's *Minstrelsy*. Neither author nor date of one of the most poignant laments in the language has been discovered. But it apparently belongs to this period.
- 311 397 From John Playford's *Select Musickall Ayres and Dialogues*, 1652.  
l. 7 Compare Donne's *Busy Old Fool, Unruly Son*.
- 312 398 Last seven stanzas omitted, from, I think now, a poorish poem. From *Westminster Drollery*, 1671. (Part i.) Herrick has a similar poem.
- 313 399 From *Windsor Drollery*.  
There are a good many tobacco songs in the miscellanies, but oddly enough, they are nearly all indifferent. Barten Holyday has one that is not only laboured but almost unintelligible. On that account, I was glad to find this quite tolerable invocation to the Companion of Books.

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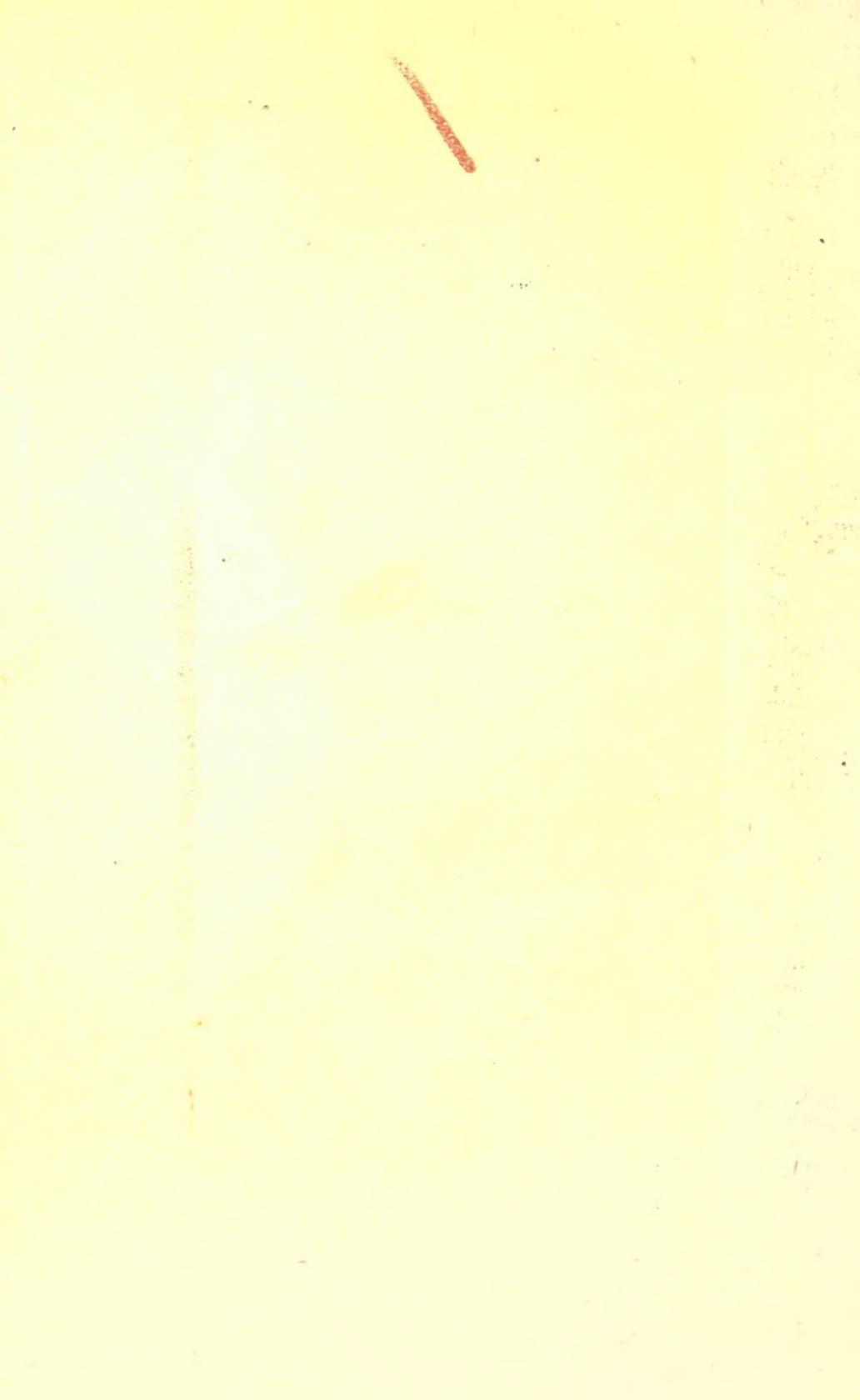
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